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- ART. I.—1. *The Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln, Sixteenth President of the United States, together with his State Papers, &c.* By H. L. RAYMOND. New York: Derby and Miller. 1865.
2. *The Martyr's Monument.* New York: The American News Company. 1865.

At the outset of the long and bloody struggle which has brought mourning into so many American homes, and left so many smouldering ruins upon the American soil, almost all observers on this side of the Atlantic believed that the hour had come for the irrevocable division of the Great Republic into two or more confederations. And this opinion was not in all cases the result of a feeling of hostility to the Americans or their institutions. It was quite possible to be proud of the energy and prosperity of these oldest scions of our race, and to reckon upon their playing a most important, if not a preponderant part in future history, and yet to be persuaded that the fact of their separation into distinct nations was taking place under our eyes. Nay, it was even possible without any unfriendly disposition to suppose it would be better for themselves and for the world that three or four New Englands should divide between them the North American continent, co-operating for good, and acting as a wholesome restraint upon each other, when turbulent or ambitious, rather than one great democracy, reigning from sea to sea,

and containing within itself no elements of antagonism tending to create habits of self-control.

However, as the views and the hopes of the leaders of the slave-holding confederacy became gradually revealed, and the influences which were at work in the American mind became understood, and the various terminations of the civil wars which seemed possible or probable at different periods opened upon us, the opinions of intelligent and impartial friends of humanity gradually changed, and many who had begun by looking upon the success of the Confederate States as certain and not wholly undesirable, ended by feeling that by their defeat the world had escaped a tremendous, a—humanly speaking—irreparable calamity.

It appeared to us at this distance that if the Confederates succeeded in securing their independence, they would not the less have doomed their idolized institution to die out of itself. How could slavery subsist, we asked, in a country with a frontier of more than two thousand miles opening upon free states which would henceforth be disposed to receive fugitives with open arms? We now know—and we were near learning to our cost—that the calculations of the slave-owners were more profound than they seemed. The seceders knew their own objects better than any observers in this country did, and were better judges of the means necessary to their accomplishment.

In the first place it is evident that the border slave states, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, which exhibited a strong leaning towards secession at the beginning of the movement, would have been quite decided by its success, and would have cast in their lot with their Southern brethren. But would they have been alone in doing so? Englishmen took for granted that they would; but the instincts of the American people, who understood the geographical unity of their country, and the dependence of its several populations upon each other, told them the border states would not, in that case, have been the only ones to gravitate towards the South. The great valley of the Mississippi, the northern seaboard of the Gulf of Mexico, and the whole extent of country between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic were destined by nature to be inhabited by one people, and nothing but a high-minded resolution to keep aloof at any price from the abominations of slavery would have induced New York, Pennsylvania and the agricultural states of the West to accept the material loss and disadvantages of an artificial political separation; but the cynical indifference to the wrongs of the negro ex-

hibited by the majority of the Northern population during the first half of the war has made it apparent that they were morally incapable of taking up and maintaining such a position. They fought for the union upon its old basis, but, if unsuccessful, they would have consented to its reconstruction upon the basis of slavery rather than put up with separation. New England would have been cast off as a heterogeneous society, unmanageable and unnecessary to the prosperity of the rest. The new States on the Pacific might have been allowed to assert their independence if they pleased; but the main strength of the old Republic—the resources of half a continent—would devolve to the new slave power.

Launched upon a career of independence, with all the prestige of victory over its most formidable antagonist, the new Confederacy would inevitably have pursued the objects of its leading class with the passion, the perseverance, the sagacity, and the utter unscrupulousness which its leaders had already exhibited on a smaller theatre. It would have borne with no protestation, however timid, no resistance, however passive, throughout its immense territory. "An abolitionist," says a Southern paper, "is a man who does not love slavery for its own sake as a divine institution; who does not worship it as a corner-stone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent Republican government can be created; and who does not, in his inmost soul, desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth." In this spirit the demon of slavery would enforce its despotism over the very mind; like the old Assyrian monarch, boasting that he had laid his hand over the nations like so many nestlings, and that none moved a wing, or opened a beak, or peeped. From the Hudson to the Rio Grande no friend or accomplice of fugitive slaves would be harboured upon the soil for a day. All free coloured persons would be reduced to slavery at one stroke by a wholesale enactment. The measures already contemplated for establishing a kind of serfdom among the poor whites of the cotton states would be carried out by a skilfully graduated system of vagrancy and apprenticeship acts. The slave trade, with all its horrors, would be re-opened. Finally, Mexico, Central America, the Spanish West Indies, all the tropical regions of the New World, devoured one by one, like the leaves of an artichoke, as Cæsar Borgia wanted to do with the Italian States, would, sooner or later, be absorbed by the mighty slaveholding empire.

These are not the exaggerated assumptions of bilious and suspicious pessimists. Previous to the Civil War six States had taken preliminary measures for reducing all free negroes to bondage, and two more refused to allow men of colour to settle upon their soil without accepting the condition of slavery for themselves and their posterity. "Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the labouring man, whether white or black," said a Southern paper, so far back as 1856. "Free society is impracticable," said another, "it is everywhere starving, demoralised, and insurrectionary." . . . "Free society!—we sicken at the name—what is it but a conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-fisted farmers, etc.!" The Leavenworth Constitution, imposed by an armed rabble from Missouri on the free settlers of Kansas in 1854, allows us to see what would have been the internal police regulations of the Confederacy under the shadow of the palm tree and the stars and stripes united. In this document the penalty of death is denounced no less than forty-eight times against the offence of facilitating the escape of slaves, and other crimes against the security of slave property. Even the theoretical advocacy of anti-slavery opinions is treated as felony, and punished with imprisonment and hard labour. Apt illustration this of the principle boldly and unblushingly avowed by the Hon. L. W. Spratt, of South Carolina, that a society where domestic slavery prevails may be considered as "in an ordinary state of martial law, as perfect as that which in times of popular outbreak is the last and surest provision for security and order."

All Europe and America has taken note of the memorable declaration of Mr. A. H. Stephens, vice-president of the Southern Confederacy, that the foundations of the new fabric rested on the principle "that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition. This our government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth. . . This stone which was rejected by the first builders, is become the chief stone of the corner in our new edifice." On the hypothesis of the reconstruction of the United States on such a basis the political necessity for multiplying Slave States in order to counterbalance Free States, would no longer exist; but the necessity of multiplying the slave force in order to occupy and cultivate the soil, and to exclude, as Southern phraseology puts it, "the pauper white element that demoralises the labouring population"—this economic want would be felt

more imperiously than ever. Hence the ardour with which the more far-sighted and energetic partizans of the institution began to agitate for the legalised revival of the slave trade, and actually did recommence it on no inconsiderable scale before the breaking out of the Civil War." "Take off the ruthless restrictions which cut off the supply of slaves from foreign lands," exclaimed a Georgian legislator, Mr. Goulden, "take off the restrictions against the African slave trade, and we shall then want no protection. . . . The institution of slavery will take care of itself."

The question was first seriously mooted in 1853. Governor Adams formally recommended it to the attention of the South Carolina Legislature in 1857. An "African Labour Supply Association" was actually formed in the State of Mississippi in 1859. The Legislature of Arkansas refused to discourage the agitation by a majority of twenty-two. That of Louisiana went further; a bill embodying the views of the advocates of the re-opening of the trade passed the Lower House, and was very near passing in the Senate. "This trade may be called piracy," said the *Augusta Dispatch*, triumphantly; "but the day will come when the South will make it the right arm of her legitimate commerce." For the extent to which cargoes of native Africans were openly introduced on the Southern coast in defiance of Federal legislation to the contrary, during the years 1859 and 1860, we must refer to Professor Cairnes' "Slave Power," pp. 244, 245, 386—390 (second edition).

A provision in the constitution of the Confederate States prohibited the revival of the slave trade, and the *Saturday Review* asserted it was absurd and dishonest to pretend in the face of such evidence that the South merely wished to conciliate European opinion for the present with a purpose of afterwards modifying and disregarding the prohibitory clause. Now, this provision of the Montgomery Constitution was passed in secret session, so that it was felt not to be expedient to let the outer world hear the reasons for its adoption. Again, the only punishment proposed by the Confederate Congress for the misdemeanour of slave trading was confiscation of the vessel taken in the act, and of the negroes, who were to be sold in the nearest port, for the benefit of the State; and even this inadequate and derisory penalty was vetoed by President Davis, who communicated his reasons for doing so in another secret session. Thus the prohibition of this infamous traffic remained a mere abstract proposition without any provision for its practical enforcement; and, when all the circumstances

are considered, such legislation may be considered to betray a secret resolve to renew the trade more completely than silence would have done. "It is useless to wage war about abstract rights," said Mr. A. H. Stephens, "unless we get more Africans. . . . Negro slavery is but in its infancy." Pregnant words! That they have not proved a true prophecy is not the fault of the South, nor of the large part of the British press that cheered on the South.

Nor is it only the material necessity for a more numerous slave force that would have actuated the planters. Their self-love, their ambition, their instinct of self-defence, their impatience of control—a whole host of passions combined would have made them aspire to insure the recognition of their idolised Institution throughout the world, through the spectacle of the power it wielded. It is in the nature of the human mind when it has consented to some great wrong, to try to stifle its self-reproaches by the energy with which it asserts and vindicates the evil it has embraced. Now slavery involves in principle every possible crime that man can commit against his fellow man; as Mr. Lincoln himself puts it in his own terse way, "if slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong." The robber, the fornicator, the murderer sin against others in particular ways by treating them not as persons, but as things at the discretion of the offenders; slavery does the same at one stroke in all possible ways, by affirming that negroes only exist for the convenience of the white man, "*that they have no rights which the white man is bound to respect*" (Chief Justice Taney); so that if the owner does not kill and eat his slave as well as his ox, it is a mere matter of taste and not of principle. It follows that the fury with which the pro-slavery fanatic makes good his position against all assailants is in proportion to the enormity of the evil. "Slavery within the Seceding States is now emancipated," wrote the author of the "Philosophy of Secession," "if men put forward as its agents have intrepidity to realize the fact and act upon it. . . . If we forego the slave trade in consideration of the moral feeling of the world, then why not slavery also? . . . *I regard the slave trade as the test of its integrity. If that be right, then slavery is right, but not without.* . . . It were madness now to blink the question. We are entering at last upon a daring innovation upon the social constitution of the world. . . . We may postpone the crisis by disguises, but the slave republic must forego its nature and its destiny, or it must meet the issue."

The institution of slavery was created from motives of the

most material and vulgar self-interest; but once property in man exists, and is valued for the social prestige it confers, and as the prerogative of a superior race, the wish for its maintenance and extension becomes a passion to which not only self-interest, but far stronger feelings are unhesitatingly sacrificed. The white mothers and daughters of the South, for instance, see that temptations necessarily accompanying the institution embitter their lives and destroy all domestic happiness, and yet the pro-slavery fanaticism of the Southern women is confessedly greater than that of the men. Thus, in order to judge of the way in which the power of the new slave republic would have told upon the destinies of the nations, we must multiply the capacity of its individual members by their collective lust for territorial aggrandisement, and the product again by the instincts of the most ardent proselytism. "Two opposite and conflicting forms of society cannot, among civilized men, co-exist and endure. The one must give way and cease to exist; the other become universal. If free society be unnatural, immoral, un-Christian, it must fall, and give way to slave society, a social system old as the world, universal as man." We give this passage, on the authority of Professor Cairnes, from the *Richmond Inquirer*.

It is true that an anti-social community like the great slave confederacy which we have escaped, would have contained within itself the germs of final weakness and decomposition. As fertility diminished through a system of culture proverbially exhaustive, and as the cost of production increased, the community must ultimately have descended to the point at which accumulated wealth and increased skill could no longer contend with success against the encroaching principle of decay. But it would not have reached that point for many generations, nor would the principle of decay have betrayed itself at all at first. Its career would have been long enough and brilliant enough to dazzle and corrupt the world. The wealthy would have insisted upon the reopening of the slave trade in order to remove the "degrading stigma" set upon their institution, as well as from the want of more hands. Such poor whites as escaped serfdom would have insisted upon it in order to realize the ideal state in which "every citizen would have his own nigger." As for the policy of aggression and conquest which would have been pursued towards Mexico, central America, and the West Indies, the schemes of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," while as yet but a secret society in the midst of the old confederation, are a sufficient earnest for the vastness of the views that would have been entertained by

the new community in the hour of its triumph, and the whole past history of the slave power, as a party, shows the audacity, the persistence, the vigilance, the concentrated energy of purpose, with which these projects would have been carried out. Mr. Spence kindles with enthusiasm as he pictures that future giant empire, "extending from the home of Washington to the ancient palaces of Montezuma—uniting the proud old colonies of England with Spain's richest and most romantic dominions; combining the productions of the great valley of the Mississippi with the mineral riches, the magical beauty, the volcanic grandeur of Mexico."* Nor is Mr. Spratt's muse less inspired, when he tells us what a home slavery is to build for itself, "a structure of imperial power and grandeur—a glorious confederacy of states that will stand aloft and secure for ages amid the anarchy of democracies that will reel around it." It was this boundless and passionate ambition that made the seceding states so steadily refuse to state categorically the conditions on which they would consent to remain in the Union. They would have no fellow citizens except such as were willing to go *all lengths* in the cause of slavery extension; and this it was neither politic nor decent to say in so many words.

Many well-meaning people will of course refuse to believe that England would ever have permitted either the re-opening of the slave trade, or the vast insular and continental appropriations contemplated by the leaders of the slave power. Who would have believed a century ago that the Northern Free States would have been drawn into the series of degrading compliances which marked the forty years preceding the Civil War, or into the degree of complicity with the damning guilt of slavery to which they committed themselves? The past career of the slave power, says Professor Cairnes, is a startling example of what a small body of men are able to effect "against the most vital interests of human society, when, thoroughly understanding their position and its requirements, they devote themselves deliberately, resolutely, and unscrupulously to the accomplishment of their ends." But substitute for that small body a great nation—a nation on the eve of becoming the most powerful in the world—and what would have been the consequence? We believe such a community would have been an Antichrist among the nations; it would have affected the conscience—the moral level of all Christendom—precisely as the old pro-slavery party lowered the moral

* *American Union*, p. 286.

level of the whole Union, because no society can permanently connive at the perpetration of a great wrong without perverting its best instincts.

The new slave power would have played off England, France, and Russia against each other; it would have watched its opportunities, and availed itself of every complication in European politics. It would have flattered and bullied alternately; now studying to make our complicity as little irritating as possible to our self-love, and anon appealing intelligibly to British distaste for war, and to the immense interests which would be imperilled by a great naval contest. It would have been helped towards its chief ends by that large portion of the British press that speculates upon John Bull's being by this time tired of philanthropy. Already, so far back as July the 31st, 1861, the *Times* suggested the handing Mexico over to the Southern Confederacy as the best way of establishing an effective government in that unhappy country. The infatuation with which the typical Englishman believes that the *Times* always gives the plain truth about facts, would have continued to encourage the writers in that journal to distort facts in the interest of the hard and selfish principles it is so disposed to promote. The *Saturday Review* would have continued to prepare its readers for the gradual and spontaneous disappearance of slavery if the system were only allowed to develop its own consequences without foreign intervention. It would have discovered that the best chance for any alleviation of the slave's condition lay in the increased wealth and prosperity of the South, and therefore in the increased importation of slaves; and it would have been lavish of its sarcasms at the short-sighted philanthropy which increased the sum of human suffering by an ineffectual blockade of the coasts of Africa.

Thus the victory of the North has not only broken the chains of four millions of slaves—being in that respect the greatest deliverance of suffering humanity that has been achieved since the exodus of the children of Israel; it has also prevented an aggravation of suffering inconceivably fearful, both because of the increase that was about to take place in the number of victims, and the utter hopelessness of the state into which they were about to be thrown. More than even this—it has removed the accursed thing; the incubus that threatened to settle down upon the conscience of Christendom, and crush out all feelings of justice, generosity, and mercy from the heart of civilized man. Awful as the cost of the war has been, we can at least understand its

purpose; it was not a mere scourge unproductive of any direct results for the benefit of mankind, like the conquests of the Arabs and the Turks, and the reign of Napoleon I.; on the contrary it will prove a great and blessed turning point of history; these torrents of tears and blood will have left behind them a world fertilized for all time.

There are evils and abuses which, as society is constituted, seem gradually to work their own cure; there are others of which the world is not rid until they kill themselves by their own exaggeration. There is no more certain law of history, says M. Laboulaye in his preface to Astie's "United States," than the one which gives to injustice and wrong a self-destructive fecundity, and brings the remedy out of the very excess of the evil. The social crime increases its sway and its audacity, until, in its intoxication, it overreaches itself and sinks down under the maledictions of the human conscience aroused from its long lethargy.

"I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity," wrote Mr. Lincoln, just a year before his assassination, "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new causes to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God."

Never indeed in any other crisis of history was the hand of God more visible; never was it more evident that the Lord reigneth; never was the heart of a nation more deeply and solemnly impressed with a consciousness of the presence and agency of "Him who sitteth a King upon the floods." Those of the present generation who understood the drama that was passing before their eyes on the world's great stage, have witnessed a spectacle of such unequalled sublimity that future ages may envy their emotions. And not only the final crisis—the whole succession of events bearing upon slavery during the last hundred years presents a magnificent illustration of the method of Divine strategy, the way in which Divine wisdom guides mankind towards results which they do not contemplate, but to which the most incongruous motives—the self-devotion of the good and the passions of the bad—alike contribute: *L'homme s'agite, Dieu le mène*, as Bossuet has it.

The first step in the process was the famous judicial decision that the slave landed on the British shores stood emancipated by the very fact. The institution was attacked here where it was weakest, where no important pecuniary interests were involved; the sacrifice cost nothing, while it was flattering to our national self-love that poets could write, "Slaves cannot breathe in England!" "Pharisaical Britain," exclaimed Franklin, "to pride thyself in setting free a single slave that happened to land on thy coasts, while thy laws continue a traffic whereby so many hundreds of thousands are dragged into a slavery that is entailed on their posterity." Patience, good Benjamin, patience! This is only a blank cartridge, it is true, but it is a signal; and the operations are directed by One who intends to do more than abolish the traffic, who will make Britain and America fight His battles and win them, and be able to claim no glory for themselves from their success. England and America will have yet many reproaches to address each other upon this matter, and *each will be right alternately in all the evil that it says of the other*, until both come to humble themselves in the same dust, and to adore the Hand that has led them, like the blind, by a way that they knew not. Patience, Benjamin, thou hast spoken a century too soon!

Well, we know what a struggle it cost to give the slave trade its death-blow in spite of blindly conservative men of principle like George III., or time-servers, like the bishops, or a hard, cynical, moneyed interest, represented for the nonce by the merchants of Liverpool. And when this position had been conquered, how far we still seemed from emancipation in the West Indies, and still more upon the American continent! Washington died despairing of Abolition. Slavery, said Madison, "is the greatest evil under which the nation labours, a portentous evil—an evil moral, political, and economical—a sad blot on our free country;" but this, too, was another sigh of despair. "I tremble for my country," exclaimed Jefferson, "when I remember that God is just, that His justice cannot sleep for ever;" but so far was this statesman from daring to hope that his countrymen could be delivered from continuance in evil, and from its penal effects, that he himself succumbed to one of its worst temptations, and, under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassment, sold his own children. These strong and sagacious minds despaired, because they only looked around them, and there was no help visible on their own level within the whole horizon; it was to come from above; He only who has revealed a salvation from the

radical evil and the supreme danger, a salvation which the heart of man could never have conceived—*He only* could show that no minor evil affecting human society was hopelessly incurable.

The British West Indies was the most vulnerable point in the vast zone occupied by slavery, because, though the planters were a powerful class, the institution there was not bound up with the interests of half the empire, as was the case in the United States. The population of the home—the really governing—country was free from the prejudice of colour, and open to the influence of Christian philanthropy. This, then, after the outwork of the slave trade had been carried, was the part of the fortress itself which was first assailed; and when we reproach the Americans with the insensibility to the claims of justice and humanity which they so long exhibited, we should remember how slow we were ourselves to feel them in circumstances of temptation and difficulty so much less than theirs.

While the battle-field of the British West Indies was being disputed inch by inch, and the cause of emancipation was slowly gaining ground, it was losing in America; for it was the will of Providence to let the foundations of the prison house be deeply laid, and its walls built up towards heaven, that its fall might be the greater, and the vast ruin seen from afar. The acquisition of the territory out of which the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and Kansas have since been formed, followed close upon Whitney's invention of the saw gin, so that the prodigious impulse given to the cultivation of cotton, and consequent increase in the value of slave labour, coincided nearly with the appropriation of a vast extent of country eminently adapted for the products of that labour. An ordinance of Congress in 1787 had excluded slavery from the whole of the north-western territory not yet organised; but it existed already in the southern part of the newly acquired possessions; there was no legal barrier to its extension northward; and the planters rapidly carried it up the left bank of the Mississippi.

The reader will find in Cairnes' "Slave Power" (pp. 210—216), and in Astie's "United States" (vol. ii., pp. 492—508), an account of the two years' angry struggle in the American legislature, which resulted in the admission of Missouri as a slave state in 1820. It was on this occasion that the partisans of free and slave labour first showed that they understood the inherent antagonism of their respective social systems, and put forth their whole strength in mutual opposition. The

pro-slavery party formally engaged that for the future their boasted institution should not be carried higher than the parallel $36\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of north latitude, and on this condition they obtained the commanding central position they desired.

It was a high day that first of August, 1834, when the sun rose for the first time over 800,000 liberated Africans in the West Indies; and yet, were it not for the moral effect of their emancipation, it might be thought the cause had retrograded rather than advanced, for that measure left the number of negroes actually in bondage far greater than it had been at the beginning of the century, and the servile institution established over a far greater extent of territory, hedged about by a more stringent legislation and by a more exasperated state of opinion among the whites. This very exasperation, however, while aggravating for a time the sufferings of the down-trodden race and of the heroic little band of abolitionists, proved that the protest of England was telling upon the conscience of America. The theatre of the conflict was changed; the battle was to rage henceforth around the body of the place—the very citadel of the oppressor; and if even the Northerners were loud in their denunciations of British sentimentality and self-righteousness, and if they yielded obsequiously to every requirement of the imperious faction who had become the paramount power in the Union, directing its foreign policy and its internal legislation, and wielding an enormous patronage, the South did not the less feel dissatisfied and insecure. In less than half a century from the time that it was barely tolerated, as an evil of which all men wished the natural extinction, slavery had come to claim and seize the lion's share of the resources and influence of the Republic; but the sight of the freedmen at its gates embittered all its triumphs: it showed what effect perseverance in a just cause might produce at last over the minds of a free and a Christian people, and the giant gnashed his teeth at the thought. No concessions—no guarantees—could still his unquiet spirit, for the instincts of servility can never keep pace with the jealous and peremptory instincts of despotism. Hence the vigilance committees, the organised post-office espionage, the outrages and massacres perpetrated by pro-slavery mobs, the successive breaches of faith by the leaders of the party, until the North was goaded into asserting its power and its responsibilities. Then, alas! England in her turn, at least so far as the upper classes and the most influential part of the press are concerned, showed herself unworthy of her generous traditions, ready to welcome every

misrepresentation, wilfully blind to the true issue of the struggle. Neither nation can boast. England was faithful when it cost her little; America was faithful when driven to extremity. But both failed in the hour of moral trial, and God has used them both alternately to accomplish this great deliverance in spite of their own selfishness and short-sightedness.

Texas was appropriated, and the war of 1846 with Mexico undertaken in the interest of the slave power; but its plans were partially frustrated by the discovery of gold in California, for the settlers attracted thither were almost unanimously hostile to slavery. The slave party, sustained as usual by the so-called democrats of the North, resisted for two years the admission of California as a free state, and their consent was at last purchased by the Fugitive Slave Law. Kansas next became the bone of contention; in order to secure it, the compact called the Missouri Compromise was violated, and, though the territory lay north of the line traced by it, Congress left the settlers free to introduce slavery if they pleased. In the consequent race between the two parties for the prior settlement of this debateable land, gangs of Missouri ruffians massacred and scalped unarmed and unresisting colonists by tens at a time without meeting with any rebuke or semblance of interference from the administration, until the resolute settlers rose up against the invaders, protected their own homes, and by their numbers and firmness brought to nothing the designs of the relentless faction that had tried to crush them.

Thus defeated in Kansas, the slave party began to agitate for the reopening of the slave trade, in order to be the better able to compete with the progress of Northern colonisation. At the same time, they repudiated the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," which they had been themselves the first to put forward. They now asserted it was unconstitutional to leave such a question as that of the rights of property to be determined by the first occupants of a territory. It was the duty of Congress and of the executive to protect all kinds of property, without distinction, all over the Union; it was, therefore, no longer open to any local legislation to decide against slavery; the planter might carry his human chattels wherever he pleased within the boundaries of the Republic, and claim the help of the central government to retain them in bondage even against the will of the majority of the inhabitants of the state or territory into which he intruded. This daring assertion of the right to override the will of a

free people, and to convert the whole Union into a domain sacred to slavery, was formally endorsed by the decision of the Supreme Court in the famous Dred Scott case, got up in 1855 for the purpose of forming a legal precedent and establishing the principle.

The measure was now full, and the long pent-up indignation of the soundest part of the Northern population burst forth in the formation of the so-called Republican Party, whose watchword was resistance to slavery extension. At the Presidential Election of 1856, Fremont, the candidate of the new party, had 1,341,264 votes, against 1,838,169 Northern Democrats and Southerners, who voted for men pledged to elect Buchanan. At the election of 1860 the Republicans had not gained very much in proportion; they registered 1,857,610 votes, against 2,213,929, divided between the two pro-slavery candidates, and 590,631 lost upon Mr. Bell, a neutral. It was the division in the ranks of the friends of slavery that determined the election of Abraham Lincoln, — a most remarkable and suggestive fact. The Northern Democrats, represented by Douglas, reckoned 1,365,975 votes; they accepted the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case as the interpretation of the Constitution, and were ready to commit themselves irrevocably to the establishment of slavery in all the territories; but they did not wish the principle to be applied to the States already organised as free, and did not wish to give slave-owners any other guarantee than a resort to the ordinary tribunals, whereas the extreme party insisted upon arming the Federal Government with a special code to be applied in the territories, and were known to contemplate its future extension to the Free States. The leaders of the Douglas section must have known they could not succeed alone, but there was a degree of abject servility which their self-love resisted; some of them probably hoped the South would not after all have recourse to the extreme of secession, and others left it to gain its ends in any way it pleased, which should not involve their being themselves inconsistent with all their past professions and pledges. The leaders of the Breckenridge section, which was 847,953 strong, knew perfectly well that their obstinacy secured the election of the Republican candidate, but they were prepared for secession, and it was with a grim satisfaction that they showed themselves ready to throw aside their old instruments, the Democrats, as soon as the latter had exhibited the least desire to refuse allegiance to their overbearing masters. The partizans of Bell were men dissatisfied with all parties,

and alarmed by the possible consequences of the election. This vote was a mere protest and a symptom of perplexity; had they been so far consistent with their doubts and fears as to vote for Douglas, he would have had—on the popular vote at least—a majority over Lincoln of nearly a hundred thousand. Imbecility itself had its functions to perform in furtherance of the purposes of Providence!

Of the many instruments employed in the destruction of this gigantic evil during the century, which began with the efforts of Clarkson in 1765, Abraham Lincoln is the most prominent; the one upon whom personally the burden of responsibility lay heaviest, and whose agency has told with definitive effect. This supposes in the man a peculiar fitness for the work to which he was called. The chief circumstances of his life are now familiar to every one, and told in a few sentences.

We hear of a grandfather who crosses the Alleghanies to settle in Kentucky, and is killed by the Indians, leaving a widow with five children, of whom the eldest was six years old; a father, Thomas, who could neither read nor write, but whose more accomplished wife, Nancy, was able to do the former. When little Abraham was eight years old, the whole family descended the Ohio on a raft to a point where they leave the river, and strike off through the wilderness for Indiana. The boy makes good use of a torn spelling-book, reads the Bible, Esop's Fables, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and a "Life of Washington," spoiled by the droppings from the roof of the log cabin. His first letter is a request, penned with difficulty, to an itinerant preacher to come and speak over his mother's grave, a year after her death. At nineteen he works upon a flat boat going down the Mississippi to New Orleans, sees something of the world, and earns ten dollars per month. At one-and-twenty we find him driving his father's cattle fifteen days' journey through the wood and the prairie to Illinois. He is afterwards clerk in a store, captain of volunteers in an Indian war, post-master in a little country town, and does a little surveying, while studying to make up for his imperfect instruction, and to fit himself for the bar.

"He was the most honest man I ever knew," said his rival, Judge Douglas. The sterling qualities of the man made him always best appreciated by those who knew him best; his self-control, benevolence, conscientiousness, practical sagacity, the unaffected modesty which never pretended to any gifts or acquirements he did not really possess, the rare union of readiness to take advice with firmness of character, the dex-

terity with which he could disentangle logical subtleties, disengaging the central idea of a question and making it plain to all capacities—these various qualities of head and heart drew the attention of his neighbours, generally hard-working, simple-minded people like himself, and they made him their representative in the State Legislature of Illinois when only twenty-five years of age. This was in 1834, and two years later he attained the highest object of his ambition at that time—the dignity of a practising lawyer.

Lincoln's career in the local legislature lasted for thirteen years. He never tried to be eloquent, he never professed to be learned; his name was not known outside the boundaries of Illinois; he indulged freely in the shrewd, genial, and sometimes vulgar wit that raises a laugh at country assizes; but he was never wanting in real self-respect, nor in deference and kindness towards others. He devoted himself with integrity, patience, and perseverance to every duty; he never lost his temper, he never allowed another to be blamed for his faults. His keen logical powers marked an intelligence above the average; but the real weight of the man—his worth in the estimation of the widening circle of his fellows acquainted with him—lay in his high and quick sense of responsibility, in his truthful, manly, disinterested, devoted character.

He who is faithful in little things comes to be intrusted with more important: in 1847 Lincoln became a member of Congress. His aptitudes were not of the kind calculated to make him a very prominent personage in the House of Representatives; but his constituents at home noted with pride the sagacity with which he detected the schemes and unravelled the sophisms of the pro-slavery party, and in 1858 the Republicans of Illinois set him up in opposition to Douglas as their candidate for the Senate of the United States. This was at the important moment when slavery had been definitely voted down in Kansas, and had been apparently as definitely affirmed to be the law of the whole Union by the Supreme Court, and when the Republican party had constituted itself, in order to check the further progress of the evil. None saw more clearly than Mr. Lincoln how everything was at stake: "Slavery agitation, he told the electors in the first address of the campaign, has been increasing and must continue to do so until a crisis has been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the

house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

With this serious consciousness of the tremendous issue involved in the political struggle then beginning, Abraham Lincoln challenged his rival to a series of joint debates to be held in all quarters of the state of Illinois during the electoral campaign of 1858. It was a personal contest, foot to foot, of two months' duration, before more than two hundred and fifty thousand electors, between two able representatives of the policies that divided the whole North and filled every mind with anxiety; the one making every concession short of absolute, unresisting, and unquestioning subjugation to the will of the South, the other willing to let the slavery party retain the position they had won, but looking upon the institution as an evil, and resolved to resist its further extension.

If the people of Illinois had been permitted to decide the matter directly, the canvass of Mr. Lincoln would have been successful, for he had a small majority on the popular vote; but it is the function of the state legislatures in America to name the deputies to the Senate, and the distribution of the electoral districts of Illinois happening to give the Democrats the advantage, Mr. Douglas was re-elected. However, the struggle which thus issued in an apparent defeat proved the means of a future triumph much more important for Mr. Lincoln and for his country; in the state of unparalleled excitement which prevailed, the eyes of the whole country had been fixed on the Illinois debaters; Mr. Lincoln put forth powers that he had never before exhibited in the same degree; his singular self-possession, his confidence in the justice and final success of his cause, his frank and manly patriotism, the wisdom and forbearance with which he advocated a policy of simple resistance, though laying bare with a master's hand the tortuous policy of the South, the homeliness, force, and pertinence of his illustrations—all these characteristics attracted general admiration. The North saw in the hitherto obscure Springfield lawyer a man who exactly represented its own sentiments, so far as it had been distinctly conscious of them, and who moreover gave shape and expression to much that had hitherto been only instincts

struggling for utterance. He was not disposed to retaliate upon the South; he was free from what they were in the habit of calling the fanaticism of abolition; but he was ready to face the emergency with the cheerful confidence of a resolute will and a good conscience; saying as he did, "let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it." The North saw one ready to act in the spirit of the words he himself afterwards used, "with malice toward none, with charity to all, with firmness in the right as God shall give us to know the right;" one who was no mere echo, but a true man, with a mind of his own, and a character higher than the mind. In short the great Republican party wanted a head; he was found; and on the 6th of November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln became the 16th President of the United States. He received 180 votes against 123 given to his competitors, but, if the voters in the first instance had been polled individually, he would—as has been already said—have had only about two-fifths of the whole.

The slave party had always made it a rule to tie up the hands of the President as much as possible. His election was determined on extra-constitutionally by a party convention; he came to the White House with his ministers and his measures already chosen for him; he was as much as possible made to feel himself a mere instrument, and it was an understood thing that he was never to be re-elected. A harmless mediocrity of intelligence and nullity of character seemed to be essential requisites for the high office; so that after having been borne by Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, it had fallen into the hands of a Tyler, a Taylor, Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan. "The President," says M. de Tocqueville, "possesses almost royal prerogatives which he has no opportunity to make use of, and the rights which he is really able to exercise are very limited: the law allows him to be strong, circumstances constrain him to be weak." Mr. Lincoln's nomination was the first exception to this rule that had occurred for many years; the great body of citizens faithful to the Union looked to him to discover and direct the policy they should pursue; and as the States of the extreme South one after another proclaimed their secession from the Union, it was with much anxiety, with professed hope, and probably with no little secret misgiving, that the North asked what would be the course adopted by the man of its choice?

The sort of state progress from Springfield to Washington, through Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsyl-

vania, with mass meetings at all the great centres, from the 11th to the 27th of February, 1861, gave the population an opportunity of replying to the acts of secession by counter demonstrations of loyalty to the Federal constitution. It helped to strengthen the ties that united the President and the people, renewed their confidence in his firmness, wisdom, and temper, and confirmed him in the assurance that he would be supported.

The latter part of the journey, however, was anything but a triumphal procession; Mr. Lincoln passed through Baltimore by stealth, earlier than he was expected, in order to disappoint a gang of fanatics who had conspired to assassinate him. He arrived at Washington incognito, so to speak, for the purpose of taking an official position among a people almost all of whom, as he said to them himself publicly, were politically opposed to him. Never did President elect find himself in such melancholy circumstances—a distrusted stranger upon the steps of the Capitol. He was received with cold and sneering ceremony by an outgoing President and ministry who had done everything in their power to facilitate the success of the revolt, and had openly declared that all attempts to repress it would be illegal. He took the oath of office at the hand of Chief Justice Taney, that corrupt magistrate who in the Dred Scott case had decided that, at the time the Constitution of the United States was made, the right to enslave the negro for the white man's benefit was an opinion "fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race, and was regarded as an axiom in morals as well as politics, which no one thought of disputing."

Seven States had passed ordinances of secession, and in six more it was a matter of earnest discussion. The public mind was perplexed. Treason was flagrant in every department of the government; to use the language of one of Mr. Lincoln's own state papers a little later, "defection appeared in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, in the cabinet, in the Federal courts; ministers and consuls returned from foreign countries to enter the insurrectionary councils, or land or naval forces; commanding and other officers of the army and in the navy betrayed the councils or deserted their posts for commands in the insurgent forces. . . . The capital was besieged, and its connection with all the States cut off. . . . Armies, ships, fortifications, navy yards, arsenals, military posts and garrisons, one after another, were betrayed or abandoned to the insurgents. Congress had not anticipated, and so had not provided for, the emergency. The municipal

authorities were powerless and inactive. The judicial machinery seemed as if it had been designed not to sustain the Government, but to embarrass and betray it."

And there he stood, the tall, ungainly rail-splitter of Illinois, with a most acute sense of the responsibility of his position, calmly resolved to keep the oath he took to "preserve, protect and defend" the Government and Constitution of his country, so far as the country itself would enable him to do so; resolved not to interfere with slavery, because he believed he had no right to do so; resolved to exhibit a spirit of patience and conciliation to the furthest degree in which it would be compatible with doing his duty. He was persuaded that even more than the existence and the greatness of the United States was at stake in the perilous passage through which he was to hold the helm; the future of the human race was involved. The question was, whether there was in all systems of self-government an inherent and fatal weakness? Whether it was possible to appeal successfully "from the ballot to the bullet?" Whether a Government of the people by the people could or could not maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes? In short, "the true and righteous cause of the whole country and the whole world" was at stake. It had devolved upon the American people, with him as their responsible head, "to test whether a government established on the principles of human freedom, could be maintained against an effort to build one upon the exclusive foundation of human bondage." There was no provision upon the statute book for such a crisis, there were no precedents to guide him, there had been as yet no distinct and adequate expression of the national will as to the practical measures to be taken. And there he stood—that man of granite and yet of the kindest sympathies—ready to maintain to the death the great interests intrusted to him, but careful to abstain from all violence or offensive warfare upon the seceding States; his dissatisfied fellow-countrymen can have no conflict without being themselves the aggressors.

We question whether there were many minds on either side of the Atlantic at that moment who appreciated the sublimity of the spectacle presented by that man, as he stood comparatively alone and unassisted in the hour of his people's trial, and called upon God for wisdom and strength. Certainly Mr. Lincoln himself did not; for, as it has been truly said, when men are really greatest they feel least in their own eyes; Luther thought himself weak when he stood before the Diet of Worms, and exclaimed, "God help me;" and Moses,

when in the anguish of his soul he called out, "I am not able to bear all this people alone, because it is too heavy for me."* A great part of the world, as usual, has shown itself unable to recognise the hero or the prophet of the present, while building the sepulchres of those sent to former generations, and some of the loudest adepts of hero-worship have most signally failed. Had Mr. Lincoln exhibited the same self-reliance and indomitable firmness in the pursuit of some selfish ambition or wild freak of despotism, he had been canonized by Mr. Carlyle and his imitators; but it was only in the cause of liberty and humanity that his heart was wrung, and so they helped to stone him. Truly, as was said the other day by a continental critic, Carlyle is but a humorist, and it is only Englishmen under forty years of age who can mistake him for a thinker. It seems that hero-worship itself must be set down in the vulgar list of shams, and charlatanisms, and unrealities, and paper lanterns of which we have heard so much.

It is not for us to determine to whom most honour is due—to the generous idealists who protested against slavery when the cause of abolition seemed hopeless to the world around them, or to the strong-minded practical man, who became capable of effecting abolition just because he did not take counsel only of his abstract opinions and sympathies, but aimed at the results that seemed attainable for the moment, and refused to go further and faster in the work of abolition than public sentiment would warrant and sustain him in doing. Neither would have been successful without the other; the sublime folly of men like John Brown at once worked upon the national conscience, and goaded the slave party to the extremes that ruined it; the far-sighted, self-denying prudence of a Lincoln made emancipation a reality instead of leaving it a generous dream. The latter cannot be accused of sacrificing principle to expediency; he did not *do* evil that good might come; but he took the slow, indirect method of resisting evil which he believed to be the only safe, and possible, and legal way, and which might have proved to be very slow indeed but for the passionate precipitation of the South. He did not acquiesce in slavery, but consented to let it alone within the limits in which it was established until he was honestly convinced that the existence of the Republic depended on its extirpation, and the nation allowed him to act on that conviction. Perhaps these two characters may be

* Num. xi. 14.

taken respectively as types of what we may call the feminine and masculine elements of true heroism. The impulsive heart of a Mary Magdalene beats in the breast of such men as John Brown and Garibaldi: there is less seraphic fire, but equal self-devotion, and more manly thoughtfulness and many-sidedness, in such characters as Cavour and Lincoln.

Previous to Mr. Lincoln's arrival at Washington, Congress, though strongly Republican, had done everything in its power to remove all pretexts for secession. It had created governments for three new territories without taking any precaution to exclude slavery from them. It had severely censured recent acts of some of the Northern Legislatures tending to impede the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law; and in response to its express wishes, Rhode Island had repealed these laws, Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin were about to do so. Above all, a resolution had passed both Houses, proposing an amendment of the Constitution, which should prohibit for ever any action of the Central Government interfering with slavery in any State, and Mr. Lincoln, in his inaugural address, expressed himself willing that this provision should become an express and irrevocable part of the Constitution. The civil war suspended all immediate action upon this resolution; and when, four years later, on the 31st of January, 1865, a constitutional amendment, which was really to become law, passed through Congress, it was for the abolition of slavery throughout the United States!

The sword once drawn, it was easier for the executive head of a free country to deal with open enemies in the field, however formidable, than with the traitors in the midst of the free States who acted as spies on military preparations, misled the popular mind, and plotted revolutionary outbreaks. Mr. Lincoln, on his own responsibility, and without waiting for the meeting of Congress, which he had summoned in extra session, suspended the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and authorised the generals commanding the Federal forces to arrest and detain such individuals as they deemed dangerous to public safety, without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law. This authority was exercised very sparingly, but it was of course denounced as unconstitutional and tyrannical by the party who were bent upon paralyzing the efforts of the Government. Chief Justice Taney formally pronounced the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* illegal, and issued attachments against the generals who acted upon the order. The Democratic press was clamorous, and its violence increased when every steamer

brought them fresh piles of the *Times* and other English papers bewailing the lost liberties of America, and the universal insecurity resulting from the military despotism of the President. Never did so large a part of the press of this great country show itself so blindly, so heartlessly partial. It has since universally approved of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* in Canada and in Ireland under circumstances fully justifying the measure, but far less extreme, for the British Empire has little to fear from the wild enterprises of the Fenians; but when America was rent from east to west, struggling for national existence in the fiercest civil war that history has recorded, our journalists lifted up their hands in horror if the guarantees of individual liberty did not remain the same as in times of peace and public order.

The Constitution provided that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* should not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety might require it." The Democratic sympathisers with the South, observing that the Constitution was silent as to what department of the Government should exercise the power of suspension, insisted that the President had trespassed upon the rights and functions of Congress. Mr. Lincoln brushed through these fine-spun cobwebs with his usual straightforward common sense. From the very necessity of the case, he said, the Government, charged with the care of the public safety, was empowered to judge when the contemplated emergency had arrived. As an executive act the power of suspension devolved upon the executive: "It cannot be believed the framers of the instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case, by the rebellion." In a particular instance, which made a good deal of noise—the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham for labouring to prevent the raising of troops and encouraging desertion—Mr. Lincoln said to a deputation of Albany Democrats, "I can no more be persuaded that the Government can constitutionally take no strong measures in time of rebellion, because it can be shown that the same could not be lawfully taken in time of peace, than I can be persuaded that a particular drug is not good medicine for a sick man because it can be shown not to be good for a well one. Nor am I able to appreciate the danger apprehended by the meeting that the American people will, by means of military arrests during the rebellion, lose the right of public discussion, the liberty of speech and the press, the law of evidence, trial by jury, and

habeas corpus, throughout the indefinite peaceful future which, I trust, lies before them, any more than I am able to believe that a man could contract so strong an appetite for emetics during temporary illness as to persist in feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life."

Doubtless many who looked upon the American war with a feeling that God was about to plead with a Christian people, visiting upon them the wrong of which they had been guilty, and providing for its discontinuance, were also conscious that an early and a cheap victory on the part of the North would only have intoxicated a people whose proper state should have been humiliation and remorse. We well remember how, even before the first battle of Bull Run, the story of the three sieges of Gibeah (Judges xx., xxi.) suggested to ourselves that it may be one principle of the Divine government that a nation taking up arms in a righteous cause is not allowed to prevail until it has been brought into a moral state which is in some measure worthy of the cause with which it is identified. At least, where this is not the case, success is almost as unfortunate as defeat, for the successful people would become a mere instrument of bringing about good for others, without morally benefiting themselves in the process.

It is of course possible to make oneself an unauthorised interpreter of the divine ways towards individuals and masses in a superficial and irreverent, or uncharitable manner. But that would be a false and affected reverence which would refuse to recognise the hand of God in this great example of a nation's discipline, when the reasons which should elicit our adoring admiration are so patent on the face of things as to be known and read of all men, and indeed have been recognised by the very people which was subjected to that painful discipline. The oft-quoted words of Mr. Lincoln's second inaugural address, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so, still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." These memorable words were not merely the language of one great heart; the conscience of the whole people went along with them. Had they passed through their trials easily they never would have felt thus, and they never would have done justice to the negro. The fluctuations of the

popular mind in America during the war exhibit upon an immense scale the way in which suffering may be made to work for good; we can trace on the lips of a whole people the various shades of feeling through which the mere sense of pain and danger passes into that of humiliation and self-reproach. We can study as a phenomenon of real life, but magnified a million-fold, the workings of the sort of discipline that so often tells upon our own individual development.

The early disasters of the Federal armies were therefore necessary. They were really so many conditions of the completeness of the victory. They brought the North to a pass in which it was constrained to trample over its foes by first triumphing over itself; to borrow a thought of Mr. Lincoln's, they taught it that those who will not allow of the freedom of others at any price, are never sure of retaining their own. The ridiculous rout of Bull Run, the bloody actions on the Chickahominy, the fearful defeats and indecisive victories of the third campaign—these were the stern warnings that transformed a mere domestic quarrel into one concerning the interests of the human race. To win their own battles, the Americans were obliged to fight the battle of humanity—aye, and to raise themselves to a higher moral level. Meantime, the strain upon Mr. Lincoln's popularity was excessive, and the tax upon his energy, firmness, and moral courage almost overwhelming. Friends grew disheartened; known Republicans voted for Democratic candidates from sheer distrust of the competency of the administration, and dissatisfaction with the management of the war. The hypocritical friends of peace, at home and abroad, did their utmost to make the war long and bloody, by encouraging the South and pouring forth ceaseless lamentations on so much useless shedding of blood. Real friends of peace, in Europe at least, echoed the sentiment with better intentions, and with the same evil tendency. It was a moment at which the ground seemed to fail under the feet of the man who was bearing almost alone such unprecedented responsibility; but his countrymen had put Abraham Lincoln in the post he occupied because they believed him a man who would do what was right, regardless of consequences, and they were not mistaken. After the second dreadful repulse of Fredericksburg he is known to have said, "If there is a man out of perdition who suffers more than I do, I pity him." It was during these dark days that he said to Mrs. Stowe, "Which-ever way it ends, I have the impression that I sha'n't last long after it is over;" and to one who showed himself scandalised

by a humorous story, "I respect you as an earnest sincere man, and I say to you now, that if it were not for this occasional vent, *I should die.*" His careworn countenance, says Raymond, was at times "enough to bring tears of sympathy into the eyes of his bitterest opponents." But he felt America had a right that every measure should be tried to save her greatness; he believed the world had a right that every effort should be made to save for the future the form of liberty established in America; he had sworn to defend the Constitution, and he was ready to do it so long as the nation gave him the means.

"President Lincoln," continues his biographer, "was too thoroughly earnest and hearty in everything he said or did to be very polished." But there was "native grace, the outgrowth of kindness of heart, which never failed to shine through all his words and acts. His heart was as tender as a woman's—as accessible to grief and gladness as a child's—yet strong as Hercules to bear the anxieties and responsibilities of the awful burden that rested on it. Little incidents of the war—instances of patient suffering in devotion to duty—tales of distress from the lips of women—never failed to touch the innermost chords of his nature, and to awaken that sweet sympathy which carries with it, to those who suffer, all the comfort the human heart can crave. Those who have heard him, as many have, relate such touching episodes of the war, cannot recall without emotion the quivering lip, the face gnarled and writhing to stifle the rising sob, and the patient loving eyes, swimming in tears, which mirrored the tender pity of his gentle and loving nature. He seemed a stranger to the harsher and stormier passions of man. Easily grieved, he seemed incapable of hate. . . . It is first among the marvels of a marvellous time, that to such a character, so womanly in all its traits, should have been committed, absolutely and with almost despotic power, the guidance of a great nation through a bloody and terrible civil war; and the success which crowned his labours proves that, in dealing with great communities, as with individuals, it is not the stormiest natures that are most prevailing, and that strength of principle and of purpose often accompanies the softest emotions of the human heart." This testimony is valuable as coming from one who was on intimate terms with Mr. Lincoln, but is not to be taken as qualifying in the least what has been already said of the distinctively masculine character of the President's *understanding*. Again, we believe it was John Paul Richter who said no woman could ever

train a sporting dog ; meaning that she would be incapable of giving words of command, short, precise, and ever the same, without change, paraphrase, or comment. In this respect, likewise, Mr. Lincoln's was a manly mind, made for definite, brief, and, if needed, stern command.

It was when prospects were darkest, and when men's hearts failed them, that Lincoln showed himself most ready to take upon himself the shortcomings of subordinates, generously standing between them and the popular displeasure if he felt that he could with justice attribute to himself any degree of responsibility for their mistakes, or for acts that were misunderstood. His conduct towards General McClellan in particular was extremely noble. It was thought for a time among us that the President marred the execution of the General's plans by interfering with them, by withdrawing troops at the moment they were wanted, and by allowing generals of division an independence which hindered effective concert, and that, finally, when unsuccessful through the faults of the executive, McClellan was dismissed in order to spoil his prospects as a political rival. Now that the correspondence of Mr. Lincoln with the successive Federal generals is before the world, and can be controlled by the reports of the Confederate leaders seized at Richmond, not only is the injustice of those accusations evident, but also the marvellous indulgence and patience with which Lincoln treated the General, and the still more marvellous generosity with which he protected him all too long against the rising tide of public censure and discontent. McClellan was, it is to be presumed, an honest soldier and a master of the technicalities of his profession, but was utterly deficient in reliance upon himself, his army, and his cause ; and so he was ever standing on the defensive when he ought to have attacked, asking for additional forces that did not exist, and exaggerating the strength of the enemy. On repeated occasions, where he might have overwhelmed the Confederate army, he forbore to avail himself of the superiority of numbers and position, giving them time to prepare for more effective resistance. Mr. Lincoln's orders, and his reasonings upon the steps to be taken, display, on the contrary, the keen observation, the comprehensive grasp, the prompt decision, the combination of circumspection and dash, that would make an able general.

But the great interest of the history, and its importance for the future, lie in the gradual transformation of a mere political and social antagonism between North and South into the grandest of all wars of deliverance. From the first the

South knew its object and pursued it with as much unanimity and passion as if it were at the bidding of a single despot capable of animating all his subjects with his own spirit. The North had no counter-passion equally infuriating to oppose; the simple, sober, patriotic wish to save the Union did not prove itself such. The North had a disadvantage in a military point of view, that of having to act upon the offensive, and in a political point of view, that of being in an attitude wholly defensive, and of not knowing what to do with the victory if it could be obtained. The War-Democrats wanted to beat the South, then give it gratuitously all that it had asked, and turn the united arms of the Republic against foreigners, French or English. The Republicans were conscious that victory would enable them to tie up the hands of the planters to a greater extent than they would have otherwise dared to propose; but to what extent they were unable to judge. They shrank from avowing any policy that would render compromise impossible, and commit them to the tremendous issue of the war in its plain form.

Emancipation first became a war-cry in the district which had witnessed the ruffianism of slave society in its most atrocious forms. The volunteers of Missouri and Kansas began so early as the summer of 1861 to liberate, on their own authority, the slaves of Missouri proprietors who had taken up arms against the Union. Mr. Lincoln checked General Fremont, who had authorised the practice by a proclamation, because he did not yet think military emancipation necessary to success, and was anxious, as he told Congress, to hinder the inevitable conflict from degenerating into "a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle." The Federal soldiers on some other parts of the wide frontier disputed between the belligerents, were differently disposed from those beyond the Mississippi. There were generals who sent fugitive negroes back to their masters to be tortured to death. Officers in Kentucky were base enough to *sell* back poor wretches who had confidently cast themselves upon their protection. In Ohio Southern prisoners were allowed to keep their slaves to wait upon them, and a minister was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for having helped one of them to escape. Near Washington itself an intelligent negro who had acted as a spy, and thereby ventured his life in the service of the Republic, was handed back to his master by some zealous anti-abolitionists; the man was whipped to death, and a coroner's jury gave in the judiciously worded verdict, "The slave Jack has died of fatigue and exhaustion."

A first timid and guarded step in the direction of legal emancipation was a bill which received the President's approval August 6th, 1861, declaring the owner's claim to labour or service to be forfeited to the Government of the United States, whenever the person by whom such service or labour was due should be required or permitted by his master "to be employed in or upon any fort, navy-yard, dock, armoury, ship, or entrenchment, or in any military or naval service whatever, against the Government and lawful authority of the United States." The bill did not even pronounce the confiscated negroes to be necessarily free, in order not to alarm the susceptibility of the border Slave States; it only substituted the ownership of Government for that of the rebellious master. Even in this shape, the Act only passed by 60 ayes to 48 noes, so fearful was the House of Representatives of seeming to touch the sacred institution.

Early in 1862 an expedition to Port Royal in South Carolina, and the consequent military occupation of Beaufort and the islands in the neighbourhood, practically emancipated about 9,000 slaves. The work of teaching and civilising them was begun towards the close of March by Mr. Pierce and a noble little staff of volunteers under the auspices of government; and the success of the experiment was not without influence upon public opinion during the all-important discussions and determinations which made this year the really decisive one for the cause of liberty. It is remarkable that a prophecy current among the negroes of the South for many years before the war had fixed upon this very year, 1862, as that of their deliverance. Connected with this hope was a hymn apostrophising Moses, the singing of which was forbidden under the severest penalties in all the plantations. We may perhaps suppose that the after-dinner prediction of some white politician that so many years would not pass without a rupture of the Union, had dropped like a message from heaven into the listening ears, and longing, aching heart of some poor African servant, who took the speaker at his word like a modern Caiaphas calculated the year upon which the close of the given lapse of time would fall, and spread the saying abroad among his fellow-sufferers.

On the sixth of March, in this memorable 1862, the President sent a message to Congress proposing that it should adopt a resolution offering pecuniary aid to such slave-holding States as might take measures for the gradual emancipation of their slaves. He gives his reasons for the proposal in the following terms :

"The Federal Government would find its highest interest in such a measure as one of the most important means of self-preservation. The leaders of the existing rebellion entertain the hope that this Government will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and that all Slave States north of such part will then say: 'The Union for which we have struggled being already gone, we now choose to go with the Southern section.' To deprive them of this hope substantially ends the rebellion; and the institution of emancipation deprives them of it, and of all the States initiating it.

"The point is not that all the States tolerating slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation; but while the offer is equally made to all, the more Northern shall, by such initiation, make it certain to the more Southern, that in no event will the former ever join the latter in this proposed Confederacy. I say initiation, because, in my judgment, gradual and not sudden emancipation is better for all. . . .

"In full view of my great responsibility to my God and my country, I earnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to the subject."

Like all his State papers, this proposal expressed Mr. Lincoln's whole mind without any reticence. There is nothing to be read between the lines, it meant exactly what it said. He had from the outset tried to impress upon the people of the South the conviction that if they persisted in their revolt the fate of slavery would become, sooner or later, involved in the conflict, and he now endeavoured, with the help of Congress and of public opinion, to induce the Border States to take measures inflicting a severe blow upon the interests of slavery, in order thereby to prove to the Confederates that the States upon whose future adhesion they reckoned most confidently had irrevocably broken with them, so that the revolt must be defeated in its object. Congress passed a resolution of the kind recommended to it by large majorities in both houses, showing that it took the same view of things as Mr. Lincoln. While European observers, looking at the surface, believed the Confederates took arms merely to establish their own independence, Americans knew better. They were aware that the rebellion did not mean *independence* but *conquest*, and that the planters would have been bitterly disappointed to find themselves free but isolated, and without power to extend the sway of their institution. The North was apparently fighting in order to subdue the South; it was really resisting its own subjugation; and it now appealed to those of its members whose allegiance had been deemed least secure, to assume such an attitude as would show the South that even they were determined not to be subdued, so that,

whatever became of the eleven States that were in arms, the movement had already failed in its object.

The bill for the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia, which received the approval of the President, April 16th; the execution of the laws against the captains and crews of slavers; the treaty with England making all those concessions necessary for the effectual hindering of the slave trade, which America had hitherto obstinately refused; the recognition of the Republics of Hayti and Liberia as independent States, and the instalment of representatives from each among the diplomatic corps at Washington—all these following each other in rapid succession in the spring and summer of 1862—were so many acts of the Federal Legislature or Executive themselves in the direction which they wanted the Border States to take. It was saying to the South in so many ways: "Your hold over us is gone; we have cast your cords from us. For the sake of slavery extension you seek our ruin; but our spirit rises with the conflict, and we will teach you that you are only ruining slavery, drawing down upon it, directly, or in its corollaries and consequences, blow after blow."

Mr. Lincoln would not, however, allow himself to be carried further than he thought right for the moment by the zeal of subordinates hostile to slavery; and when General Hunter, early in May, proclaimed the emancipation of the slaves in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, as a military measure, the President at once repudiated the proclamation and pronounced it void. The much calumniated General Butler, a few weeks later, finding himself greatly embarrassed at Fort Monroe by the number of slaves that were coming in from the surrounding country, and seeking protection within his lines, hit upon the famous idea of treating them as *contraband of war*, so much productive power withdrawn from the enemy, and capable of being applied to military works in return for a fair compensation. The President acquiesced in this course as a temporary expedient, but ordered a record of the names of the fugitives and their masters to be kept in order that Congress might afterwards indemnify the latter.

None of the border Slave States having shown any disposition to avail themselves of the aid which Congress had offered to further any scheme of gradual emancipation, Mr. Lincoln invited the members from these States to a conference upon the matter, on the 12th of July. He urged that, if the war continued, their property in slaves would disappear by mere friction or abrasion, and that it would be better for them and

their people to take at once a step that would cut the hopes of the South at the root, shorten the war, and secure substantial compensation for what was otherwise sure to be wholly lost. The pressure upon him in the direction of military emancipation was increasing, he told them, and by conceding what he now asked, they could relieve his mind and that of the country.

"You are patriots and statesmen, and as such I pray you consider this proposition, and, at the least, commend it to the consideration of your States and people. As you would perpetuate popular government for the best people in the world, I beseech you that you do in nowise omit this. Our common country is in great peril, demanding the loftiest views and boldest action to bring a speedy relief. Once relieved, its form of government is saved to the world; its beloved history and cherished memories are vindicated, and its happy future fully assured and rendered inconceivably grand. To you, more than to any others, the privilege is given to assure that happiness, and swell that grandeur, and to link your own names therewith for ever."

A minority only of the members thus appealed to could be brought to promise their co-operation; nor did any of the Border States respond to the President's invitation until it became too late to prolong the existence of the institution by so doing. So that the great practical result of the negotiation was its helping to convince Mr. Lincoln that he was shut up to the alternative of surrendering the Union or else striking with his own hand the decisive blow.

A bill already referred to had pronounced the confiscation of the slaves actually employed by the rebels for military purposes; but, simultaneously with the overtures made to the Border States, a more stringent and important confiscation bill passed both branches of the Legislature, and received the President's sanction on the 17th of July. It made it the President's duty to seize and apply to the use of the army of the United States all the personal property of persons who should serve as officers of the rebel army, or hold civil offices under the rebel government, or take the oath of allegiance to the rebel authorities. It provided that the slaves of all persons convicted of treason against the United States should be made free; and authorised the President to organise and arm, or otherwise employ for the suppression of the rebellion as many persons of African descent as he deemed necessary.

The passing of the bill by Congress, and the way in which it was generally received, showed Mr. Lincoln how rapidly the conviction was gaining upon the public mind, that slavery was the real cause of the rebellion, and that the crushing it would

be the most direct way to crush the rebellion. Indeed, calls from various quarters for a proclamation of universal emancipation became every day more clamorous and importunate. Mr. Lincoln's own feeling all along had been that he had no right to consult his personal sympathies and to touch slavery until he had tried to the utmost every other possible means of saving the Union ; but in his judgment the time for resorting to the last extremity had come. After the most stupendous preparations McClellan had reeled back from Richmond to Washington with a stunned and defeated army of 160,000 men, and the depression that followed was in proportion to the brilliant hopes of the beginning of the campaign ; the rebellion was more defiant, and national bankruptcy seemed more imminent than ever.

Late in July, or early in August, Mr. Lincoln called a cabinet council, not as he told its members to consult them about the measure he wished to take, but about the form to be given to a proclamation of military emancipation ; and he forthwith read a first draft of the one which afterwards appeared. Mr. Seward approved of the proclamation, but questioned the expediency of its issue at a moment of unprecedented depression of the public mind. It would be considered, he said, as the last desperate effort of an exhausted government, and he suggested that it should be postponed until it could be given to the country supported by a certain amount of military success. Mr. Lincoln thought the advice judicious, and determined to suspend for a short time the issuing of the proclamation. Meantime he continued to receive deputations and addresses upon the subject without betraying the extent to which his own mind was already made up. It was one of his characteristics, observes Mr. Schuyler Colfax, "that when his judgment, which acted slowly, but which was almost as immovable as the eternal hills when settled, was grasping some subject of importance, the arguments against his own desires seemed uppermost in his mind, and, in conversing upon it, he would present those arguments to see if they could be rebutted." It was in such a mood as this that so late as the 13th of September he told a Chicago committee who waited upon him, "that an emancipation proclamation of his might prove as inoperative as the Pope's bull against the comet !" But he told them also that the matter was upon his mind, by day and night, more than any other. "Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do !"

Within less than a week from this interview the battle of Antietam was fought. A new cabinet meeting was called, and

Mr. Lincoln informed his ministers that the time for the annunciation of the emancipation policy could no longer be delayed. Public sentiment, he thought, would sustain it; many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it—*and he had promised his God that he would do it!* Raymond gives his account of this meeting on the oral authority of Mr. Secretary Chase. The clause in italics was uttered in so low a tone that Mr. Chase asked the President if he correctly understood him. Mr. Lincoln replied: “I made a solemn vow before God that, if General Lee were driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves.” This was on Saturday the 20th September, and on the 22nd was issued the preliminary proclamation of his purpose to emancipate. It consisted essentially of two clauses: in the first, he stated his intention on the next meeting of Congress to recommend once more the adoption of a practical measure, tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all Slave States not in rebellion, and which shall have adopted, or be disposed to adopt, immediate or gradual abolition of slavery within their respective limits. In the second clause he announces that all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, which shall remain in rebellion against the United States on the first of January, 1863, “shall be then, thenceforward, and for ever free.” Two days afterwards he thus expressed himself to a crowd assembled to serenade him: “What I did, I did after a very full deliberation, and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility: I can only trust in God I have made no mistake.”

The pledge contained in the first clause of the proclamation was redeemed in the message of December 1st, at the opening of the regular winter season of Congress. The President developed a scheme of “compensated emancipation,” providing for the disappearance of slavery at the close of the nineteenth century, and recommended its adoption in the shape of articles emendatory to the constitution of the United States, and becoming valid on their ratification by three-fourths of the State Legislatures. He refuted many current prejudices and superficial objections with the intense earnestness of a mind persuaded, as he said, that “in times like the present men should utter nothing for which they would not willingly be responsible through time and in eternity.” He apologises for a warmth unusual in papers addressed to the Congress of the nation by the chief magistrate of the nation, in these noble words:—

"The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew, and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

"Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honour or dishonour to the latest generation. We say that we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free; honourable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not, cannot fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way, which, if followed, the world will for ever applaud, and God must for ever bless."

Congress did not respond to this appeal by any direct and immediate action. As a body, its attitude was one of expectancy, not committing itself either for or against the President's policy, but tacitly leaving upon him the whole responsibility of the step he had taken. As the ship neared the roaring breakers, all eyes were fastened upon the man at the helm; few of the crew murmured audibly, but an expression of anxious distrust sat upon the brows of more, or a look of melancholy irony that seemed to say the pilot's efforts were but gestures in the air. It would have been enough to daunt many a resolute spirit, but Lincoln's trust was not in himself or in his own strength, and when the first of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, arrived, the promised proclamation came along with it. By virtue of the power vested in him as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the existing rebellion, he designates the eight States, and two parts of States, then in armed rebellion; pronounces the slaves within these limits to be free for ever; promises that the Executive Government and forces of the United States will recognise and maintain their freedom; finally invokes upon this act of justice and military necessity, "the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favour of Almighty God."

Mr. Raymond, or rather Mr. Carpenter the artist—Raymond's authority for many of the circumstances attending the preparation of this proclamation—calls it the third great

State paper which "has marked the progress of our Anglo-Saxon civilisation," the MAGNA CHARTA and the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE being the first two. We would venture to add that the ACT OF SETTLEMENT which made our own Revolution issue in the present constitutional monarchy, though less likely to impress an American mind, is a document of the same order and world-historical importance as the other three. The PROCLAMATION has this peculiar feature in common with the Magna Charta and the Act of Settlement, that there is no abstract declaration of the rights of man. The pretensions of the measure are much more modest than its real scope, not through any affectation, but because it was really brought about by circumstances, rather than pursued with a predetermined purpose; it was not the result of a theory but of providential guidance. It was an act which might have been most legitimately of man's doing, but was more emphatically still God's doing.

It is remarkable, however, that from Mr. Lincoln's point of view abstract justice and political necessity were reconciled in this act. He had looked upon them as kept in a sort of antagonism by the tragical consequences of slavery. His position as chief magistrate of the Republic did not authorise him to aim at abstract justice, but only to do what he deemed best for the country under certain given conditions. When honestly convinced of the necessity of emancipation as a military measure, this unnatural imparity between the horizons of the man and the magistrate disappeared; henceforth his official duties and his highest convictions had the same radius. There was no inconsistency in his looking upon the same measure as a matter of political sagacity and yet as the object of a solemn vow to God, because it was that very conviction of political expediency that set him free to make that vow. The half-whispered phrase that startled Mr. Chase betrayed the President's consciousness that it had become his calling to be the organ of his people in laying down its long-cherished sin at the foot of the altar. The statesman—by virtue of his genuine statesmanship—was entitled to act as a priest! There is nothing in any drama as grand as this moment of real history.

The American people generally took the matter at first in nearly the same way that Congress did. There were some who enthusiastically applauded, others who as vehemently denounced the proclamation. The majority were disposed to look upon the measure favourably, and yet felt more startled than they had expected to be by the realisation of their own

anticipations and partially expressed wishes, and waited the result with anxiety, in order to be sure that it was not a mistake. Others looked upon it as a mere empty demonstration—a shot fired into the air without any possible effect for good or evil. Almost every event, however, that occurred for the next eighteen months tended in one way or another to determine the undecided to approve of the wisdom of the President's policy. The bloody defeat of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the raid into Pennsylvania, the New York Riots, known to have been connected with a widely spread conspiracy which would have broken out simultaneously at Washington, Baltimore, and New York, were it not for the dearly-bought victory at Gettysburg—all these proofs of the vitality of the Insurrection were so many evidences of the uselessness of dealing with it in any way but the most extreme and radical. It became every day more undeniable that the Union, as it was, could never be restored, and that the question now lay where both Davis and Lincoln put it, between a new confederation with slavery, and a new confederation without slavery. On the other hand, every progress made by the Federal army pointed to the latter consummation. It redoubled the energies of the Federal troops to feel at last that they were fighting for a great cause, and that the policy of Government was now of a kind to secure the results of the victory for ever, if *they* should only succeed in obtaining it. The effect of the blows they had struck during the first two years might have been lost by a hollow and superficial pacification, but now every advantage gained was so far definitive. The South would indeed resist to the last, but instead of merely trying to tie up its hands, Government was now pledged to a war of conquest. Even the Border States had so far entered into the spirit of the contest that they were not alienated by the proclamation; and before the year 1863 had closed, the adoption of schemes of gradual emancipation by Western Virginia and Missouri gave the best practical pledge of their persevering loyalty. Finally, more than 100,000 negroes, who had been working for the South and directly or indirectly helping the Southern armies at the close of 1862, were working in the Union camps, or marshalled in arms among the Union soldiers, at the close of 1863.

A remarkable election speech of General Schurz shows the shape which a short experience of the policy of emancipation gave to the ideas of the majority of the people of the North. After dwelling on the contrast between the tendencies of the original colonists in New England and in

Virginia, he attributes to the presence of slaves the maintenance of the aristocratic character of Southern society, and its development into a stronger and more obnoxious form. "The old cavalier element lost most of its best attributes; but its worst impulses found a congenial institution to feed upon, and out of the cavalier grew the slave-lord. The struggle between the two antagonistic elements began now in earnest." It is, he continues, one of those great laws by which human affairs right themselves "that a great abuse, urged on by its necessities, must render itself insupportable, and defy destruction. Slavery grew under your fostering care; with its dimensions grew its necessities. It asked for security at home, and what it asked was given. It asked for its share of what we held in common, and what it asked was given. It asked for the lion's share, and accompanied its demand with a threat, and what it asked was given. The slave interest held the balance of power between the political parties of the country. It rose up and said, Only to him who falls down and worships me will I give these spoils. And they fell down and worshipped in turn. . . . The fate of a Democratic Republic seemed almost decided by the self-degradation of freemen. What the united energy of the slave power might have vainly attempted, this inexhaustible obsequiousness of its Northern allies would have accomplished had there not been a residue of virtue in the people." The staple threat of separation marked slavery as sectional and anti-national: it meant, "you must let us rule this nation or else we will ruin it." . . . "To be ruled by one who continually threatened to murder her—that was the situation of the American Republic." The rebellion was an attempt to put the threat in execution; it had brought Cavalier and Roundhead once more into the battle-field, aristocracy and democracy meeting in arms.

With a scrupulousness of very doubtful merit, said the General, we did not at first touch slavery in defending the Union. "You remember the results of that period of kid-glove policy, which the South found so very gentlemanly; reverse after reverse; popular discontent rising to despondency; ruin staring us in the face. . . . Gradually it became clear to every candid mind that slavery, untouched, constituted the strength of the rebellion; but that slavery, touched, would constitute its weakness. The negro tilled its fields and fed its armies; the negro carried its baggage and dug its trenches; and the same negro was longing for the day when he would be permitted to fight for the Union, instead of being

forced to work for the rebellion. . . . If the rebellious slave power had submitted after the first six months of the war, it is possible that slavery might have had another lease of life. But its resistance being vigorous and stubborn, and not only that, but its resistance being crowned with success, it became a question of life and death—the death of the nation, or the death of slavery.” Then the Government made its choice, “and every man, whatever his previous opinion may have been, as soon as he throws his whole heart into the struggle for the Union, throws at the same time his whole heart into the struggle against slavery. . . . The Emancipation Proclamation is the true sister of the Declaration of Independence ; it is the Supplementary Act ; it is the Declaration of Independence translated from universal principle into universal fact. . . . It is true slavery is not abolished by the proclamation alone, just as little as by the mere Declaration of Independence the British armies were driven away and the independence of the colonies established. But the declaration was made good for ever by the taking of Yorktown, and I feel safe in predicting that our proclamation will be made as good for ever by the taking of Richmond.”

Throughout the whole year 1863 there was a struggle going on in the national mind between the enlightened self-interest and newly awakened sense of justice which pleaded for Mr. Lincoln's measures, and the old besetting sin—the ungenerous antipathy to the race that the white man had wronged. When Hunter, Butler, and Banks began to arm the negroes, many general officers in their armies threw up their commissions in disgust. When the truly noble-minded Robert Shaw, with whom it was our privilege to be personally acquainted, accepted the command of the 54th Massachusetts regiment, composed of Northern free blacks, he received a letter from a military friend, which is a singular illustration of the state of imbecility into which prejudices confessedly unreasonable may plunge a man :—

“As sure as you and I live the allotted years of man, we shall see the day when all will confess that you were right, and wonder how the world could have been so wrong. My brother writes to me, urging me, too, to go into the scheme. It is out of the question, however. Theoretically, I see that the army is the true school for the education of the blacks ; practically, I feel that in black regiments, properly organized, is to be found the best solution of our troubles, and I fairly acknowledge no small admiration for those practical philanthropists who dare to meet the question fairly, and to act up to their views ; but I can't do it myself, and can do it only to incur certain failure.”

When the 54th were ordered to North Carolina in May, 1863, they had to be sent by sea from New England. It was considered it would be imprudent to let them march through New York; and justly so, for while they were shedding their blood like water on the ramparts of Fort Wagner, and falling around their gallant leader, some of their families were victims of the New York riots.

Nowhere was this mere vulgar, brutal prejudice stronger than in Illinois, where free blacks were forbidden by law to take up their abode; and many of Lincoln's old friends, the Republicans of that State, showed a disposition to be caught by the insidious watchword, "The Union as it was," which meant, "let liberty once more imperil itself by trying merely to disarm slavery instead of killing it outright." The President wrote to them in August, 1863, "You wish not to be taxed to buy negroes, but I had not asked you to be taxed to buy negroes, except in such way to save you from greater taxation, to save the Union exclusively by other means. You say that you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem willing to fight for you; but no matter. Fight you, then, exclusively, to save the Union." Peace, he tells them, will, he hope, soon come, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. There will then be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, set teeth, steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, "they have helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that, with malignant heart and deceitful speech, they have striven to hinder it."

It was in this characteristic letter that he called the Federal gun-boats "Uncle Sam's web feet," to the great disgust of sundry lovers of decorum on this side of the water, whose jeers at the hedge attorney's slang wit were soon re-echoed with exaggeration by the Democratic press of America, and Lincoln was called "a sanguinary buffoon." Now, Mr. Lincoln's official State papers afford abundant evidence that he could use great plainness of speech without falling into triviality, or violating the proprieties due to his high position. He must have been as conscious as the most polished writer could be that in this official production there was a certain sacrifice of dignity. He made it in order to speak to his rude old constituents their own language, to remind them that he was one of themselves; he made the sacrifice in order to win them to their country's real good at a great crisis, and he suc-

ceeded. If any one continues to be scandalized by such a breach of good taste, he must be left to the enjoyment of his own opinion undisturbed.

That Oxford students on commemoration days should give cheers for Jefferson Davis and groans for Lincoln, is but in keeping with the traditions of the University. Elsewhere youth is generous, and its natural aspirations are in favour of liberty and progress, but at Oxford, for the last three centuries, ever since the fires were lit around the stake of Latimer and Ridley, its inverted sympathies have been generally on the side of decrepitude and despotism. Happily, for that very reason, they have been also on the losing side. The causes for which the typical Oxford student vociferates are destined to be defeated in senates, to be crushed upon fields of battle, to be put to shame by the march of human society. But, alas! this feeling was not confined to the mediæval halls upon the banks of Isis; it made its way into the one place of all others where it should have least appeared—into the very temple of liberty and justice; it was amidst the cheers of a British Parliament that Mr. Horsman characterised the Proclamation of Emancipation as “the most atrocious crime against the laws of civilization and humanity the world has ever seen.” We would gladly blot these words, and much that is associated with them, out of the memory of men, but we cannot escape history. All Europe has registered as with an iron pen ten thousand such utterances, betraying the Southern sympathies of our ruling classes during the war, and for more than one generation to come they have incalculably diminished the moral influence of this country for good. Of course, Englishmen know that the comments with which nineteenth-twentieths of all foreign observers accompany the text are untrue and unjust. It is false to suppose that English philanthropy lasts only so long as it serves some selfish purpose, and that when interest lies the other way we “pocket the philanthropy and the profits together.” It was anything but self-interest that led the most commercial nation in the world to lay it down by precept and example, as a principle of international jurisprudence, that when there is war between a great commercial people and another so weak by sea as not to have an unblockaded port of its own, the capital, the workshops, the private arsenals and shipyards of neutrals may be practically at the disposal of the weaker power, and issue from neutral ports to prey upon the peaceful commerce of the stronger power.

But while we repudiate the current malevolent interpreta-

tions of our inconsistencies, it is wise and manly to take cognizance of our real delinquencies and to measure their extent. What was it that brought the most generous people upon earth to a state of opinion such that a great part of its so-called higher classes were passionately opposed to the great act of mercy and justice that will remain throughout all time the glory of the present century, not to speak of ultimate results that cannot be appreciated in time? We cannot hide from ourselves the fact that we have a most extraordinary gift for persuading ourselves that the just and right side of any conflict is the one that falls in with our prejudices. Sydney Smith used to say that Providence had furnished every clergyman with a special apparatus for keeping his conscience in unison with that of his bishop. Be that as it may, the ordinarily educated Englishman has a most marvellous capacity for deceiving himself with a good conscience in matters where national passion and self-love are concerned; and in this last case it is easy to study the peculiar *apparatus* by which the phenomenon is at least facilitated. There exists a tacit compact between the most influential part of the nation and the most influential part of the press: the upper strata of English society undertake to believe whatever the said part of the press—the *Times* at its head—shall peremptorily affirm to be matter of fact; and the *Times* undertakes the precise amount of suppression of some facts and skilful distortion of others which may flatter the prejudices without alarming the consciences of its readers. These delicate functions of the press are practically equivalent to those of a Jesuit confessor in the closet of a Catholic monarch, and to those of the ruffian stump orator in a slave society; but the execution is very different from either: there is no immoral casuistry, no tampering with principle, like that of the confessor; there is no coarseness, no bullying, no brutal and evident indifference to truth and right, like that of the stump orator; there is a refined, a moderate, a gentleman-like, an apparently off-handed treatment of facts, so as to make them tell on the side to which the reader already leans.

The great rivals of England for the future are America and Russia; but circumstances have led to our being most conscious of the rivalry of America. The civil war found us with this feeling pre-existent, and with unpleasant remembrances of much arrogance on the part of the United States in their relations with us for the last fifty years, and with a disposition to pit our institutions against those of the sister

country; then our admiration was excited by the valour with which the South defended itself against the superior forces of the North, and too many among us chose to forget that these elegant ladies, these fine, brave, chivalrous, hospitable, prodigal gentlemen were living on the unrequited sweat, and tears, and blood of the negro, and were fighting in order to do so on a larger scale. It was then that our officious guides industriously collected every consideration that could represent the North collectively, and its leaders individually, in a false light, and that could hinder the South from appearing in its true light.

We heard loud complaints of the arrests of men who were sympathisers with the rebellion, and tried to excite troubles in the North; but the same journalists never volunteered to tell us that, in the South, known sympathy for the Federals, without any overt act, was almost certain to be followed by torture and death. Did they tell us of the Unionists that were hunted with dogs and hung in Tennessee and Kentucky? Did they tell us of the Unionists in Texas tracked and shot down like wild beasts, some murdered at their own hearths, some scalded to death, others dragged by wild horses; in whole districts the men butchered, the women and children driven into the wilderness to perish? They were eloquent and pathetic on the desolation of the valley of the Shenandoah; was the population scalped? Were the ruins full of mutilated bodies? Did any Federal partisan get a Bible bound in the skin of a murdered adversary, like the Texan Bosse de Bison? These are not atrocities related on Northern authority only. The *San Antonio Herald*, of November 13, 1862, boasted that its friends knew where to find the Unionists, and that they were daily diminishing in number, which was as it ought to be. "In the mountains round Fort Clark, and all along the Rio Grande, their bones are whitening in the sun, and in Wire and Denton counties their bodies hang from the trees by scores."

They attributed the Proclamation of Emancipation to a vindictive desire to provoke a massacre of the unprotected whites on the plantations by the negroes. Did they tell us that at the beginning of the war many slaves whom the planters distrusted were put to death in cold blood, and that in the State of Mississippi some were burned alive; and that the blacks generally were so thoroughly cowed that those of Port Royal at first answered in an evasive way when asked by the Federals if they would like to be free?

But our English journalists were not aware of these facts.

Of course they did not consciously and deliberately suppress them; but were they on the look-out for facts of this order, did they wish to be well informed, did they look fairly in the face the facts which did come under their notice? When Mr. Jefferson Davis announced that white officers taken in command of negro troops should be executed, the *Saturday Review* treated the document as "hardly reconcileable with the laws of war." That part of the proclamation which authorised the wholesale massacre of negro belligerents it calls "more excusable, but probably impolitic." How did these papers receive the first accounts of the way in which Federal prisoners were intentionally left to perish by cold, hunger, and filth at Richmond and Andersonville, when they were not fired at as marks for the amusement of the Southern sentinels? Did they so much as condescend to register the fact that the burning of Chambersburg preceded the laying waste of the valley of the Shenandoah? Did they do anything like justice to the astonishing respect for liberty which allowed full freedom of speech, and of abuse and misrepresentation, to the opposition press of America during a great civil war, and only suppressed two papers that had published forged proclamations of Government, such that the editors would have been transported to Cayenne had they lived in France in the most peaceful times?

It was Mr. Lincoln's boast that November, 1864, demonstrated that a people's government could sustain a national election of vital importance in the midst of the most fearful civil war. That election for some time seemed about to be decided against him. The public debt was steadily and rapidly accumulating, and taxation increasing along with it; the Democratic party was incessantly harping with apparent success upon the losses, the agonies, the desolations of the war; the endurance and hopeful resolution of the people throughout the loyal States seemed to be failing; while new drafts of men to fill the ranks of new armies were impending. The Chicago Democratic Convention, which assembled on the 29th of August, 1864, and nominated General McClellan its candidate for the presidency, ventured even to pronounce the war a failure, and called for an immediate cessation of hostilities; but the nation in general felt that peace at any price meant surrender to the South; McClellan himself was unable to hold up as his choice any definite line of policy, because there really lay no resting point between victory and defeat; finally, the news of the fall of Atlanta and the beginning of Sherman's triumphant progress, arrived the very day after

the dissolution of the Chicago Convention; and Abraham Lincoln was re-elected by a popular majority of over four hundred thousand votes.

The fugitive slave law was repealed in June, 1864. Maryland became a free State in October, by a small majority. The constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery passed Congress, January 31st, 1865. Richmond fell on the 3rd of April. Mr. Lincoln came to it on foot and unguarded next day: "May de good Lord bless you, President Linkum!" said a white-haired old negro, with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks. The President took off his hat and bowed in silence, while a white woman in an adjoining house turned away from the scene in disgust. Ten days later he became the martyr of his country's cause—the one thing that was wanting to set him higher than Washington in the memory even of his cotemporaries.

We have not left ourselves space to speak of Mr. Lincoln's religious character. In our imperfect notice, as in his own life, it must be gathered from the whole, rather than from any formal statement. The reader will find some interesting pages upon the subject in Mr. Raymond's book, pp. 730—735. We will only quote Mr. Lincoln's humble and earnest words to a Christian lady whom he had asked to give him in brief her idea of what constituted a true religious experience: "If what you have told me is really a correct view of this great subject, I think I can say with sincerity that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived until my son Willie died without realising fully these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before, and if I can take what you have stated as a *test*, I think I can safely say that I know something of that *change* of which you speak; and I will further add, that it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession."

The removal of Abraham Lincoln, just at the moment when his firmness, his spirit of forgiveness and gentleness, his sagacity, and his deserved unlimited control over the popular mind, seemed to mark him as a necessary instrument in the great work of reconstruction, was bewailed as an irreparable national loss. Yet it has been attended by at least one great advantage. If the work of emancipation was begun by a great character acting in advance of the national mind, it has since been carried out and completed by Congress, and by the people overpowering the opposition of a subsequent President. This great act of justice, completed and secured by the Civil Rights'

Bill, is not the work of any one man, however good and great ; under God, it is emphatically the work of the nation. The nation too shall receive its reward. That robust negro free-man, whom it would gladly rid itself of, even at this moment, if it could induce him to emigrate—it will one day learn his priceless value as an instrument of production in a semi-tropical climate ; it will recognise in the negro race the principal sinews of its material wealth. But far higher than all this is that moral elevation, that deliverance from the consciousness of allowed perpetration of wrong, for which there is no material measure, but the blessing of which the nation has begun to experience.

Lord Shaftesbury's address at the
Social Science Congress. }
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- ART. II.—1. *First, Second, Third, and Fourth Reports of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Employment of Children and Young Persons. 1862.*
2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Condition of all Mines in Great Britain, to which the Provisions of the Act 23 and 24 Vict. cap. 151, do not apply, &c., with Appendices.*
3. *The Economic Position of the British Labourer.* By HENRY FAWCETT, M.P. Macmillan & Co.
4. *The Trades of Sheffield as influencing Life and Health.* By DR. J. C. HALL. Longmans, Green & Co.

A FEUDAL castle modernised by successive improvements is no inapt type of English society. Adaptation has always found more favour amongst us than creation. This renders history essential for the understanding of any phase of our national life. Nor is our manufacturing system any exception to the rule; for its past is unknown, its present is anomalous.

The manufacturing system virtually began when Watt took out his patent for fire-engines; it effected a social revolution, when it transported the workers in textile fabrics from their own hearths to the long room of a factory, and its triumph was secured, when machinery emulated the deftness of human fingers, and far surpassed their productiveness. Man's strength was soon confessed to be no match for his newly-summoned familiar. In vain was the manufacturer stimulated by the fresh markets opened up for his goods, and assisted by the increased facilities afforded by canals and roads worthy of the name. The power of production was limited by due bounds, the hours of daylight and the supply of labourers. Gas turned day into night, and commerce could thus claim twenty-four hours for a working day. This removed one limit indefinitely, and the introduction of children widened the field in the other direction. Now, as machinery never tires, only one problem remained. It was this—for how many consecutive hours can human beings superintend machines? The Englishman solved it after his own fashion—by experiment.

But the experiment was made in time of war. The booming of guns, in those days, rang louder than the hum of machinery. England was engaged in a struggle for life, and her sagacious

foe, holding that the readiest way to ruin a nation of shopkeepers was to spoil their trade, closed all ports within his reach against British goods. Thus commerce not only endured the blows of the sword, but it filled the commissary chest, victualled the fleet, and subsidised insatiable allies, while occupied in solving a critical problem. Business was fitful. At one time orders poured in, and no rest came to man, woman or child. To this succeeded utter stagnation, and no loom stirred, no money crossed the workman's palm, and hunger ruled the house. These sudden reverses fell upon masters as well as men, until the temptation to selfishness grew almost overwhelming. The most shameful abuses crept in, ignorance and vice bred crime, and violent hatred and strife were engendered. The tares grew apace and threatened to out-top the golden grain.

They were not unperceived. The manufacturing system had not attained its legal majority before it was denounced. A cry arose, that the mill desolated the home. It was remarked, that when the family returned at night to their dreary abode, the father fled from its cheerless rooms, and left the mother to grapple with her difficulties as best she could. Physicians headed a crusade against the system because of its effects on the body. By the pen, and by powerful speeches illustrated with the logic of the pencil, medical men of the highest repute waged unceasing war with the physical evils. Of course doctors disagreed. One, in an excess of professional modesty, declared himself unable to state whether twenty-three hours consecutive labour would prove prejudicial to a child. He was asked, somewhat satirically, "did he consider twenty-four hours too much?" His answer was charmingly simple. "He thought that an extreme case." Extreme indeed, but it was stated in Parliament, that one set of labourers, including children, had worked 125 hours out of the 144 which make a week. No wonder the spine was distorted after such labour as that.

In human affairs we sometimes meet with the power men call Poetical Justice. She guides her hands wittingly; and in this case she laid them on one of a house built by the Factory System. The "Factory Health and Morals Act" was the work of the first Sir Robert Peel. This act was practically inoperative through defects in its administrative clauses; but the legislation of 1802 established a precedent for legal interference with labour. In England precedent is very powerful, and may be considered as the thin end of the wedge. In 1816 it was driven home by the hand which struck the first

blow. Sir Robert "could not contemplate the unlimited employment of the poor without dismay. He saw it was attended with serious and alarming effects to the rising generation." He therefore proposed to apply restrictive measures to all manufactures. The Bill, however, was unfortunate; it was emasculated by the Lords, and evaded by the manufacturers.

This defeat narrowed the arena. The friends of legislative interference now confined their efforts to workers in textile fabrics. Passing over the names of many of these friends—Wilberforce, who first distinguished between "children" and "young persons;" Hobhouse, who reduced the working hours by three on a Saturday; and Oastler, Fielden, with many others—we pause at the name of Sadler, who brought forward his "Ten Hours Bill" in 1832. Philanthropy had fallen on evil times in which to seek the aid of law. Hunt was reviving the memories of Peterloo in the House of Commons, the fires of the Bristol Riots were still smouldering. The Great Reforming Bill was drawing all professed politicians into its vortex, and bitter strife was raging among all classes. It was plain that philanthropy would hardly gain a hearing in the tumult. But her advocates were resolute men, and would have pleaded their cause with effect, even in the court of Lord Hategood himself.

They carried their cause to no such unworthy judgment seat,—their appeal lay to their own House of Commons, which, with all its faults, is no ignoble bar. Here they brought a fearful indictment. Many "parents counted upon their children as upon their cattle." They enslaved their offspring, and satisfied their passions with the price. Nature provided hours for enjoyment, but they were passed amidst dangerous machinery. Unblushing profligacy was practised under the eyes of the youngest, the delicacy of the female mind was irretrievably ruined, and the fountains of social life were poisoned. Physical effects of the saddest kind followed; some evident at a glance, others unfit to be mentioned except in euphonious Latin. In the name of common humanity the abolition of these evils was demanded.

It is sometimes objected that all these arguments were based on exceptional cases. Granting this, their force would not be lessened. To live in a country where a man may occasionally be hanged without trial is to live under the Sword of Damocles; and if kind masters rendered their factories as nearly perfect as possible, yet if there is occasional barbarity, the social reformer is justified in demanding that it be held

indictable. The ground really taken was, that unrestricted juvenile labour was mentally and physically injurious, and, therefore, the State—the natural guardian of youth—should step in. Experience has shown the wisdom of this position.

The Bill of 1832 was smothered by a select committee, and Mr. Sadler was not a member of the Reformed Parliament. But a successor destined to eclipse him soon appeared. Lord Ashley took his seat in a double capacity. He was legally a member, and he could truthfully affirm "that he was as much the representative of the operatives, as any member of that house was the representative of his constituents." This nobleman henceforth led the party who supported the Factory Act. It laid the foundation of a benevolent, wise and successful legislation. The state of the workshops, the hours of labour, and the employment and education of children were all regulated by law. The Act of 1844 changed the details, but confirmed the principles of the legislation of 1832. "Children of eight years of age were permitted to be employed, their hours reduced to half a day, additional regulations made for work on alternate days and attendance at school."* By the side of this legislation the educational movement had advanced, as we have shown in a former number of this Review. This made the educational clauses "the gem of the Factory Acts."

Signs are not absent which foretell the application of this system to all our manufactories. It is, therefore, a matter of no small moment to ascertain its working. We cannot transfer to our pages all the testimonies to its efficiency borne by Government inspectors, medical men, manufacturers and operatives. We shall content ourselves with presenting Professor Fawcett's opinion, who thus summarises its effects:—

"The employers were at first bitterly opposed to this legislation, and vehemently affirmed that such interference on the part of the State would utterly destroy their manufacturing industry. These predictions have been signally falsified. Manufacturers now readily admit that the Factory Act has effected incalculable advantage. The physical deterioration of the operatives has been arrested. . . . And it has been conclusively proved that the children who are at school half the day, and are at work the remaining half, acquire vigour, energy, and intelligence; the efficiency of their labour is thus so much increased that they really do more work in a day than used to be done by those who were employed *whole time*, and whose strength and activity were exhausted by such excessive toil."†

* *Children's Employment Commission*, 1862. First Report.

† Fawcett's *Economic Position* &c. p. 112.

The Factory Act came into full operation in 1836; in August, 1840, its noble promoter used these memorable words in moving for the First Children's Employment Commission:—"I had long resolved, as soon as I could see the factory children safe in harbour, that I would undertake a new task. I have been bold enough to undertake it, because I must regard the object of it as being created as ourselves, by the same Maker, redeemed by the same Saviour, and destined to the same immortality." Thanks to that Commission, children no longer buckle themselves with belts and chains to loaded coal waggons, women need not provide themselves with harness, nor, together with men, in *puris naturalibus*, spend hours in the dark vaults of our mines. The principle of the Factory Acts has been applied to our coalpits; they are well ventilated; women and children may not enter them; and certain provisions, whose only fault is that they are too easily evaded, have been made for the education of the young. The consequence is, that what was true five-and-twenty years ago, now reads like a horrible dream.

But this Commission discovered more evils than it remedied. Accordingly four years ago Lord Ashley, now in the Upper House as Earl of Shaftesbury, moved for a second commission to "inquire into the employment of children and young persons in trades and manufactories not already regulated by law." The Commissioners declare their confidence in a circular addressed to magistrates, clergymen, and employers, that they

"Participate in the conviction, which has happily now become general, that all persons have a direct interest in the success of every measure the tendency of which is to rear up an industrious, intelligent, and moral population. But no sound and practical conclusions as to the means of improving the condition of the children and young persons can be arrived at until the circumstances in which they are actually placed, and the influence of those circumstances upon their physical and moral welfare, are known."*

The instructions to the Assistant Commissioners, Messrs. Longe, White, and Lord, are somewhat encumbered by the style of the Circumlocution Office, but are worthy of quotation. These gentlemen are reminded

"That childhood is essentially the period of activity of the nutritive processes necessary to the growth and maturity of the body; that if at this period the kind and quantity of food necessary to afford the material for these processes be not supplied; if, instead of the pure air

* First Report, 1862, p. 338.

which is indispensable to convert the aliment into nutriment, the air which is constantly respired be loaded with noxious matters; if the comparatively tender and feeble frame be taxed by toil beyond its strength, and at unseasonable and unnatural periods; and if the day be consumed in labour, and no time during the twenty-four hours be allowed for healthful recreation, the organs will not be developed, their functions will be enfeebled and disordered, and the whole system will sustain an injury which cannot be repaired at any subsequent stage of human life; and, above all, that childhood is no less essentially the period of the development of the mental faculties, on the culture and direction of which, at this tender age, the intellectual, moral, and religious qualities and habits of the future being almost wholly depend." *

To many manufacturers a Government inspector appears only in the light of a vexatious supervisor. As long as such instructions as we have quoted are given to Commissioners, and Oxford and Cambridge furnish them, this prejudice is illiberal, vulgar, and ill-natured. If courteous manners, power to appreciate objections, and temperance in the advocacy of their own views can constitute a claim to respect, we know of none who have better right to expect it than the members of this Commission. A thoroughly English sense of fair play runs through all their recommendations.

The praise is not all due to the Commissioners. We have only noticed one branch of trade in which the employers have not heartily co-operated with the Commissioners, while the Staffordshire Pottery Masters had actually memorialised for Government interference. Accordingly Mr. Longe soon found his way amongst them.

The ceramic art is unique. It employs the screw, the lever, and the pulley as its common drudges; but painting, statuary and sculpture wait behind the potter's wheel. The antiquarian stores its quaint fragments in dainty cabinets, the wealthy adorn their houses with its shapely forms, and the humblest use its homelier products. This art slowly but surely consumed its workmen. The potters were a rapidly deteriorating race. They had narrow chests and stunted bodies, and the infusion of fresh agricultural blood alone retarded the approach of degeneracy. It is sometimes said that people are stronger than they look. The squire fond, of his stud, will not accept a similar palliative from his groom if his hunter is out of condition. The Judges of the Royal Agricultural Society would laugh at any exhibitor who pleaded

* First Report, 1862, p. 338.

such a thing for his cattle. For them the eye is a sufficient guide—to look bad is to be bad. It is true all flesh is not the same flesh, and that it is scarcely fair to reason from data furnished by horse-flesh as to the well-being of man; but after all, the kinds of flesh are all pretty similar, and if men and women have a dull pasty look, there is something wrong somewhere. If we turn to the Reports of the Registrar General we shall find that the phlegmatic countenance, the stunted growth, and the narrow chest are certain precursors of speedy death.

The Commissioners soon detected the cause of the breakdown in the human machine. It was overtaxed when young. At an age varying from six to ten a potter-child began to turn a wheel for fourteen hours a day. As he grew stronger he carried ware into the stove, tended the moulds within it, ran errands for his master workman, wedged the clay with his feet, and did what else he was told. Thinly clad he entered a room heated to 120 degrees and upwards, stayed there for awhile, and then came into the open air. Besides his odd jobs, his regular work was to carry a ton and a quarter of moulds and ware for seven miles six days in the week. After this we need scarcely dwell on the deleterious labours of adult potters, or say how the metallic glazing induced painter's colic, the fine flint powder penetrated into the lungs of the workers, and dusty and ill-ventilated rooms aggravated every other form of evil. Thus it happened that seven experienced workmen out of every thousand died from preventible causes, in a trade where artistic skill grew more valuable every day, and every ignorant workman was a dead loss to his employer. Yet this suicidal policy had been exposed for twenty years.

The Commissioners suggested two classes of remedies, physical and moral. Machinery and education were the destined regenerators of the potteries. The adoption of the Factories' Regulations Acts would secure a fair field for the latter, and it only remained for the employers to perfect the former. The recommendations of the Commissioners as to the introduction of machinery to do much of the boys' work, the abolition of stoves into which workers are obliged to enter, and the ventilation of the rooms are all practicable, since there is not one which has not been already tried in some one or more factories. The adoption of the Factory Extension Act in 1864 has rendered overwork impossible in the potteries, the process of physical decay in a large population is arrested, and one of our most elegant arts delivered from

the stigma of securing its success by the death of its votaries.

When we discover how the ancients have stolen our best thoughts, we feel our pride somewhat abased. And yet it is only similar to the humiliation caused by some of Pascal's paradoxes. For a moment we are ashamed to be found such contradictory beings, but our shame vanishes when we recollect that we are the most contradictory creatures in the universe, and that is something. The ancients have forestalled us, but we have part in their credit, being men ourselves. By a species of poetical second sight "rare Ben Jonson" has forestalled the Royal Commission appointed in the year of grace, 1862. The following extract shows how he has accomplished this feat. He assures us that to judge character rightly,

We should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire
And fume of metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
Or more profane and choleric than your glass-men?

Just staying to premise that the report fully justifies Tribulation Wholesome's description of the glass-makers, we will follow his advice, and give somewhat to the place the iron-worker lives in. He jostles his cousin the potter, for the "black country," in which the blast furnaces are principally found, is in Staffordshire. This district is worthy of its name. Nature is roughly excluded from it. "Huge ugly heaps of refuse, spoil from the pits, and cinder from the iron furnaces, cover the whole surface of the country to the very doors of the houses in which its denizens live; while smoke issuing incessantly, night and day, from hundreds of furnaces, shuts out the sun, and stifles what little vegetation the few patches of soil left unoccupied by buildings or rubbish might afford."* Exhausting labour induces gross habits of life. "Sweaty haste doth make the night joint labourer with the day," and impresses women and children for its task till the strongest alone survive. Females are employed day and night on the coke and pit heaps, to the utter obliteration of all that is feminine. We are, therefore, glad to see the emphatical manner in which the Commissioners recommend the extension of the Factory Act to blast furnaces, forges, and rolling mills.

* Third Report, 1862, p. 12.

This would secure education for the children and immunity from night work for females and young persons.

A heavier misfortune cannot fall on a workman than when his sore task does not divide the Sunday from the week. Yet this is the lot of those who work at 70 out of the 110 blast furnaces in Staffordshire. It is true that to rest on the Lord's Day costs the proprietors of a furnace £50 per annum; but putting all moral considerations out of the reckoning, and estimating a clear conscience as worth nothing, we maintain that it is economical not to light the furnaces on the Sunday. The Sunday worker is generally a Monday idler. To take away the working-man's Sunday is to remove the keystone of his religion and to destroy the whole superstructure. After the evidence we have adduced on the possibility of preserving a day of rest, to violate it under the pretence of necessity is only to cover greed with the cloak of hypocrisy. Persistence in such a course is wrongful to the workers, and immoral on the part of the employers.

From iron works to match manufactories is a great descent, but it is not so great as it appears on the first blush. Simple as a match seems to the eye, it requires twenty processes to convert pine planks into lucifers. The box which contains them requires as many more, and as some factories turn out from six to nine millions of matches a day, and make the boxes to hold them on the premises, they are large establishments. Some of the processes are as harmless as joiner's work; but no sooner is phosphorus touched than the workers are threatened with a dreadful disease, necrosis of the jaw. It is fifteen years since we saw the first case, and we can easily credit what a match-maker's wife told the Commissioner, "I never saw a man affected with jaw disease enter the shop without crying out to my husband, O don't let that man come in, I can't bear to look at him." Continuous toothache, bronchial affections, and general debility herald the dreadful consummation. Yet this trade is no older than effective factory legislation. They have grown up side by side, the ill effects of the deleterious trade have been patent, yet public opinion and self-interest have been unavailing for its reform. But law has, at last, reached its workshops.

Nor has law interfered before it was needed. It is true the larger firms have done all that science and experience suggested to counteract the unhealthiness of their trade, but the majority of the small firms are less magnanimous. A little wood, simple tools, cash or credit for a week are all that a match-maker absolutely requires. Ignorant and careless men

have, therefore, betaken themselves to this dangerous trade, and with fearful results. We will not ask our readers to penetrate into a low match factory, it will be sufficient to read Mr. White's experience. If he often dived into places like this described below, we do not wonder that "everything made of gold and silver, even the very backs of the shirt studs, turned colour." He finds that—

"The entrance to this manufactory is through a perfectly dark room, much like a cowhouse. At the nearest end of the chief workshop, a long and fairly lighted but ill-ventilated room, a man was preparing materials for the (phosphorus) composition; at the other end was the dipping-slab. Between these were the children. . . . Outside the arrangements are even worse. There was a water-butt with a little tub of sickly green water under it. Here, I was told, the children wash. Beyond this, and running under the windows of the workshops, is the yard, if that can be called so which is a passage a few feet wide, filled in the middle with a stagnant gutter. Here the children eat their meals, unless it be cold or wet, when they eat them round the stove, *i.e.*, in the drying-room. At the end of the yard, with an open sink or cesspool in the front of it, is a single privy, common to boys and girls alike. On one side of the yard was a little hay-hovel, in which a dog lived, but I could not make out that the children were allowed to eat here. It would be much better than either of the other places."*

What a satire on our civilisation! If this similitude of a cowhouse were in some parts abroad, where, as a match-maker said, "there is a Government, and they don't allow matches to be made by some people," the owner would certainly figure among the proscribed. Nor should we regret the proscription of the virago who thought "any attempt to make children get any schooling a foolish business," and informed the Inspector that "the business only wants cleanliness, she is very particular about that." We wonder what this woman's ideas were of dirt! As extraordinary, we imagine, as a brother-manufacturer's of children. He is convinced that "children are careless and troublesome when young. Those of a higher class come back from school as mischievous as ever. Education does children no good." We should be sorry to endorse all Plato's theories, but we would adduce this as an example that knowledge is sometimes nothing but reminiscence.

It is somewhat galling to our British pride to find that Norway furnishes us with a model match factory. But so it is. A Norwegian manufacturer, Lundstrom by name, has

* First Report, 1862, p. 51.

placed his works on the side of a lake, educated the children employed by him, trained his people till "they are as neat as pins," and provided against the noxious effects of his trade. An English angler intent on salmon fishing might be tempted to postpone his sport by the prospect of joining the match-maker's picnic to a nobleman's park in the neighbourhood. We only hope that now the Factories' Act Extension Act has reached the English trade, we may see match-makers as neat as pins, who will present a great contrast to those dirty men whose clothes shine at night and fill their houses with a sickening fume. If so, we shall owe another debt to Mr. Lundstrom, the inventor of the process (purchased by Bryant and May) of applying amorphous or harmless phosphorus, to the box instead of the match. This kind of match is the only one used by the French Government in their naval and military stores. We understand that it is patronized by cautious English housewives, because untidy servants cannot strike it on the flock papers in the dining-room, nor will it take fire when trodden on. Its chief recommendation to the humane is that no workman suffers by manufacturing it.

We must dwell on the match-maker's moral and mental state, for we intend to use them as our unit of degradation. It is said, and the Report endorses it, that match-makers are the "lowest of the low." The evidence, taken from a wide area, stretching from London to Aberdeen, is painfully uniform as to the ignorance of this class. It seems almost impossible that anyone could live in London till seventeen years old, and "not know what the sea is, or ships, or the Thames." Some have "never been to church, or chapel, or school." A boy in Norwich "does not know whether heaven is a good place or a bad." Another "never heard of the Queen;" and a third suggests, "mutton comes from a pig, don't it?" A boy of ten "does not know anything about Jesus Christ. When people die they come to dust. Their 'sould' sometimes comes to angels, but he aint heard of nobody." His companion, sixteen years old, "has not heard of an apostle, or of the Resurrection, as he minds of." He plaintively adds, "Father or mother *never told or learned him anything.*" If comparison is possible, Newcastle is worse than Norwich. We cannot transfer to our pages the description of a suburb in the former town, for the same reason that forbids a missionary to unveil the manners of Hindoo dancing girls. "It's all the same to be good as bad," said one in this suburb, "all gang to Jesus." Manchester is a shade better, but Liverpool

Birmingham, Nottingham, Leicester, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, all strive for the pre-eminence in ignorance, and the matter is still *sub judice*. We hope the new legislation may successfully grapple with the ignorance and vice of this trade.

But having chosen our unit, we fear it has many equivalents in the scale of degradation. We have heard civilians value the whole rank and file of our army as an equivalent, and the latter have handed the compliment over to low civilians—camp-followers, sutlers, and the like—who are at once the pest and the scorn of the soldier. But here is a class so low, that a lady exclaimed, when told that one of them had gone to school, “A chimney-sweep, indeed, wanting education! What next?” To her mind the education of chimney-sweeps was the beginning of the bitter end. The Report takes it for proved, “that climbing boys constitute, in fact, one of the most degraded classes of the community.” Nor is this surprising, for the price of these boys varies from “two lads for nothing,” up to £5 a-piece. “In Liverpool you can get any quantity you want” from mothers whose sons are a burden and a sign of shame. Their education is nothing but evil, and if the following is what two master-sweeps declare it to be, “a specimen of the habits of the ordinary journeyman sweep,” we are quite prepared to believe that, despite the verbal paradox, “the chimney is the road to the gaol.” The Commissioners obtained two guides, and followed one

“Stansfield down some broken stone steps into a dirty and ill-drained area. He entered a door, and, after some delay, returned and took me in with him to a low-pitched unsavoury cellar, the only occupant of which appeared at first to be a woman and two little girls in ragged clothes. After some time I discovered by the fire-light a small bedstead, which, with two wooden three-legged stools and a table, constituted the furniture of the place. On it was a mattress, and on the mattress a black mass, which ultimately proved to be a young man, who was sleeping underneath the blanket which he used to catch the soot, in his trade of chimney sweeping; and that blanket, I was told, was the only bed-covering for his wife and two daughters, who were then preparing to join him. Simpson (the other master sweep) told me the stench there at times was enough to knock him down, and that he would never go inside, but kicked at the door and smoked outside till some one came.”*

It is a relief to turn from these sooty savages with the knowledge that the New Bill (1864) “will allow a humble amount of education to reach”† a class where only 6 could write out of

* First Report, 1862, p. 303.

† Earl Shaftesbury's Speech in the Lords.

340. Paper-stainers are a better class than chimney-sweeps, and like them have recently come under new regulations. As a class they are sickly and shortlived if they continue at the occupation; but this seems to arise in a great measure from irregular hours, hastily-snatched meals, and ill-ventilated workshops; for when a reform is made on these points, as was the case in Mr. Cook's factory in Leeds, the children become healthful and clean. From private sources we learn that the application of the Factory Acts Extension Act has caused the manufacturers "to fall back upon children from the Arab class. The result is that we have now a class of boys, in a moral point of view, much below what we previously had." This is one of the evils of partial legislation.

To every generous dictate the churlish have long returned one answer, we may do what we will with our own. In England we have so fortified our houses that a crazy door and a rusty latch have become as castle walls for strength; and to call a manufacture domestic was to utter a spell that protected it from the intrusion of law. But our policy is changing. Some may read the paragraphs we are about to quote with dismay; we rejoice to trace in them the outlines of an enlightened legislation seeking to accomplish the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Fortifying their position after the manner of our statesmen, with ancient usage, the Commissioners say:—

"As, in earlier times, when the only injuries likely to be inflicted by parents upon their children were those resulting from the abuse of physical force, the law protected children against parents who, exceeding the just limits of parental authority, might happen to inflict such injuries, so when with the gradual growth of trades and manufactures, children, as apprentices, began to pass at an early age out of the hands of their parents to those of masters, by special provisions in their favour. The vast development of our manufacturing industry within this century has brought with it, except in a few branches of manufactures, no corresponding measures of protection to the young, although it has exposed them to ten-fold greater sources of injury to their health, their minds, and their morals, than any previous condition of society in this country had rendered them liable to. . . . In many cases the children are over-worked by parents who have no need of such accession to their earnings, but who only thereby acquire greater means of self-indulgence. The children and young persons, therefore, in all such cases, may justifiably claim from the Legislature, as a national right, that an exemption should be secured to them from what destroys prematurely their physical strength, and lowers them in the scale of intellectual and moral beings. And the Legislature, in granting them that security and protection, would greatly add to the national power, the vigour and

intelligence, the religion and morality of the labouring classes of the community."*

Let greed now look to its defences. A domestic trade, fustian cutting, is already regulated by law, and the house, when turned into a shop, is no longer inviolate. This trade had long been an *imperium in imperio*. It was carried on in the area of the Factory Laws, and yet its law was to be without law. It employed no machinery, it built no factories, its only labourers were very young, and therefore it was omitted from every philanthropic scheme. Armed with long knives, like fencing foils, with flat edges, the children for hours made long, sideward lunges to sever the weft of cords and velveteens. The smaller children changed this motion into an eager bound, which jarred the whole body, and distorted the spine. The evils exorcised from the mill took refuge among the weakly, knock-kneed fustian cutters; whereas, under proper restrictions, it is a healthful and light employment for children from ten years old. There was no opportunity of education for the victims of this trade, and "more than half the masters made grievous mistakes in spelling," when they filled up the Commissioner's forms. But they were wise enough to desire a modified Factory Act, and have so set the example to all domestic manufacturers.

There was a time when every man, like Defoe's hero, was his own butcher, baker, tailor, potter, and a dozen other trades to boot; but now homemade wares and homemade wines are seldom perfect. We show that we trust to others to supply ninety-nine out of one hundred wants, by employing more than a million people to make our hats and hose, our coats and dresses, our bonnets, boots, gloves, and ribbons. When we hear what other workers have to tell us, we find other agents, besides tall chimneys vomiting dense smoke, which defile the air. The breath of "young ladies" in a fashionable *magasin des modes* renders their workroom as unhealthy as the Grotto del Carri. Bonnet fronts are "made up" with a gas-heated machine, which only the strongest woman can endure; and almost every article of dress, from the navy's "clouted shoon," to the waving ostrich plume of the leading belle of the season, might inspire a lyric as stirring and as sad as Hood's "Song of a Shirt." We shall just touch on some of these trades.

Nottingham lace is sometimes so daintily delicate, that Romish priests have purchased it believing that it was the work of pious nuns. But if the subjoined evidence of eye-

* Second Report, 1862, p. xxv.

witnesses is admissible, the hands through which lace passes are far from pious—either in the ancient or modern sense of the word. This is the character of lace girls—as a class:—

“By the time they are fifteen or sixteen they come to think of nothing but dress, and as they are by that age in a great measure self-supporting, they then throw off parental authority, and settle down in houses generally with friends. I have long paid special attention to the case of those who are most ignorant, and have found that when they leave work they are unable to cook a dinner, clean a house, or generally make a home comfortable. The girls are open to very great temptations. . . . The choice of a suitable or even a virtuous wife becomes so far more difficult. It is of great importance that they should know better how to make home comfortable, and the men would not seek for their comfort in public houses. The only way that I see to improve the working classes generally is to raise the females by education.”*

Wisely said. In our Nottingham registration district a third of the deaths are of infants under a year old, thanks to the mothers who buy “something to sleep my child.” Early immorality is avenged by nature; bad ventilation and sudden changes of temperature induce consumption; and though wages are sufficiently high “to secure the means of health, comfort, and most of the ordinary conveniences of life, and to the provident some provision for sickness and old age,” socially matters are very low. Money cannot close the gulf that yawns in our forum.

We again confront undue strain on tender bodies. Infants of six years labour for twelve or more hours a day. They sit so closely as scarcely to be able to move. They are ruled by a mistress with a long cane till they are “as uneasy as birds.” The education of these children is at the lowest point. Even Sunday-schools can scarcely do more than confine their weary bodies. We are in hopes that wherever six persons are employed in one trade in one house, there will be some kind of inspection.

No one can have spent a week in Leicester or its neighbourhood without mentally repeating the click and rattle of the stockener's frame. On Tuesday it moves slowly; on Monday it is still, for the worker honours his “saint,” and goes “pigeoning” on his day; on Friday it is plied swiftly all through the night to redeem lost hours. But the mournful part of the story remains to be told, and as we have seen little creatures only four years old struggling to hold their work in

* *Evidence*, First Report, *passim*.

their tiny fingers, we can endorse the statement of a worker, Mary Thorpe, when she tells Mr. White—

“My sister began when she was three years and a half old. She used to stand on a stool so as to see up to the candle on the table. Many begin as young as that. Little children are kept up shamefully late on Thursday and Friday nights. Mothers will pin them to their knee and keep them to their work, and if they are sleepy, give them a slap on the head to keep them awake. If these children are pinned up so, they cannot fall when they are slapped or go to sleep.”

A frame-knitter, of Hinckly, says :—

“He has two daughters who began at four. You see we’re so used to it we take no notice. Annie (aged eight) has been up seaming all Friday night with mother many times and not gone to bed till Saturday night. She has done so at times for this two and three years. It is general in this town to work in this way. Those who can be up, must be up.”*

The latter part of this statement we know to be true. We have seen the lights gleaming at all hours of the night in this town, and the frames were going far into the morning. The Commissioner does not exaggerate when he says, “the parents are haggard, the children stunted and without animation.” The stolidity of a young stockener is portentous—he comes of a race physically and mentally demoralised. Educational advantages are very scanty, and some of the schools were truthfully and vividly described by a lad, as places where “they ax you once and then hit you.” The state of the stockener’s home and position suggests that he would form a worthy pendant to Virgil’s *Sic vos non vobis* lines.

But straw plait has its wrongs, cousins-german to those of hose. A straw plait school is a lace school with variations. In the former toddling creatures of three years old and under clip their ten yards of straw plait. They are presided over by dames rendered awful to the little things by “formidable looking sticks, which they are obliged to keep, and sometimes to use.” They are packed closely in their rooms,—so closely, that if you took a deal box, three feet every way, and shut up two children in it they would have more breathing room than the straw plaiters. In this school they stay till they are twelve or fourteen years old, and if we are to believe the Rector of Toddington, the result of this education is “that hardly one young woman can write her own name. Their morals are at a very low ebb. A large average have illegitimate children ;

* First Report, pp. 274, 287.

and some at such an early age as quite to startle those who are at home in criminal statistics.*

Milton makes Moloch "the fiercest spirit that fought in Heaven," but the maskers in Vanity Fair are scarcely less fierce, though they may be weaker. It stirs one's gall to read the Reports on the lives of milliners. Sewing machines are annihilating the miserable seamstresses, and their successors are strangers to "unwomanly rags." But milliners know little of amelioration. If a drawing-room is to be held, the rich *modes* so mysteriously and minutely described in *Le Follet* are the hated task of the makers for twenty consecutive hours. A fashionable wedding employed all the hands of an establishment three whole days and nights. An early closing association soirée was graced by a lady whose elaborately trimmed jacket, ordered the afternoon before, engrossed the milliners till midnight; and a titled lady, with piety patience and wardrobe all sadly deficient, sent three times before morning service on Sunday, for a dinner dress. For tender heartedness commend us to the kind creature who was told, "They must sit up all night to finish her dress," and replied, with bewitching negligence, "I hope it will fit." This explains what a Manchester forewoman told us at the end of her first season, "Our own mothers would not know us, when we come out of our workroom on Saturday night."

But what becomes of the London milliners on Sunday? As a rule the hands are not expected to remain in the house on that day. Some of the moral evils attendant on the week day life are not obscurely hinted at. How these evils are intensified, the story given by Miss Bramwell, of the "Home," testifies. The daughter of a professional man who lived in the country

"On her first Sunday in London, asked her employer what she was to do, as she had no friends in London, and he only said, 'Go to the devil if you like. I can't be bothered all the day with you.' So for that day she went to church and wandered about the park all day. The next two Sundays were wet. She had no money, as her salary was paid quarterly, so she went without food from breakfast to tea time, and had to sit under the trees in the park to keep herself dry during the interval between the services. After that she was taken on Sunday by some of her companions to a room where infidel doctrines were discussed, and was led away by them. She is dead now!"

The greatest physical foe of dressmakers is consumption. Government can, and ought to do something here. We would

* Second Report, 1862, p. 203.

press the example of the Horse Guards. Ventilation now saves 560 men per annum in our home army, and it would save a whole village out of the 370,000 dressmakers, milliners, &c., in Great Britain. For their sakes and their employers, we rejoice at this statement of Mr. Lord's, "If inspection were judiciously and delicately carried out, employers, who now have the greatest claim to exemption, would then be most ready to submit to an ideal annoyance for the sake of those who suffer a very real grievance in establishments very different from their own." Shortened hours and Government inspection would confer no small boon on all who gain their livelihood by the needle.

Here we pause. We have culled sufficient evidence from a superabundant supply to establish the proposition, that there is a wilful waste of muscle and brain in our national industry. We are not sentimentalists. As long as man's sweat follows man's labour, he must die prematurely. Overwork kills a Dalhousie, and we never expect to emancipate a journeyman tailor from its thralldom. All we plead for is, that the State shall prevent the unnecessary destruction of any portion of the population. If we are asked, how can the State protect all, and yet not wrong any? the answer is at hand. The Factory Act "has reconciled the legitimate claims of capital and of labour." Let it be extended, wisely, gradually, in a modified form—but let it be extended—to every form of labour, even to agriculture itself. At present we have done little more than make it possible for honest, self-denying parents to get a decent education for their children. We want a law that shall render it impossible for greedy, dissolute parents to bring up their children in immorality and ignorance. We would cut off, as far as law can accomplish the work, the feeders of pauperism and crime; as it is, we spend £16,000,000 per annum in damming up the lakes which they form.

It is a pet theory with some, that private enterprise will check the ignorance of our country. We have an instructive case in point afforded by Birmingham. It has plentiful religious and secular instruction provided—it boasts of a "prize scheme;" many influential persons are patrons of educational efforts, and large numbers avail themselves of the opportunities thus afforded. This is the bright side, but when we look into Mr. White's evidence we find—

"As many as thirty-two persons, averaging over twelve years each, could not tell the Queen's name. Of the commonest and simplest objects of nature many know little or nothing. London is 'a county and is in

the Exhibition; 'a violet is 'a pretty bird; 'believe I would know a primrose, it's a red rose like; 'a mountain would be on the water; 'people may go to America in a train.' It is not too much to say that to many God, the Bible, the Saviour, a Christian, even the future state, are ideas entirely or all but unknown. 'Have not heard of Christ; I had never done my work till so late.' Heaven was heard of only 'when father died, long ago, mother said he was going there.' 'Them as wicked shall be worshipped, that means shall all go to hell.' 'The devil is a good person.' 'Christ was a wicked man.'”*

If this is what comes of letting the supply depend on the demand, the sooner we have a new system the better. We do not forget that in no trade reported in these blue-books, has individual effort failed to prescribe the right course for legislative action; but we maintain that individual effort is only the pioneer of legislation. As to the objection, that interference is injurious to manufacturers, experience emphatically contradicts it. Neither employer nor employed loses, but both gain, by sending the children to school. The labour becomes more intelligent, and intelligent labour is always more remunerative than unintelligent. It is not only artists who find it pays best to mix one's colours "with brains, Sir."

A serious question is sometimes proposed. If all children were obliged to obtain a minimum of education, how would our present national education be affected? In the first place, the schools now erected and partially filled, would be well attended. This would go far towards neutralising the ill effects of the "Revised Code," by creating a greater demand for pupil teachers. It would also serve to maintain the efficiency of successful schools; for after all that has been said against making the "three R's" a test for Government grants, it has again been triumphantly shown that to teach boys and girls to read intelligently you must teach them something more than reading. History, geography, and grammar are essential to good reading, and if any school-master is tempted to lower his curriculum in hopes of passing more children at the time of inspection, he will defeat his object. A high standard of teaching is the only way of passing pupils under a low standard of efficiency.

The religious element involved is more serious still. Perhaps we may again borrow a hint from the Horse Guards. In the army soldiers' children and young drummers and buglers are told off for a certain time every week to the

* Third Report, 1862, p. 62.

chaplains of their own religion for doctrinal teaching. Some such scheme seems to be contemplated in the "conscience clause," and we trust that no priestly arrogance will deter Government from the constant insertion of that clause. In the North Tawton Middle Class School, during the week, the Bible is taught and explained to all alike, and instruction is given in the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, and the duty to God and your neighbour. On the Sunday special religious instruction is given by the masters or parents. The result is, "the scholars show that they have been effectively instructed in the Bible, not merely in the historical narrative, but also in the practical bearing of those great lessons of truth and piety which are more amply and more peculiarly inculcated in the New Testament."* If non-sectarian education can accomplish this much, it is no contemptible thing.

From crowded schools and contested codes, we must transport our readers to a "spacious plateau about a mile from Halifax." Here, far from the clatter of looms, amid noble scenery, under the shade of an ancient homestead, surrounded by smiling cornfields and troops of bleating sheep, the operative can taste the pleasures of that sweet possession which his good sense and wise thrift have given him. Thus poetically does Mr. Holyoake describe the blessings of co-operation. Little did the poor Rochdale weavers who raised, not without a struggle, their weekly contributions to three-pence a week, dare to hope that a farm of fourscore acres would belong to working men who copied their example. Nor could they indulge in the dream of owning a store which clears £22,700 per annum; a library containing 7,000 volumes; a well warmed and lighted reading room furnished with a multitude of papers and philosophical instruments; while a cotton mill worth £45,000 would be the property of part of their number, and multitudes of similar institutions spring up from the little seed they could sow.

More wonderful still. A similar idea took root in the mind of a Suffolk gentleman, Mr. Gurdon, of Apington Hall. It has prospered, and here are two farms containing in all 350 acres, owned by 54 farm labourers, who now claim the stock and crops as their own. Any member convicted of a crime would lose his share, but the "owners have been socially, materially, and morally so much improved that it can scarcely be believed that they were once in the same miserable con-

* Report of Mr. Waddington, H.M.I.S., *Times*, January 2nd, 1866.

dition as the ordinary agricultural labourers in the surrounding district.”*

The weakness of co-operation lies in the demands it makes on its promoters. What the *Revue des Deux Mondes* says of the needs of the Equitable Pioneers is true of all co-operators; “they required great faith to commence, great courage to persevere, great good sense to see their mistakes, true business capabilities, and consummate prudence.” It is hard to find any number of men who can answer this description; but if a few such can be found they may make many like themselves. The best friend of the labouring classes must acknowledge that social rivalries, narrow views, suspicion of superiors, and credulity easily wrought upon by facile talkers are too prevalent vices amongst them. But what are these except *idola tribus et theatri*, destined to be destroyed by such a compound education, at once mental and political, as co-operation supplies?

But co-operation is a capricious thing; in some places it always fails, and nowhere more conspicuously than in Sheffield. This town is a notable example of how little physical advantages avail without moral improvements. It abounds in the necessities of life, it is well supplied with very pure water. Derbyshire furnishes it with fresh milk, its houses are self-contained and seldom shared by two families, its markets are perfectly thronged with artisan purchasers, and wages are generally good. Yet with all these advantages “a Sheffield waster” is as common an expression in Yorkshire as “a Manchester man” in Lancashire. The waste of human life in Sheffield is awful. Fork-grinders “go off like dyke water;” file-grinders “like nothing;” one of the former class being there at the advanced age of twenty-six reckoned “he was an old cock, and would be dropping off the perch in a couple of years.” File-cutters die by lead poisoning, and though cleanliness would do much to prolong life, only “one in a thousand takes the trouble to wash his hands before he gets his dinner.” A machine has been invented for file-making, but requires superior workmen to prepare the steel for it; “no skilled workman will have anything to do with work any part of which is done by machinery.” Fans have been invented to take away the dust caused by grinding; they are perfectly safe, are used in Rodgers’s works, in needle factories, and in a factory at Leeds, but Sheffield men refuse their aid in too many instances. The reasons of refusal are

* *Economic Position*, &c. p. 81.

unique. One man will not use a "fanny" because it's not worth while for the time he has to live, another does not like the noise, a third would not pay a penny a week for its use, and a fourth paid for it but was too idle to use it. Many have said, "If men lived longer, the trade would be so full, there would be no getting a living by it." So with admirable logic they killed themselves to get a living. We do not wonder that the *Saturday Review* should say, "The file-grinder seems to be as ignorant and helpless as a child; he wants to be looked after by wiser people that he may not get steel filings into his lungs, or convert ginger-beer bottles into hand grenades for the benefit of his non-union neighbours." But if we turn to Dr. Hall "the dull and bitter voice is gone," and in its stead we have the children's plaintive cry.

"One generation passes away, ground off in the wheels, but another comes, like in ignorance, like in intemperance, like in folly. . . . Without education, without moral or religious education, these children are compelled at ten or eleven years to work in the mills—and there we saw them—rocked by the cradle into a maturity of vice, their education completed by older boys and men, whose every breath is an offensive expression or an oath, and who appear to be suckled in sin, cradled in profligacy, and catechised in blasphemy."*

The history of every plague and siege proves that when men live under the shadow of the Dart of Death, they forget his power. "'Tis an ill cure for life's worst ills to have no time to feel them;" but this is all the cure they have in Sheffield. In Cornwall they have a similar bane, but a different antidote. It is not pleasant to work under ground at any time, but it is no small aggravation that in sixty mines out of a hundred, the air is worse than in the gallery of a theatre at 10.30 p.m. Heat, powder smoke, dust, and candles, make matters still worse, until the miner is glad to have cold water thrown over him to enable him to labour. Wherever a candle will burn a Cornishman will work till miner's asthma carries him off, which it generally does before he is fifty. Not that the Cornish are a degenerating race. Their wives, and their children before they go down the mines, are exceedingly robust; and the fishermen will furnish as fine specimens of bone and muscle as eye need light on. But the miner's life is a constant battle. In extreme cases he will lose ten pounds a day by perspiration; his food consists of that dreadful paste—an envelope of thick crust wrapped round a small

* Dr. Hall's *Sheffield Trades*, &c. p. 22.

portion of meat, fish, or vegetable; his road from his work is up perpendicular ladders, sometimes higher than the top of Snowdon; and he stands after his climb, sweating, panting, and shivering in the cutting blasts that sweep over those honeycombed furze moors.

Therefore the Cornishman dies before his time. The preventible causes are pointed out in the elaborate and humane reports presented to Parliament in 1864. But the official account of the Cornishman's life is most creditable to him—an account which any one may verify, if he will spend his summer's holiday in the county it concerns. The traveller will find

“The miners, as a class, well conducted and temperate; large numbers have taken the pledge and kept it, and whatever may be the causes of the diseases to which they are liable, the habit of intoxication cannot be assigned as one of them. They are particularly courteous and intelligent, and, considering the circumstances and the early age at which they go to work at the mines, the information they have acquired, especially on religious subjects, is very remarkable; their proficiency in the latter respect is no doubt owing mainly to the Sunday Schools.”*

It is the old story. The message, spoken by Him who adorned and beautified by His presence and miracles the abodes of evil, can still render the listeners to it deaf to all other sounds. It professes to teach that compared with the hereafter the present is nothing, and yet it makes that nothing more beautiful, more pure, more divine, than any system which counts it all. It is religion in the Cornishman's heart and home, that counteracts all adverse influences arising from his day's labour. Neither carelessness, nor covetousness, nor ignorance ought to be suffered to kill off such men as these.

Our subject has led us to the dark side, but there is a brighter. Our friends across the Channel, Jules Simon being witness, envy our laws on education. And further, the faults of all these classes we have been considering, are blazoned in blue-books; their virtues have no record.

What we advocate is a measure to make our “Arab tribes” feel that their own lawlessness, intemperance, and profligacy, are hardly to be borne with, but that the idea that they should “multiply after their kind,” and their children be like them, is intolerable. We assert that every child in this kingdom should be taught to read, write, and to understand something of the land we live in. He should further receive some Chris-

* *Report on all Mines, &c., p. xxv.*

tian knowledge of God. We think we could defend our position on purely economical grounds. If man is a director of forces, the intelligent director is better than the brutish. We plead for it on civic grounds; the enfranchised voter should not be hopelessly ignorant of the glorious past of his nation, nor an irrational agent in its future destinies. We plead for it on religious grounds; if knowledge of God and Christ is life, let there not be classes to whom these words convey no idea. The machinery is ready to our hands. The Factory Act has done for one class what it might do for all. No system of clubs, gymnasia, night schools—not to mention institutes, lectures, and penny readings—can ever compensate for a sound religious education in youth. We need make no sacrifice, for gain and right are on the same side. All that is required is safe and easy—repeat on a large scale what has answered so well on a small.

- ART. III. -1. *Œuvres complètes et inédites de Madame de Staël.*
Paris: Didot. 3 vols., large 8vo.
2. *Coppet et Weimar, par l'Auteur des Souvenirs de Madame Récamier.* Paris: Lévy. 1 vol.

THE history of the Revolution and of the Empire has often been written, but from an exclusive point of view. In the wonderful efforts made by France, first, to upset the very foundations of society, and next to conquer the rest of Europe, attention has been too much absorbed by military details, the convulsions of parties, and the debates of parliamentary assemblies; writers have, generally speaking, acknowledged, or seemed to acknowledge, that intellectual life had completely disappeared, and that whilst the guillotine was at work, or whilst the legions of *le petit caporal* were parading the tri-colour flag through almost every capital on the Continent silence prevailed around—the silence of death and of submission. Such a mistake should no longer be permitted to pass current, and the allusions we discover throughout the correspondence of Napoleon, as it is now published, are sufficient to prove that as far as his rule was concerned, despotism was not accepted by all with the cheerfulness which some historians assume. Benjamin Constant, Châteaubriand, Madame de Staël, really and truly opposed to the mighty captain a resistance which he could not brook, and against which all the resources of his police signally failed. The most unceasing annoyances could not put down the manifestation of thought; and in this endless struggle between tyranny and freedom, the sympathies of those even whose strength of mind or whose selfishness could not stand the proof of corruption, were enlisted in favour of the noble advocates of man's most precious rights. Amongst the chamberlains of the new court at the Tuileries the gifted author of *Corinne* numbered some of her best friends, and only the fear of the most terrible consequences kept away from her fascinating *salon* certain members of the Imperial family.

The life of Benjamin Constant and that of Châteaubriand are equally interesting; and they deserve to be studied by all those readers who would know something about the intellectual history of France during the present century. It is,

however, with Madame de Staël that we wish to deal on the present occasion ; and we shall endeavour, as simply as we can, to assign her proper place in the annals of modern literature. Our reason for selecting her is that she is better known to English readers than her two friends ; and although the works of Châteaubriand may perhaps have done more towards throwing *French* thought into new channels, Madame de Staël's influence as a *European* educator has been decidedly more widely felt.

Mademoiselle Louise Germaine Necker was born at Paris in 1766 ; her mother, it is well known, had attracted the notice of the historian Gibbon previously to her marriage with the celebrated Genevese financier.* Madame Necker, transported from the comparative quiet of Swiss life to the agitation of a large city,—a city, too, which might be compared to a terrible volcano on the eve of eruption, took her own position at once as an umpire of taste, and as one of the queens of intellect. It is absurd to suppose that she merely *reflected* the popularity of her husband ; there was something more than that ; and trustworthy evidence represents her to us as a lady gifted with great powers of observation, fond of study, of a metaphysical turn of mind, and making every experience which daily life brings along with it the element in a system diametrically opposed, we are happy to say, to the then fashionable theories of D'Holbach and Diderot. The educational views developed by Jean Jacques Rousseau, in his *Emile*, were at that epoch considered as the only sound exponents of truth ; and it required no small amount of courage on the part of a mother to manifest any distrust as to their results. Madame Necker, however, did not consider herself bound to adopt the fashion of the time, even in matters of education ; and she brought up her daughter according to a system of her own, the main point of which consisted in acting upon the mind by the mind, instead of cultivating first the organs of the senses, and taking them as the means of acquiring ideas. It may be questioned whether Madame Necker's view, as a rule, would be beneficial ; but in the case of an exceptional pupil, like her daughter, the results were excellent.

We have, very fortunately, a most amusing and interesting account of the childhood of Mademoiselle Necker from the pen of Madame Rilliet, then Mademoiselle Huber, who became acquainted with her about the year 1777, and who ever after

* See Lord Brougham's *Lives of Men of Letters and Science*, Art. "Gibbon."

remained one of her intimate friends. We shall quote from it a few characteristic extracts:—

"She spoke to me," says Mademoiselle Huber, "with a warmth and an ease which might already be called eloquence, and which produced upon me the greatest impression. . . . We did not play like children; she asked me immediately what my lessons were, if I knew any foreign languages, if I often went to the theatre. Having told her that I had been there only two or three times, she expressed her astonishment, saying that we should often go together; at our return, added she, we shall write down the subject of the plays we see, and the passages which have struck us most. That is my habit. . . . Besides, we shall write to one another every morning.

"We entered the drawing-room. By the side of Madame Necker's arm-chair was a small wooden stool for her daughter, who was obliged to sit bolt upright. Scarcely had she taken her place, when three or four old gentlemen approached her, and addressed her with marks of the liveliest sympathy. One of them, who had a little round wig, took her hands in his, pressed them for a long time, and began conversing with her as if she had been twenty-five years of age. That man was the Abbé Raynal:* the others were MM. Thomas,† Marmontel,‡ the Marquis de Pesay,§ and the Baron de Grimm.||

"The company sat down to table. How Mademoiselle Necker *did* listen! Although she never opened her lips, it seemed as if she spoke, such was the expression of her animated features. Her eyes followed the looks and the gesticulations of those who carried on the conversation; she seemed as if she met their ideas half-way. She was *au fait* of everything, even of political subjects, which at that time already formed the staple topic of discourse.

"After dinner a large number of visitors came. . . . Each one, as he approached Madame Necker, had a word to say to her daughter, a compliment or a witticism. . . . She answered all with ease and with grace; people seemed to delight in provoking, in puzzling her, in exciting that young imagination which displayed already so much brilliancy. The men the most eminent for their wit were those who particularly endeavoured to draw her out. They asked her to give an account of her readings, recommended to her new books, and imparted to her a taste for study, in conversing with her, both of what she knew, and of what she did not know."

* The famous author of the *Histoire Philosophique des Etablissements des Européens dans les Deux Indes*, a work written in the most violent tone against monarchical and Christian principles.

† Celebrated chiefly for his *Eloges* of various literary and political characters.

‡ The well-known author of *Bélisaire*.

§ Translator of Tibullus, Catullus, and Gallus.

|| His correspondence, written in conjunction with Diderot, and addressed to the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, contains a complete anecdotal history of French literature and society during the eighteenth century.

It is natural to suppose that so intellectual a disposition could not long be satisfied with merely taking in, from either books or conversations, the ideas of other people. There is a time when the mind seems overcharged, and the heart is ready to gush out with strange feelings. For the majority such a season comes late, and finds its expression in romantic letters, an elegy or two, perhaps the beginning of a novel which, after the first few chapters are scribbled, is put aside, forgotten, and ultimately consigned to the flames. Such was not the case with Mademoiselle Necker; she still occupied the "wooden stool" alluded to by her friend in the fragments we have quoted, when she composed tragedies, comedies, tales, etc. These various works are not intrinsically so very remarkable, but they are curious as the earliest efforts of one who was to take so high a position afterwards in the annals of French literature. We shall not notice them any further, but go on at once to examine the *Lettres sur Jean Jacques Rousseau*, which were published in 1787, and which may be said to have first of all revealed her talent to the world.

The influence of the author of *La nouvelle Héloïse*, both on his contemporaries and on the generation which immediately followed, was as extraordinary as it was dangerous. The heart of man is so naturally perverse, that when a sophist advances the grossest errors under the shield of enthusiasm, and clothed in words of fire, he is sure of success. Such is the secret of Rousseau's popularity. He seemed to his admirers like a preacher of virtue, because he spoke out the deepest feelings of his soul; but people forgot that earnestness is not always the sign of a good cause, and that eloquence may often be the brilliant drapery which conceals a ghastly skeleton. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, and at the very threshold of the Revolution, Rousseau was the idol chiefly of those at whose expense the terrible doctrines of the *Contrat Social* were soon to be applied, and the *Nouvelle Héloïse* was a favourite book in circles otherwise quoted as models of virtue and purity. Such is the unaccountable self-delusion under which men often labour, and which is one of the most distressing evidences of our fallen nature.

Even after we have made every allowance for the writer's youth, and for that enthusiasm which was always the most striking feature in her character, we cannot justify the exclusiveness of Madame de Staël's admiration, and the manner in which she endeavoured to gloss over some of the most objectionable episodes in Rousseau's life. Nothing, for instance, can excuse his base ingratitude towards his friends; and if it

is true that he committed suicide, here, at least, there is no room for even the most qualified apology. There is no doubt that at a later period of her literary career, Madame de Staël would have appreciated Rousseau far differently from what she did in 1788: and amidst the eulogistic strains of her first essay we find even here and there some strictures, the severity of which is fully justified by the nature of the works she examines. Her remarks on the *Nouvelle Héloïse* are a noticeable proof of what we venture to suppose; and her strong feelings sufficed to make her tear off the veil from the brilliant sophistry with which the too famous novel is full at almost every page.

Rousseau's political views, on the other hand, are admired without reserve by Madame de Staël as they were not only by all those who wished to destroy the fabric of society, but even by the few who aimed at modifying it in the sense of a reasonable liberty. It is a singular fact that very few persons then saw through the political scheme of the Genevese publicist. His *Contrat Social*, instead of introducing liberty, merely altered the conditions of despotism, and placed in the hands of the mob the power which had formerly belonged to a single individual; but the simple fact of establishing the new order of things upon the foundation of equality, was sufficient to excite universal enthusiasm, and the friends of the revolution reasoned from the essentially wrong premiss, that *sovereignty and liberty* are synonymous.

The *Lettres sur Jean Jacques Rousseau* excited, when they first came out, the greatest attention; Grimm gave a few extracts from "that charming work," as he called it, in his *Correspondence*, and praised it as the production of one, who, surrounded by illusions and pleasures of every kind, sharing in the homage paid to her father, wished to add literary celebrity to all the means of pleasing which she possessed in so remarkable a degree. Another *bel esprit* of the time, the Chevalier de Guibert, had, in one of those *portraits* then so fashionable, given a most brilliant description of the gifted authoress, under the name of Zulmé! "She is only twenty," he said, "and already she is the most celebrated priestess of Apollo; she is the one whose incense is the most precious to him; whose songs he particularly loves, &c., &c." At the same time critics were no less busy. Champcenetz and Rivarol,* joint authors of a *Petit Dictionnaire des Grands Hommes*, published in 1788, printed two years after a *Dictionnaire des*

* On Rivarol and Champcenetz, see M. Hatin's valuable *Histoire politique et littéraire de la Presse en France*, vol. vii.

Grands Hommes de la Révolution, ironically dedicated to *Madame la Baronne de Staël, ambassadrice de Suède après de la nation*. Other writers would probably have given way under the squibs launched forth against the *Lettres sur Jean Jacques*; but, as Grimm remarks, Madame de Staël was already beyond the reach of *persiflage*, and an explosion of wit could do no harm. The dedication of Rivarol's *Petit Dictionnaire* reminds us of an important step in our heroine's career—her marriage with Baron de Staël-Holstein. M. Necker felt the extreme importance of checking the ardent disposition of his daughter, or rather of directing it into a right channel; he looked about in the circle of his numerous friends for a suitable *parti*, and the peculiarities of the case rendered a matrimonial engagement somewhat difficult; for whilst he was determined not to give Louise in marriage to a Roman Catholic, she was no less bent upon staying in France. Baron de Staël presented himself; he had no fortune, but the Queen Marie-Antoinette was his protectress; and she obtained from Gustavus III., that he should retain the post of Ambassador to the Court of France, if he won the heart of Mademoiselle Necker.* The marriage took place in 1786; and the reputation of the bride, instead of facilitating her success at Court, was for her a source of petty annoyances. Intriguers did all they could to prejudice against her the *entourage* of the King and Queen. When she was presented at the Tuileries, it was noticed that she did not curtsey in the approved manner, and that the trimming of her dress was badly fastened. A few days after, when paying a visit to the Duchess de Polignac, she forgot her cap in the carriage.

These details may seem ridiculous, and at an epoch when sterner laws than those of etiquette were about to be set completely aside, they had a doubly absurd character; but they constituted the essentials of court life, and the smallest violation of the Tuileries-ceremonial would have been deemed beyond the range of forgiveness. Madame de Staël, however, could laugh at such absurd minutiae; she knew perfectly well that the true seat of power was, at that time, not the throne, but the office of the Comptroller-General of Finances; her father, in fact, reigned supreme. Let us try and picture to ourselves M. Necker's *salon* on a Thursday evening—the day appointed for his famed receptions. Politicians and *littérateurs* crowd

* Eric-Magnus, Baron de Staël-Holstein, was recalled to Stockholm in 1789. His merits as a diplomatist have been recently appreciated by M. Geffroy in a series of articles published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, October and November, 1865.

the apartments; conversation assumes the tone of a discussion, the merits of a new work are freely canvassed; but it is evident that State difficulties are uppermost in every one's mind, and both the vehemence of the speakers and the nature of the subjects treated might almost make us believe that we are in the midst of a parliamentary assembly. Whilst Parny* dreams in silence of some madrigal, and Sièyes,† his head full of plans of constitutions and of legislative reforms, gathers here and there fresh facts and ideas, which he intends to work out at leisure; a newly-fledged poet may be seen offering to Necker his last composition, or a deputy of the *tiers état* discussing with him the details of the next sitting. In the recess of her own private *boudoir*, Madame de Staël is the centre of an admiring group of *littérateurs* and *beaux-esprits*; the Abbé Delille,‡ carried away by his devotedness to the Muses, forgets that the spirit of Reform, already active, is about to deprive him of his benefices; the Duchess de Lauzun, that most devoted of Necker-worshippers,§ is also there in attendance; we see, likewise, the poet Lemierre, whose reputation rests upon one single Alexandrine,|| and who gives as an apology for his silence that any one who is anxious to see a tragedy need only step out of doors; besides the Duke de Nivernois, that hero of *bouts rimés* and of pretty *vers de société*.¶ The evening thus flows on agreeably and merrily, till eleven o'clock, when the servants disappear; and then, amidst general silence, some one of the leading orators of the *Assemblée Nationale* rehearses, so to say, before a select circle, the telling speech which he is to deliver the next day.

This period in Madame de Staël's life, if not the most celebrated, was certainly one of the happiest, and the universal respect and admiration with which she saw her father surrounded, was not the least element in her satisfaction. The extreme fondness of Madame de Sévigné for Madame de Grignan has been made the subject of many comments; and its only parallel is to be found in the kind of exaggerated enthusiasm which Madame de Staël manifested on all occasions for her father. Time and death itself did not succeed in sobering this enthusiasm; and intense as it was, we can to

* On Parny, see Sainte Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. xv.

† On Sièyes, see Mignet's *Portraits et Notices*, and Sainte Beuve's *Causeries*, vols. iv., vii., viii., x.

‡ A favourite of the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.), and an excellent descriptive poet.

§ See *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. vii. p. 273.

|| "Le dur et rocailleux Lemierre," says an epigram.

¶ On him, see the *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. ii. p. 253.

a certain degree sympathise with it, because Madame de Staël was destined to see her fondest illusions dashed down one after the other; and amidst a world of ruins, was it not natural that filial affection, at least, should maintain its sway? It was not without danger that our heroine managed to leave Paris after the famous days of September, 1792. She spent the period of the Reign of Terror in Switzerland in the company of her father, and of some friends who, like herself, had sought there a refuge from the revolutionary storm—M. de Montmorency,* M. de Jaucourt,† and a few others. In days like those, when the noise of the fatal knife of the guillotine, or the tramp of serried legions was ceaselessly heard, there could not be any leisure for intellectual pursuits, for serious studies. The victims appointed to death by Robespierre and his agents were the greatest, the noblest, the best; amongst them Madame de Staël numbered a great many friends, and her only occupation, her only thought, was how to save from the scaffold those whom she loved. "All her faculties," says one of her biographers, "were absorbed by the desire of rescuing victims; for when she had once given refuge to an unfortunate person marked out for destruction, she thought she had done nothing if she did not also save all his relations. Her heroism in acts of this kind is so well known that to give further proofs of it here would be useless, whilst at the same time it might be embarrassing for friendship to go through the touching details."

The *Réflexions sur le Procès de la Reine*, published in London in 1793, was the only production of Madame de Staël connected with the reign of the mob. Fond as she was of constitutional government, and of a wise amount of liberty, she would never bow to the populace; and, on the other hand, the saturnalia of the *sans-culottes* did not, as we have seen in too many cases, drive her back towards despotism. She had, perhaps, but very few reasons to sympathise with the King or with Marie-Antoinette, for whom Necker, Lafayette, and Mirabeau were so many evil spirits responsible for the excesses of the Revolution; but the thought of the Queen in prison, subjected to indignities and tortures of every description, and a victim to her energy and high-mindedness, could not but touch the generous disposition of Madame de Staël. If the judges of the Queen had not beforehand fully resolved to condemn her, if they had been accessible to the voice of eloquence and

* The *Souvenirs de Madame Récamier* contain many interesting details on this admirable specimen of the French noblesse.

† See Mess. Haag's *France Protestante*, vol. vii., for an article on M. de Jaucourt

of reason, the *Réflexions sur le Procès de la Reine* would certainly have made them relent; but the destinies of France, at that time, were in the hands of men whose breasts were steeled against every noble emotion, and the country, bound hand and foot, had not the courage to protest.

At last the catastrophe of the ninth Thermidor arrived; for an instant it seemed as if the death of Robespierre was about to put an end to the revolutionary system, at least in its worst features; and public opinion, so long gagged by the Jacobins, after having been frightened into silence by the *lettres de cachet* of the ancient régime, began once more to express itself. Madame de Staël hailed the return of order and of quiet in a political brochure which appeared in 1794, and which was entitled "*Réflexions sur la Paix, adressées à M. Pitt et aux Français.*" It has been surmised, and it is very probable, that M. Necker had something to do with the composition of this work; but a woman's hand is evident throughout, and no one but a woman could have appreciated with such *finesse*, such delicacy, and at the same time such truth, the political situation of Europe. There are, however, in the *Réflexions* some defects, and those who read the work will, no doubt, smile at the reason which Madame de Staël assigns for the impossibility of a return to monarchical institutions in France. When the crown was hereditary, the person of the King, she observes, was forgotten in the dignity he enjoyed, and his superiority seemed less his own than that of his social position. Suppose, now, another king were appointed, his nomination would be the result of a certain pre-eminence in point of talent, acknowledged in turn by his contemporaries; but the vanity of Frenchmen prevents them from admitting that anyone can have any amount of superiority over themselves, and therefore a restoration of the monarchy is impossible. Now, in answer to this it may be said that, as matter of fact, the reverse of Madame de Staël's proposition is the more plausible of the two. Supposing (and this, also, is open to discussion) that vanity takes the trouble of reasoning, we can understand a man refusing to acknowledge a conventional kind of superiority, who will at the same time be ready to bow before the claims of talent and genius. We hardly admit, on the other hand, the possibility of finding a person in whom even vanity is not kept in check by self-interest, and who does not feel that however humiliating it may be to bend before a superior, such an alternative is better than that of living in a constant state of political and social discord. Facts, at any rate, belied Madame de Staël's prophecy as they did those of Count de

Maistre, and of many others who thought they could read the future.

The *Réflexions sur la Paix intérieure* followed close upon the work we have just been noticing; exclusively addressed to the French nation, this new *brochure* was an appeal made in favour of harmony and union to the numerous parties amongst which the country was divided. The author's argument was this:—All the honest men of every *coterie* should be ready to make the sacrifice of their hopes and their views for the benefit of the community, and unite in establishing and supporting the government. Here, again, the gifted lady made an egregious blunder, originating from the very generosity of her heart, and from her constant inclination to see human nature better than it really is. She mistook *indifference* for *impartiality*, and the plan amounted really to nothing else but an appeal made to men without any conviction whatever. At the epoch when she wrote, the "royalists, friends of liberty," were no royalists at all; and the "republicans, friends of order," had very few principles of republicanism left. "France," said Madame de Staël, "may remain a republic (*s'arrêter dans la république*); but in order to arrive at a limited monarchy, she must pass through military government." This prophecy turned out to be true, and the general want of principle, the deep-rooted corruption, which existed everywhere, gave to Bonaparte on the 18th Brumaire the rôle of a mediator, which Madame de Staël would have so liked to exercise herself.

The attitude assumed towards her by the Convention and Directoire might have proved to her that a Republic administered by Catos, Miltons, and Sidneys is impossible in France. The Directors confirmed the sentence of exile which the Conventionnels had pronounced against her; and it was whilst under the ban that she published her *Essai sur les Fictions*, followed soon after (1796) by one of her most important works, the *De l'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Individus et des Nations*.

Certainly, if there is any epoch in the history of the world where passions have been allowed to rule with the greatest liberty, it is during the French revolution. Between the storming of the Bastille and the *coup d'état* of Brumaire it may be said that all the passions were let loose, and that their power to influence the happiness both of nations and of individuals had their fair chance. With examples fresh to her recollection, and still under the impression of the terrible episodes which had been transacted under her own eyes, it

is not astonishing that Madame de Staël should declaim with such eloquence against the evil results of passions, as destroying our moral happiness. The essential condition of happiness is that all our good tendencies, all our lawful inclinations should have their full and free play; and if, in certain cases, certain passions help that action, is it not equally true that, generally speaking, our passions are the great obstacles which stop us in our discharge of all the duties which God requires from us? Under the head of passions Madame de Staël includes not only love, ambition, revenge, avarice, but party spirit and vanity; and some of the reflections suggested by these two last-named chapters are admirable commentaries on the principal events of the Revolution. Talking of vanity, for instance, she says, with much truth, that the desire of *producing some effect* has had the greatest influence on the development of revolutionary doctrines in France. If the first outbreak itself was justified by circumstances, if the assembly of the States-General was a matter of necessity, the internal history of the different legislative bodies which successively governed France is nothing but the history of vanity. The first fault consisted in admitting spectators to the deliberations; this innovation led to the desire of applause, and as the audience comprised the scum of the people, the greatest amount of patronage on their part belonged to those speakers who were in favour of the most desperate resolutions.

If vanity has been productive of so much evil, what shall we say of party spirit? The instances quoted by Madame de Staël are very true and very striking. We may say, for example, that if at the beginning of the Revolution, the royalists in the constituent assembly had been wise enough to choose as their spokesmen orators more moderate than themselves, and therefore more agreeable to the popular party, they would have obtained the adoption of some of the decrees which interested them most; but they preferred losing their cause in entrusting it to the Abbé Maury, than winning it through the help of a person who was not in every question absolutely and entirely of their opinions. The violence of party spirit prevented the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette from making use of Lafayette; and under Robespierre it transformed into murderers men whose only fault was a blind attachment to their political allies.

Crime is another element which we must not forget in this rapid enumeration. It is, in the first instance, the result of the passions; but it soon becomes a passion itself, because it

feeds upon its own violence, and finds in itself the moving principle which gives to it energy. In describing the growth and the terrible results of crime, Madame de Staël had only to look around her, and her recollection of Marat, Tallien, and Robespierre, suggested to her, no doubt, the masterly sketch she has left of crime as a passion.

The *Directoire*, however, relented at last towards Madame de Staël, and she obtained permission to return to Paris. She found there Talleyrand, who had been her intimate friend; and considering him the only man capable of reconciling the past state of things with the present one, she caused him, through the influence she had over Barras, to be named minister of foreign affairs.

The Government of the *Directoire* was so unprincipled and so corrupt, that it evidently could not last. The new rulers of France tried to establish their authority by what they deemed an act of vigour, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor* was struck, which brought about the banishment, the transportation, even the death of some of the most distinguished citizens. Madame de Staël has sometimes been accused of having taken a share in this deplorable event, whilst she merely contrived to save from condemnation a few of the appointed victims.

"The directors," she says in one of her works, "were on the point of passing a sentence of proscription against Dupont de Nemours, the most chivalrous champion whom liberty ever had in France, but who could not identify freedom with the dispersion by main force of the representatives of the people. I learnt the danger he was running, and I sent immediately for Chénier, the poet, who, two years before, had pronounced the speech, in consequence of which M. de Talleyrand obtained his recall. Notwithstanding the blame which certain circumstances in his life deserve, Chénier was capable of being softened down, since he was a man of talent and of dramatic powers. The description I made to him of the situation of Dupont de Nemours and his family affected him, he rushed to the rostrum (*tribune*) and succeeded in saving the philosopher by making him pass for a man eighty years old, although he was scarcely sixty."†

Madame de Staël did not, unfortunately, succeed in obtaining the life of Colonel Ambert, who, although he had been aide-de-camp of Bernadotte before the Revolution, was unmercifully shot in virtue of the decree of a military

* Against the moderate (and as it was falsely alleged) royalist party.

† *Considérations sur la Révolution*, p. 196.

tribunal; but her active interference with General Lemoine, who commanded then the garrison of Paris, saved from a similar fate M. Norvins de Monbreton, a man equally innocent, and incapable of conspiring against the government of his country, how much opposed so ever he might be to it as a matter of principle.

We feel curious to know about the first interview Madame de Staël had with Bonaparte, and the result of her earliest introduction to a man whose destiny was doomed to be linked with hers in so disagreeable and irritating a manner. At that time the young general's character was still comparatively pure, and he had not yet been placed in circumstances to show his arbitrary tendencies, and his impatience of any superiority but his own. It would be childish to deny that there was about him a prestige well calculated to subdue the most rebellious, and to command admiration from the most hostile. Madame de Staël felt the spell like all her contemporaries, and she has given a description of her first meeting with Bonaparte, which we must quote:—

“General Bonaparte was remarkable for his character and his mind as much as for his victories. There reigned in his style a tone of moderation and of dignity, which formed a strong contrast with the revolutionary bitterness of the civil rulers of France. The warrior, then, spoke as a magistrate, whilst the magistrates expressed themselves with the violence of soldiers. In his army General Bonaparte had not enforced the law against the *émigrés*. People delighted in ascribing to him all the noble qualities which give such admirable relief to extraordinary gifts. They were, besides, so thoroughly weary of oppressors parading the name of liberty, and of the oppressed regretting arbitrary government, that admiration did not know where to settle, and Bonaparte seemed to combine all the qualities capable of captivating it.

“It was, at least, under the impression of such a sentiment that I saw him at Paris for the first time. I could not find words to answer him when he came to tell me that he had sought my father at Coppet, and how much he regretted to have passed through Switzerland without seeing him. But when I had recovered a little from the trouble caused by admiration, a very definite feeling of dread succeeded it. Far from becoming more reassured in proportion as I saw Bonaparte, he intimidated me always more and more; I felt confusedly that no emotion of the human heart could act upon him. He considers men as *facts* or things, not as his fellow-creatures. For him there is nothing but himself. All other beings are mere units. He is a clever chess-player, whose adversary is the whole human race, and his aim is to checkmate them.

“Every time I heard him speak I was struck with his superiority.

His discourses had with respect to circumstances that tact which corresponds to the knowledge a sportsman has of his prey. Sometimes he related political and military details in a very interesting manner; he had, even, in anecdotes which allow pleasantry, a little of the Italian imagination. Nothing, however, could overcome my invincible repulsion for what I discovered in him; his soul seemed to me like a cold and sharp sword which froze whilst it wounded. He despised the nation whose suffrages he desired, and no spark of enthusiasm was mixed with his anxiety to astonish the human race.*

Madame de Staël's first interview with Bonaparte took place about the end of the year 1797. The expedition to Egypt had already been decided; but in order to carry it on, funds were necessary; and as a means of procuring them, the young general proposed to the Directoire the invasion of Switzerland. The situation of the canton of Vaud was to be the pretext; whilst the plundering of the exchequer of Berne was the real object in view. Madame de Staël has left an amusing account of the conversations she had with Bonaparte on the subject. † She tried, but in vain, to prove to him the abominable injustice of such a war, and the future despot of France could not have derived from that scene a very pleasing impression of his eloquent and generous interlocutress.

The eighteenth Brumaire, which placed the power in the hands of Napoleon, soon confirmed all the anxieties of the friends of liberty. There is no doubt that the whole of France, weary of the revolutionary system, flung itself at the feet of the conqueror; but he might, whilst ruling with all necessary firmness, have allowed something to freedom. Whatever illusions existed on that score were soon dispelled. On leaving Egypt, Bonaparte said to Menou: "My dear fellow, maintain your ground here; if I am happy enough to set my foot upon French soil, the reign of talk (*bavardage*) is over." What he called *talk* was free discussion, liberty of voting, unfettered deliberations; in fact, all those guarantees of constitutional government which the French fancied they had purchased at the price of so much blood. "Down with the reign of *talk*! up with the reign of the *sword*!" This was the secret of Bonaparte's ambition, and both Necker and Madame de Staël soon found it out. The former published in 1800 his last political work, the *Dernières vues de Politique et de Finance*, which irritated Bonaparte to the highest degree, because they contained a very strong denunciation of his ambitious projects.

* *Considérations*, p. 196.

† *Ibid.* p. 198

At the same time some officious persons informed the First Consul that Madame de Staël had expressed herself very freely about him; he complained of this with great bitterness to his brother Joseph, whom the daughter of Necker often visited, because she liked his wit and his conversation. Thus the barrier between the despot and the queen of thought grew higher and higher, and the *salon* of Madame de Staël was regarded as a dangerous centre of opposition, which it was necessary to crush at any cost. Political personages never pride themselves on generosity and constancy in their affections. Compelled to choose between his friend and his new master, Talleyrand did not hesitate for a minute. He sacrificed his inclination to his interest, and Madame de Staël avenged herself by a few sarcasms which the wily courtier left unanswered.

Amongst the elements of the new government the Tribunal alone had preserved the traditions of liberty, and under the leadership of M. Benjamin Constant, seemed resolved upon resisting, though within the limits of a wise opposition, the ever-increasing lust of power on the part of Napoleon. "He consulted me," said Madame de Staël, "on a speech he proposed to make with the view of denouncing the accession of tyranny. I encouraged him in his design with all the energy which conscience gave me; at the same time as people knew that he was one of my intimate friends, I could not help dreading the results of such a step. I was vulnerable by my taste for society."

The marriage of Madame de Staël had been essentially what is known as a marriage *de convenance*; but between the husband and wife the greatest marks of reciprocal esteem and respect always existed, and it was only on account of money matters that a separation took place. And even then, when the health and advanced age of Baron de Staël rendered every comfort a matter of absolute necessity for him, his wife joined him, and promised to remain by his side to the last. Weary of the persecutions she experienced in France, she was on the way to seek at Geneva a refuge in his company, when death overtook him on the road. Overwhelmed with grief, a victim to the most cruel and unjustified persecution, she flew for comfort under her father's roof, and during that stay in Switzerland, which lasted nearly a year, she composed her celebrated novel, *Delphine*.

Every new production of Madame de Staël was sure to excite public attention in the highest degree, and amidst all the splendid achievements of a conqueror, whose boast was

that he had trampled down *ideology*, that is to say, free thought, the works of so brilliant and independent a writer were an event in the commonwealth of letters. At the distance at which we now stand from the gifted authoress, we can judge *Delphine* more dispassionately than her contemporaries did, and we must say that the theme of the book, the subject developed in it, seems to us extremely objectionable. "A man should set public opinion at defiance, but woman must submit to it," such is the text selected by Madame de Staël, and it is not difficult to see at once its unsound character. As a critic remarked at the time,* both men and women should examine public opinion when it pronounces its verdict, submit to it when it is just, and scorn it when it is perverted. Good and evil are invariable; the relations which exist between both sexes are of course different, but nature has never condemned the one to scandal and the other to hypocrisy; virtue, reason, are there; and before these eternal limits all social arrangements must disappear. Now, it would be extremely easy to prove that *Delphine's* misfortunes arise not from the fact that she has set public opinion at defiance, but because she has disregarded both the laws of propriety which regulate the sex, and the duties which bind the sexes together. At the same time we quite agree that there is in the character of *Delphine* something extremely fascinating. Her warmth of feeling, her generosity, her devotedness prepossess us in her favour, and throughout the various scenes where she appears, we fancy we see Madame de Staël herself, with that ardour which made her set at nought even the police of Bonaparte. We need scarcely say that almost every page in *Delphine* contains a brilliant sketch of character, a shrewd observation, a paragraph which reminds us of La Bruyère's best. The portrait of Madame de Vernon, to those who first read it, seemed like the exact full-length of M. de Talleyrand; and we can scarcely believe that Madame de Staël did not intend to send down to posterity under that name the heartless diplomatist who made use against her of the power for which he was indebted to her generous and disinterested influence.

Napoleon no longer cared to disguise his hatred of Madame de Staël; he called her "a college pedant, heavy and stiff." In answer, she compared him to "Robespierre on horseback." Such animosity was beyond the possibility of any amicable adjustment, and the ruler of France managed to transform

* Chénier, *Tableau de la Littérature Française*, chap. vi.

Madame de Staël's life into a perpetual exile. In vain did Regnauld de Saint Jean d'Angely* set his master's will at defiance by giving a temporary asylum to the proscribed thinker; in vain did Madame Récamier,† with a generosity which might have been attended by the worst consequences, offer to her friend a shelter under her own roof. All these precautions were useless, and an order was issued, obliging Madame de Staël to take up her residence at forty leagues from Paris. She was then a prisoner in her own native land, and against the sentence there was no possible appeal. It was then that she wrote to the First Consul the following letter:—

“ October, 1803.

“ I was living in peace at Mafflins on the assurance you had been kind enough to give me that I could remain there, when some one told me that *gendarmes* were to come and remove me from thence with my two children. Citizen Consul, I cannot believe this; I cannot believe you capable of thus giving me a cruel celebrity, of honouring me thus by a line in your history.

“ You would break the heart of my venerable father, who, I am quite sure, would, notwithstanding his age, ask you what crime I had committed, what guilt has rendered his family amenable to so dreadful a treatment. If you wish me to leave France, give me a passport for Germany, and allow me to stay a week in Paris, that I may procure some money for my journey, and take to a physician my daughter, who is six years old, and whom the travelling has fatigued.

“ In no country of the earth could this simple request be refused.

“ Citizen Consul, the movement which excites you to persecute a woman and two children is not yours; it is impossible that a hero should be anything but the protector of the weak. I entreat you once more, give me a full pardon, allow me to live at Saint-Ouen in my father's house; it is sufficiently near Paris to enable my son to attend, at the proper season, the lectures of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and, at the same time, far enough to prevent me from receiving company.

“ I shall leave in the spring, when the weather renders the voyage possible for my children.

“ Finally, Citizen Consul, reflect for a moment before you inflict so great a sorrow upon a defenceless person; by an act of mere justice you might inspire in me a truer, a more lasting gratitude than that which many favours could procure you.”

The letter we have just been transcribing is extremely curious, because it shows how much Madame de Staël dreaded exile. She was essentially fitted for company; a

* A diplomatist, secretary of the Council of State during the Empire.

† The reader should consult the *Souvenirs de Madame Récamier* and the *Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès* for further evidence on all these details.

salon was her element, and she could not imagine life except in the midst of her friends, and surrounded by all the enjoyments of intellectual power. The grand scenes which nature presents in Switzerland could not make her forget the Athens of the nineteenth century, and the *Ruisseau of the Rue du Bac* pleased her more than all the glories of Mont Blanc. What, then must her feelings have been when she found out that she had been the involuntary cause of the disgrace of her best friends, M. de Montmorency and Madame Récamier? "I am the Orestes of exile," she bitterly exclaimed; "fatality follows me." "A few persons may perhaps be astonished," she says somewhere else, "at finding that I compare exile to death; but exile is a punishment under which great men have sunk both in antiquity and in modern times. There are more who can affront the scaffold than the loss of their country. In all codes of law perpetual banishment has been considered as one of the severest penalties; and the caprice of a man has inflicted as a sport what conscientious judges only impose with regret upon criminals." Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte vainly made some efforts to obtain a revocation of the sentence of exile. Compelled to leave Paris, Madame de Staël hesitated for a moment between Coppet and Germany; but at last she decided for the last-named country, and she started accompanied by her children and by M. Benjamin Constant. At that epoch (1804) Germany was enjoying all the glory of its Augustan age, and amongst the various intellectual centres there, the court of Weimar took the lead. In every kind of literary and scientific cultivation the most illustrious men were to be found on the other side of the Rhine; it was the time when Goethe and Schiller, Klopstock and the Schlegels, Kant and Fichte attained the zenith of their power; the intellect of the world had apparently taken refuge in Germany, and the arrival of Madame de Staël seemed like a kind of homage paid by France to the superiority of the mind over brute force. It is amusing to see in the correspondence of Goethe and of Schiller, the two poets, unwilling to cast off their anti-Gallican prejudices, and wondering whether French philosophy is worth importing into Weimar. Schiller was the first to submit. "She is," says he, "the most cultivated, the wittiest of women; and if she was not really interesting, I would not move a step to go and see her. . . . We are compelled to esteem and honour openly that lady for her beautiful intellect, her mind so liberal and unbiassed." Goethe's nature was too selfish to please Madame de Staël;

considered at Weimar as a sort of king, he was accustomed to see everyone bend before his rule, and he acknowledged no superiority but his own. It was, therefore, with some difficulty that the Grand Duke prevailed upon him to pay a visit to the French stranger, and Goëthe, who usually had all the talk to himself, was both astonished and amused when he saw that in point of conversational power Madame de Staël was quite his equal.

After a stay of three months at Weimar, our fair traveller went to Berlin, provided with the strongest letters of introduction to every person of consequence at the Prussian Court, and she was most kindly received by the charming Queen whom Napoleon treated so disgracefully after the battle of Jena. Notwithstanding all the attractions to be found in a society where J. de Müller, Ancillon, Fichte, and the Humboldts gave the tone, Madame de Staël does not appear to have enjoyed Berlin as she did Weimar. The Court had kept the stamp of Frederic the Great's military genius, and Berlin always looked more like a gigantic guard-room than like the metropolis of a highly cultivated nation. It was during her stay there that Madame de Staël heard the news of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien at Vincennes; she was on the point of starting for Vienna, and her journey to Austria was undertaken amidst the gloom and indignation which so flagrant a crime naturally produced. But whilst thus more and more anxious for the future of liberty, she was at all events completely happy so far as her father was concerned; his health appeared strong, and she had just received a letter from him commenting with firmness and calmness on Napoleon's last act of tyranny. What, then, must have been her sorrow when, on arriving in Austria, she heard that M. Necker was dangerously ill? She immediately started for Coppet, but arrived too late; and in the midst of her intense grief, the only consolation she derived was from the occupation of publishing the MSS. he had left, and paying a last tribute to his memory in a biographical notice. She then determined upon visiting Italy; and at the very moment when Pope Pius VII. came to Paris for the purpose of crowning the new Emperor of the French, she crossed the Alps in quest of distraction and entertainment. As a tutor for her children she had engaged Wilhelm Schlegel, whose profound learning and varied acquirements were of the greatest advantage to the mother as well as to his more immediate pupils. Received with great kindness by Madame de Staël, having a salary of 12,000 francs (nearly £500) a-year, and all the resources of society at his disposal,

Schlegel might have left a more favourable impression upon his hostess, had not his sterling qualities been spoiled by his egregious conceit. He was suspicious, and took offence at the slightest trifles, and it required Madame de Staël's exquisite tact to smooth down all the thousand difficulties he was raising perpetually around himself.

On her return from Italy, the exile spent the year 1805 sometimes at Geneva, sometimes at Coppet, and employed herself in writing *Corinne*. Continually attracted by her tastes, her friendships, her habits, her intellectual wants towards that, to her forbidden, place, Paris, she could not remain long away from the magic spot. A long stay far from France, a stay during which she had carefully abstained from mingling in any political controversy, made her hope that the Imperial Government would, perhaps, be disposed to relent towards her; besides, her son was preparing for the examinations of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and if he was successful, a residence in the immediate vicinity of the capital would be absolutely necessary. The sentence of banishment was not revoked, but she ventured to come as far as Auxerre, and then, with the tacit consent of Fouché, the Minister of Police, she took up her quarters at Madame de Castellane's Château of Acosta, near Meulan. A few weeks' residence there enabled her to see her friends; she published *Corinne*, and then was obliged by the never-dying hatred of Napoleon to leave France once more (1807).

"The success of *Corinne*," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "was instantaneous, universal, but it is not in the periodical press of the time that we must look for proofs of it. The freedom of criticising even literary subjects was on the point of being completely done away with, and about the same epoch Madame de Staël could not obtain the permission of publishing in the *Mercure* a brilliant but short sketch of M. de Barante's remarkable essay on the eighteenth century. When *Corinne* appeared, France was on the eve and under the threat of this absolute censorship. The dissatisfaction of the sovereign against the work, probably because the ideal enthusiasm which it breathed did not serve his purpose, was enough to paralyse all printed eulogiums."*

However, a few *comptes-rendus* were allowed, and amongst others we may notice the one given by M. Suard's journal, *Le Publiciste*; it is signed D. D., and is said to have been composed by Mademoiselle de Meulan, who was afterwards to be Madame Guizot. According to an anecdote which M. Ville-

* *Portraits de Femmes*, p. 134, edition 1858.

main quotes,* and which obtained some credence at the time, Napoleon felt so irritated by the popularity of *Corinne* that he troubled himself to write a critique of it, which was published in the Government paper, the *Moniteur*.

Corinne is no doubt Madame de Staël's masterpiece; fatality ought to be its motto, and as a development of this idea, the book may be compared to a Greek tragedy. The ancients, however, would have placed the elements of the drama in the circumstances amidst which the characters stood, not in the soul of the personages themselves, and the influence of Christianity alone could suggest those striking psychological details which render the work so interesting. *Corinne* is a dirge on man's destiny in this world, a dirge penned as the result of deep experience, and having, like *Delphine*, all the character of a piece of autobiography. But there is besides, in the novel, another element which we do not find in the previous tale. The description of Italy, the reflections on literature and the fine arts, the sketches of society, throw about it the charm of history; at the same time we do not yet discover there the appreciation of nature, which is one of the most striking features in the *De l'Allemagne*. Madame de Staël was still, we have already remarked, under the painful impressions produced by the death of M. Necker, and the soul where calm did not reign could never thoroughly admire the external world. Circumstanced as she then was, we do not wonder when we hear her say that "travelling is one of the saddest pleasures of life."†

Madame de Genlis, who had not always been very partial to Madame de Staël, because she saw in her a dangerous rival in the walks of literature, ended by overcoming her feelings of jealousy, and published under the title *Athenais, ou le Château de Coppet en 1807*, a quasi tale, which is interesting by the particulars it gives of Madame de Staël's life during that time. It is quite evident that the year 1807 at Coppet was an epoch not only in her own career, but in the intellectual life of Europe; and the influence exercised by this lady's *château* can be compared only to that of Ferney during Voltaire's palmy days. All the mind of the civilized world was concentrated there, and whilst Napoleon's legions were ravaging the Continent, thirty or forty thinkers assembled under the presidency of genius to discuss the probable destinies of freedom, and the great questions which affect the happiness of mankind. The habitual guests of Madame de Staël

* *Tableau du 18 Siècle*.

† *Corinne*, book i. chap. ii.

were Benjamin Constant,* Schlegel, M. de Sabran,† M. de Sismondi, M. de Bonstetten,‡ M. de Vogt,§ M. de Balk,|| &c., &c. But in addition to these, other personages, equally distinguished, paid occasional visits at Coppet, and were always cordially welcomed; thus, Prince Augustus of Prussia, M. de Montmorency, M. de Narbonne, and M. de Barante.¶ In the first volume of his interesting memoirs, M. Guizot has left us an account of his own interview with Madame de Staël, who wanted to retain him as an actor in one of Racine's tragedies. Dramatic composition had always a great charm for the authoress of *Corinne*, but only as a kind of *passe-temps*; and the principal occupation at Coppet was conversation, or rather discussion. From breakfast time till supper, and often till later, all possible topics of literature, philosophy, æsthetics, science, were sifted, examined, explained; and the brilliant talk of Benjamin Constant and Madame de Staël exercised upon the other members of the society an influence which it was impossible to resist or describe.

We cannot, however, afford room for any further details on the celebrated *salon* of Coppet, nor dare we further allude to Madame de Staël's second journey to Germany, than for the purpose of giving here an account of her second son, Albert's, effort to soften the wrath of the Emperor. The attempt was a bold one, and no one but an inexperienced, high-spirited youth of seventeen would have dreamed of making it. The extracts we give are from the admirable book which Madame Lenormant has published under the title *Coppet et Weimar*, and to which we are already indebted for more than one valuable quotation.

"The Emperor Napoleon having to cross Savoy (1808), the young De Staël had the idea of going to wait for him at Chambéry. After a few hours' expectation, he saw at last the imperial *cortège* arrive. He gave to one of the aides-de-camp the letter in which he requested the favour of an audience, and he found himself soon introduced into the presence of the monarch, who was hurrying over his breakfast. 'Where do you come from?' 'From Geneva, Sire.' 'Where is your mother?' 'At Vienna, or on the point of arriving there.' 'She is well, there; she

* On Benjamin Constant, see M. de Loménie's *Galerie des Contemporains Illustres*, M. Sainte-Beuve's *Nouveaux Lundis*, and especially the articles published by M. Ed. Laboulaye in the *Revue Nationale* for 1864.

† Count Elzéar de Sabran, a man of some note but of greater pretensions.

‡ See M. Aimé Steinlein's excellent *Etude* on Bonstetten. 12mo. Lausanne, 1860.

§ A German diplomatist.

|| A Russian nobleman; had been Minister-Plenipotentiary in Mexico.

¶ Son of the Prefect of Geneva, but better known as the author of the *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*.

must be satisfied; she will be able to learn German. Your mother is not wicked; she is a woman of wit, of much wit, but she is not accustomed to any kind of subordination.' The young man persisted in asking for his mother the authorization of coming to Paris. He expressed himself with much energy. 'Your mother,' answered the Emperor, 'would not have been six months in Paris without placing me in the necessity of shutting her up at Bicêtre* or in the Temple;† I should be sorry for it, because it would create a sensation and injure me a little in public opinion. So, mind you tell your mother that, as long as I live, she *shall* not return to Paris. She would be forgetting herself, seeing company, making jokes; she attaches no importance to such things, but I do. I judge matters from a serious point of view. But, once more, why will your mother persist in placing herself immediately within reach of that *tyranny*? You see that I give it the proper name. Let her go to Rome, to Naples, to Vienna, to Berlin, to Milan, to Lyons; let her go to London if she wants to write libels. I shall see her everywhere with pleasure; but Paris, do you see, is my residence, and I will have no one there but those who love me. If I allowed her to come to Paris she would be doing all sorts of nonsense; she would spoil all the people who surround me, she would ruin Garat.‡ Did she not ruin the Tribunate? She could not help talking about politics. . . . If your mother was in Paris I should be constantly hearing reports about her. Once more, Paris is the place where I live, and I will not have her there.' New and urgent entreaties on the part of Monsieur de Staël. 'You are very young,' answered the Emperor; 'if you had my age, you would judge things more soberly; but I like to hear a son pleading his mother's cause. Your mother gave you a difficult mission to perform, and you have discharged it with spirit. I am very glad to have had a chat with you, but *you shall obtain nothing*. The King of Naples§ has talked to me a great deal about this subject, but he did not succeed in getting anything. If I had sent her to prison, I might relent; but from exile, no. Everyone knows that imprisonment is a misfortune. Your mother is the only person who, with the whole of Europe before her, thinks herself unhappy. ||''

Madame de Staël, thus once more defeated, wrote at Coppet her work on Germany—the book which we consider as her highest title to glory, and which, in spite of all the information we have had since, is the best of its kind. We shall not transcribe here the letter addressed by the authoress to the Emperor on the occasion of the publication, nor relate for the hundredth time the famous story of the Duke de Rovigo, and the destruction of the work. Madame de Staël had had

* A lunatic asylum. † Where the royal family of France had been imprisoned.

‡ One of the few *idéologues* whom Napoleon could put up with. His failure at the *Ecole Normale* as lecturer on sensationalist philosophy is well known. See *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. x. (article Saint-Martin).

§ Joseph Bonaparte.

|| *Coppet et Weimar*, pp. 121—125.

in the first instance the idea of finally taking up her residence in the United States of America ; but after the catastrophe of the *l'Allemagne*, she went back to Switzerland, where she found herself exposed to increased persecution. The Prefect of Geneva, M. Capelle, who had succeeded M. de Barante, was endeavouring to show by his zeal, that he fully deserved his master's confidence. In the fervour of devotedness, he insinuated to Madame de Staël that she might probably obtain her pardon, if she would only celebrate the birth of the little King of Rome. "What can I say?" she answered. "Well, I wish they may find a good nurse for him." "Nonsense, madame," replied the Prefect; "you think I am joking; but I assure you, that if you will only write a few pages, showing your esteem for the Emperor, M. Necker's claims on the treasury will be immediately satisfied."* "I was quite aware," was the retort, "that to receive a pension one needed a certificate of identity (*certificat de vie*), but I did not know that a declaration of love was necessary, likewise."

These two answers were sharp enough. Of course they reached the Emperor's ear; and Madame de Staël received the order not to step beyond a radius of two miles from her *château*. Schlegel was obliged to leave her; M. de Montmorency and Madame Récamier, her fondest friends, paid by exile the noble devotedness which they had proved in remaining faithful to the victim of Napoleon's spite. Thus deprived of those she loved most, she received in her retreat the visit of M. de Rocca, a young French officer, who, having taken up his residence at Geneva, in consequence of a serious wound, had gained the affection of every one by his gentleness, his accomplished mind, and the very painfulness of his situation. She tended him with the most unremitting care; he felt thankful; gratitude by degrees changed into love, and at last, notwithstanding the disproportion of ages, a marriage took place, which became generally known only after the death of Madame de Staël.

The system of vexation carried on by the Fouché police kept increasing. Coppet had assumed for its illustrious owner all the character of a prison. One fine morning in the spring of 1812, she went out under the pretext of taking a drive, crossed Switzerland, the Tyrol, and arrived at Vienna. But soon a crowd of spies assembled around her, watching all her movements. She starts once again, and reaches Moscow.

* M. Necker had advanced to the French government a sum of 2,000,000 francs, which was repaid only in 1816.

The victorious armies of Napoleon are only at a few days' march from that city. St. Petersburg is her next resting-place; from thence she crosses over to Stockholm, where Bernadotte offered her the most generous hospitality. A fresh motive of grief awaited her there. Her son Albert, a young man of the greatest promise, who had taken a commission in the Swedish army, was killed in a duel. Overwhelmed with sorrow, she left for England. Her reputation had already created amongst the most eminent people of this country, the greatest desire to receive her in a manner befitting her position and her genius. Lord Holland, Lord Grey, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Harrowby, proved to the persecuted *Corinne* that the whole of intellectual and free Europe sympathized with her; and if she could have forgotten the woes under which her own native land was then suffering, it would certainly have been in the company of such men as Wilberforce, Mackintosh, and Brougham."* It was in England that she finished that interesting episode of her autobiography—*Dix Années d'Exil*. There she heard of the capitulation of Paris, and the occupation of France by the Allied Armies. The short drama of the "hundred days" drove her again from France to Coppet. Under the influence of stern necessity, Napoleon, on his return, feigned to have become a convert to constitutional theories; he went so far as to wish for the advice of her whom he had so grossly, so unremittingly insulted. "No," said she, "I shall not go; he has done both without a constitution and without me for twelve years; and even now he loves neither the one nor the other."

M. de Rocca's health was now quite recovered. Madame de Staël determined, in 1815, upon travelling once more with him to Sicily; but the benefit derived was very little, and her own constitution had at length begun to give way. She returned to France at the moment when the famous *Ordinance* of September 5th, 1815,† was announcing on the part of the government a sincere adoption of liberal principles. She flattered herself still with the hope that she might be spared to serve effectually the cause of freedom; but serious symptoms came on and warned her to prepare for her final change. She understood at once the position in which she was. "My father," said she to her friends, "awaits me on yonder shore." As some one was endeavouring to comfort her, "I

* On Madame de Staël's intercourse with English society, see the letters of Madame d'Arblay, the *Life of Sir James Mackintosh*, Miss Berry's *Journal and Letters*, &c.

† Dissolution of the ultra-royalist parliament.

think I know," she answered, "what the passage is from life to death; and I feel sure that the loving-kindness of God softens it for us. Our ideas get confused, and the sufferings are not very great." Madame de Staël had always been deeply attached to the truths of religion. One day, when questions of a deep metaphysical character were being discussed in her presence, "I prefer the Lord's Prayer to all this," was her remark. Her death was extremely painful; and she breathed her last on the 14th of July, 1817. She had been engaged in finishing her great historical work, the *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*; which was published through the care of her son Albert, and her son-in-law, the Duke de Broglie. The remains of Madame de Staël were transported to Coppet. Worn out by suffering and by grief, M. de Roeca did not long survive; he died in Provence at the early age of thirty-one.

The influence of Madame de Staël on the French literature of the present century, has already been sketched in the pages of this journal, and therefore we shall not dwell upon it here at any further length. Suffice it to say, that she did much in enlarging the code of æsthetics which had prevailed amongst her fellow-countrymen from the days of Boileau, and in pointing to new sources of literary inspiration. She introduced the champions of Racine and Voltaire to Goethe, Schiller, and Klopstock, and compelled them to acknowledge that taste and real genius were not to be found exclusively on this side of the Rhine. In perusing her *L'Allemagne* the sensualists of the Condillac school were astonished at finding that idealism, which they thought to be irrecoverably dead, flourished as vigorously as ever at Weimar and at Berlin, and that Kant, Schelling, Fichte, and Jacobi, did not consider man to be the mere machine described by D'Holbach and Cabanis. Finally, the most beneficial result, we think, of Madame de Staël's influence consists in that love of freedom with which she leavened a generation crushed down by despotism—freedom limited only by respect for the law, and represented as the great condition of morality and true religion. She is one of those persons for whom our admiration increases in proportion as we become better acquainted with them. We begin with sentiments of respect; we are then completely fascinated; and whilst we wonder at the astonishing powers of description lavished in *Corinne*—the masterly sketches of society which still make *Delphine*, despite its numerous blemishes, a striking tale—the generous liberalism which brought down upon *L'Allemagne* the petty

vengeance of Bonaparte,—we perceive, in a short time, that our reverence has grown into love. The title of *author* ill expresses the character of Madame de Staël, for the word *author* generally implies something akin to effect; or, at least, a certain amount of attitudinising, which was quite contrary to the taste and feelings of Necker's daughter. As you study her works, you understand in all its force, the meaning of Pascal's well-known expression, "Quand on voit le style naturel, on est tout étonné et ravi; car on s'attendait de voir un auteur, et on trouve un homme."

But, further, the whole life of Madame de Staël is a refutation of the idea that genius is incapable of forming and inspiring true friendship. For her sake, M. de Montmorency and Madame Récamier gladly made the sacrifice of their comfort, their liberty and their safety; and one of the chief sorrows of Bonaparte's victims was, that her affection entailed misery upon those who were the objects of it. This circumstance, so creditable to human nature at a time when selfishness was the order of the day, would have been a great motive of comfort to the unfortunate *Corinne*, had she not found relief at a still better source—in Him who smoothed her dying pillow, and whose love is the only firm support upon which we can rest at all times.

- ART. IV.—1. *Sulle Condizioni della Pubblica Istruzione del Regno d'Italia. Relazione Generale presentata al Ministro dal Consiglio Superiore di Yorino.* Milano: Stamperia Reale. 1865.
2. *Statistica del Regno d'Italia. Istruzione Primaria e Secondaria Classica data nei Seminari.* Firenze: Tipografia Tofani. 1865.
3. *Regio Decreto che approva il Regolamento per le Scuole mezzane e secondarie del Regno.* 1° Settembre, 1865. Stamperia Reale.

WISELY adapting its measures to the exigency of the time, the Government of Italy takes universities and institutes, all schools high and low, and seminaries for training priests, under its own supervision. The documents before us exhibit as perfect a picture as could well be drawn of the state of education in the country, the sketch being delicately softened, especially in the first of them, which most favourably contrasts with the vituperative effusions lately issued from the Court of Rome in relation to the same subject. Secular education, we may just note, is at present under the cognizance of a Minister of Public Instruction, assisted by a Superior Council, and, under this, Provincial Councils invested with large powers, while the Sovereign, with his ministers, exercises a truly royal vigilance over the ecclesiastical seminaries.

The Senator Carlo Matteucci, whose signature is attached to the General Report noted at the head of the article, merits honourable mention as chief mover in the educational reformation now steadily advancing in United Italy. Signor Matteucci has had long experience as an educationist devoted to his profession; and long experience also as a statesman devoted to the welfare of his country, and labouring in harmony with those eminent men who have so wisely, and hitherto so successfully, conducted public affairs. His friendship with Cavour was intimate, and his confidence in that ministry unbounded. For a time he was himself Minister of Public Instruction, but probably too independent and outspoken to sit in an Italian Cabinet during the arduous conferences on the Roman question with the Emperor of the French. He then accepted the less prominent but not less

useful office of Vice-President of the Superior Council of Public Instruction. We are indebted to his own pen for a knowledge of his principles in regard to the administration of government in general, and of the department of public instruction in particular.* He holds it as an established rule that the action of a government, in periods of national reformation, should be that of an educative authority; using this expression in its fullest acceptation. He considers that, in Italy, on account of the deep remaining traces of bad governments, struggles with foreign oppression, the long schooling which Italians have had amidst the conflicts of political sects, this educative function of government is absolutely necessary, in order that a habit of obedience to the authority of duty, respect of laws, and recognition of a supreme rule of moderation may take root in the minds of men.

Practice in public affairs teaches, as he maintains, that decentralization, although written in the laws, does not become a reality until individuals and local authorities have at least begun to learn some degree of self-reliance, and sense of their own responsibility. He understands that, in this matter, there must enter both action and reaction, and takes England as affording a ready illustration of his meaning, where there resides in the nature of "the English race" a force which gives life to the institutions of borough, parish, county; or, in other words, the vigour of character necessary to self-government; for until subalterns do their duty instead of staying to know what they *should* do, or losing time in asking what they *must* do, Government must act, or nothing will be done. A national spirit, therefore, cannot gain possession of a people until some one common, uniform, dominant spirit shall have penetrated into the entire life of the Italian people, powerfully working in all parts of the administration, and, above all, in those ordinances which must direct and form the intellectual culture of the nation. Yet he would combine forbearance with firmness, and would cautiously abstain from making the Roman question a subject of popular agitation, or encouraging theological controversy between Italy and the Church of Rome.

With regard to this educational reformation, he delicately confesses that he is proud of being regarded as, if not its originator at least its chief promoter. Observation in Italy

* *Raccolta di Scritti Politici, e sulla Pubblica Istruzione, con Lettera a Gino Capponi*, di C. Matteucci, Senatore del Regno. Torino, 1863.

has taught him that Italians, however illiterate they may be, desire instruction for their children. Observation in England has aided him in maturing plans for Italy. The English Government, he notes, proceeding under the guidance of experience, is always referred to abroad as an example of reluctance in meddling with local affairs, and this Government had expended in twenty years more than a million (*lire*) in grants in aid to elementary schools, chiefly in maintaining inspectors, founding normal institutions to train masters, and rewarding schools in proportion to the progress of the pupils. He has himself recommended the Communes of Italy to imitate our example by raising buildings with "*Infant Asylum and Elementary School*" written on the front, where infants may be taught by mistresses; expressing his admiration of the modern infant schools which he has seen when riding through our country villages. He had himself, when Minister, issued grants of money for this very purpose, and, as we shall presently see, had anticipated a law that should intrust the oversight of schools to provincial and even local authorities.

With regard also to universities and superior schools, he advises a comparison of such as they have in Italy with similar institutions in England, in France, and principally in Germany; but while his preference for German colleges is very apparent in his official reports, where the references to England are few and slight, in his familiar writings, where he speaks more freely, it becomes apparent that his reflections on the influence of our seats of learning have influenced his action greatly as a statesman in his own country. "It must be premised," he writes to Capponi, "that secondary (superior) schools are not only intended to furnish a certain amount of solid and well-ordered knowledge, and to habituate youth to industrious application and to good methods of study, but that they supply what is perhaps more important than mere instruction, that is to say, they educate and form the national character. I am sure that if the schools of Eton and Rugby, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which follow them, were taken away from English education, every Englishman would feel that those elements were wanting which most contribute to form the character of the nation."

Recurring to the past, as becomes a patriot whose country is rich in historical evidence of literary excellence, Signor Matteucci briefly notes in his *Relazione* the origin and progress of the Italian Universities, and marks the causes of their decay, before proceeding to describe their actual con-

dition, and to suggest what methods should be taken in order to their restoration. He observes that the most famous of them, those founded in the middle ages, were in Central Italy, and especially in those cities where the municipal life was brightest and most vigorous. First of all, the constructive genius of Charlemagne established schools of grammar and literature in the principal cities of the Peninsula, and confided them to the special care of the clergy who taught under the government of the bishops, thus making them diocesan, and, as a necessary consequence, Papal. The Popes, however, soon exerted a highly beneficial influence upon them, so that studies were prosecuted with great energy, and, among certain monastic orders, Greek and Latin learning never declined, or, rather, never became utterly extinct. One faculty sometimes taught in a seat of learning to the exclusion of all others, as at Salerno, where was a sort of medical school whose origin has been assigned to a remote antiquity, but which really appears to have been founded so late as the tenth century—darkest of the dark ages. A decree of Frederic II., Emperor and King of the Two Sicilies (or rather Sicily and Naples), signed a hundred years after the supposed date of the foundation, prescribed that no one should exercise the profession of physician in that kingdom without the approbation of the Medical College of Salerno. But it was not until after the religious, political, and intellectual movement of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, which shook the society and internal constitution of the Italian States to their foundations, that we discover the first germs of Italian universities, properly so called, in those Republics of mid Italy which were then much troubled, but full of life. It was in Bologna, afterwards named “The Learned,” situate in the centre of the Peninsula, that the study of the Roman laws was first seen to flourish. In chronicles that are yet extant we may see that no fewer than twelve thousand students were gathered together in that University. Young “princes” of Germany, of England, of France, resorted to Bologna to hear lectures from the most eminent lawyers whom that commune called thither from all parts of the Peninsula. Students from various nations filled fourteen colleges, accordingly called *national*, as Belgian, Spanish, Dutch, &c., and these were both founded and enriched with endowments by private benefactors. Papal bulls authorised examinations in theology, and Imperial Decrees conferred, in the names of Pope and Emperor, academical degrees in jurisprudence and in medicine. From the rolls of

the University it appears that in 1579 Bologna could boast of eighty-two professorial chairs, that in 1600 the number rose to a hundred and four, and at a later date to a hundred and sixty-six, but fell so low as seventy-two in 1757. Those chairs were of various ranks, bearing stipends of very unequal value, and there were few professors who would now be called ordinary, that is to say, having regular appointments and fixed salaries. The teaching body of Bologna was ordered like those of the great German universities in the present day.

The splendour of that famous university; the gain to the citizens by reason of the large numbers of students and professors resident among them; the impulse given to intellectual activity in Bologna by those free teachings, and by public discussions in law, in philosophy, and in theology, did not fail to reach distant cities; and thus arose the universities of Padua, Modena, Piacenza, Parma, and Ferrara, and, after these, yet more influential seats of learning in Pavia, Perugia, Pisa, and Turin.

Those cities were always rivals—often enemies. The universities caught the spirit of the cities, and flourished the more under the excitement of a lively emulation. Hence came a ceaselessly active competition for obtaining the most celebrated teachers, and so it came to pass in Italy, as now in Germany, that the teachers laboured after a well-merited celebrity, and removed often from one university to another, attracted by higher stipends and superior advantages. The Italian universities of the middle ages, like those of Germany in the present day, while they had few ordinary professors, had a great number of private teachers, who gave *corsi liberi*, courses of lectures for the most part gratuitous, which served to bring lecturers into a certain repute, and might help some of the wandering competitors to obtain fixed employment. There were also other courses paid for by the students; a custom which made the cost of university instruction fall very lightly on the communes, while the profit and credit which the university brought into a city was very great. Inter-course between masters and students was familiar and intimate, always having relation to subjects of study, as indeed is now the case in Germany, especially in the lesser universities. Besides all this, the old Italian universities were not wanting in resemblance to the German, as regards certain rights and privileges of private jurisdiction, having judges chosen among the students, and tribunals of honour such as are now found in Heidelberg, Friburg, and Halle. "But how unlike the lifeless isolation of later things!"

The University of Naples, founded, or at least reformed by Frederic II., in 1224, had not such internal liberties as those which distinguished its kindred institutions in the Italian Republic. From the time of its foundation the teaching was divided into various faculties; the course was for a fixed number of years; and any competition like that caused by private professors was severely punished; any students known to have frequented private schools being excluded from the university for three years. The successors of Frederic II. down to Queen Jane (from 1343 to 1382) ceased not to interest themselves for the improvement of the university, granting royal privileges with the academical degrees conferred. The professors received increased salaries, and the grand chancellor of the kingdom was nominated head of the university. Thomas Aquinas taught for a short time at Naples, although reluctantly; and his presence there has ever since been counted amongst the honours of the place. When Naples became a Spanish province under Charles V., governed by Spanish viceroys, the university, like all the other ancient institutions of the country, fell into inevitable decay. The Dukes of Alba, indeed, made some efforts to prevent its utter annihilation; and to protect the remnant that survived, they ordered private studies, or schools, to be shut up; but their orders could not be carried into effect. The schools being more efficient than the university, to some extent prospered. A course of anatomy and physiology was given in the hospital of the Annunziata, and, in spite of the prohibition, the name of Marco Aurelio Severino figures in the list of private teachers, although he was at the same time professor in the university, and, in the year 1714, Naples and Sicily having been transferred, under the Peace of Utrecht, to the Duke of Savoy, the nobles and people applied to this new sovereign for more chairs to be added, and for certain discreditable privileges to be annulled. One such privilege was a power conceded to the family of one Avellino Caracciolo to confer the diploma of doctor in law and medicine, after a merely nominal examination, and to take the fees. This privilege had occasioned frequent litigation between the medical school of Salerno and the Prince of Avellino, who not only claimed money, but also authority over the establishment, to which he certainly could not in reason be entitled. By this time people were convinced that of the once famous university of Naples nothing but the name remained, while under the rule of Spain, since all the knowledge a student could get was imparted by private teachers in the schools. Then began the

study of medicine and surgery, anatomy and botany, under the direction of private masters in hospitals, and thus originated what afterwards became under the French government the Neapolitan Medico-Chirurgical College, an independent company of students having professors of their own. In 1807 the French Government undertook to revive and reform this college; but the Bourbon, on his return to Naples, instinctively smothered the returning life.

The University of Pisa would merit an extended notice. It was founded and endowed under that prince of patrons, Lorenzo de' Medici, but languished amidst the barbarism which even then blighted Italy. Yet it had some famous names. A statue in honour of poor Galileo, and portraits of the old professors Falloppio, Cesalpino, Mercuriale, Castelli, and Borelli, still adorn the great hall, as if to signify what that university might have been if science could breathe and live in any other atmosphere than that of freedom.

Here we must not be tempted to write the martyrology of literature and science in Italy from the time of Sixtus V., and onward, when so many enlightened men were imprisoned or put to death on charge of heresy. Yet we must digress for a moment, and glance at the advances of the Superior Council of Public Instruction, simultaneously with the unification of Italy,—the combined action of the statesmen and the soldiers under Vittorio Emanuele II., by the grace of God, and by the will of the nation, King of Italy.

During some years before the memorable events of the war of 1859, the council had been busied in Turin collecting information, and discussing the general principles on which the work of education ought to be conducted. They were fully cognizant of the dissatisfaction of their brethren in other states, especially in Tuscany, with the existing condition of public schools of every degree, and were devising means for carrying into practice the conclusion at which they had arrived. When the annexation of Lombardy enlarged their field of action, and gave them new opportunity, they used the opportunity to carry through Parliament the law of Educational Reform of 13th November, appointed commissioners to examine and correspond with themselves, and directed an official report to be sent to the Minister of the Department of Public Instruction at the end of five years. Every one remembers the hot disputes between the King of Sardinia, as he was then styled, and the Pope, concerning the doctrines of civil and sacramental marriages—both sorts alike unscript-

tural, and the world has watched with universal interest their less doubtful controversy concerning national independence and Papal claims. This controversy, of course, quickened the zeal of the "Old Provinces" in the cause of education, inasmuch as the arrogance of the Court of Rome can only be tolerated when a population is held in ignorance and subjection by the priests. The organic law of which we are now speaking was therefore viewed by Pio IX. and his cardinals with intense abhorrence; and no doubt it hastened the excommunication of all who had been concerned in the revolt of the Papal States, and the conferring of the Dictatorship on the *Ré Galantuomo* by the Italians. The letters apostolic of March, 1860, which anathematized the king, and the organic law which deposed the priests from their supremacy as educators of the people, were in force together—if it be proper to say that those letters apostolic had any force at all.

In the autumn of 1860, Cialdini marched down to Naples; Garibaldi was welcomed with enthusiasm by the people of the Two Sicilies; Victor Emmanuel entered as King, and thanked "the adventurer in blouse;" while, without a moment's delay, the organic law of public instruction was proclaimed and carried into execution in Sicily. This extension of the law is dated at Turin, 15th September, six days after the King had openly shaken hands with Garibaldi. So dire an overthrow of one of the most stubborn and most ancient strongholds of Papal power, provoked even to eloquence the writer of an allocution delivered in consistory a few weeks afterwards; where the afflicted Pontiff, enumerating the calamities which overwhelmed him, marked with horror the removal of the public instruction of youth from the authority and vigilance of bishops; committing the charge of their training in doctrine and in manners, to men depraved, as he says, in their own notions of religion. Just two months later the University of Naples was brought under the action of the same law, to the great delight of the students. Then came, deep and solemn, like the rebound of a cannon's roar from the fortress it is breaching, the allocution *Jam dudum cernimus*, with such sentences as these:—"Now this modern civilization, while it favours all non-Catholic worship, forbids not infidels themselves to take public office, and gives over Catholic schools to their children, rages against religious families" (i.e., monasteries) "against institutes founded for the direction of Catholic schools." Then as this law takes effect, and as its early fruits appear, the Pope again bewails it all in his

Encyclical of 16th August, 1863. "You too well know, beloved sons and venerable brethren, how impious writings of all sorts, emitted from darkness and full of deceit, lies, calumnies, and blasphemies, and schools delivered over to non-Catholic masters, and temples destined to non-Catholic worship, and manifold other diabolic tricks, how all this acts." The notorious Encyclical of 8th December, 1864, and the Syllabus of Errors thereto appended, contain passages which, without naming this law, clearly describe its fundamental principle, and enable us to perceive that just as truly as the temporal dominion of the Pope is essential to the subsistence of the Papacy, so must the control of public education be essential to the nationality of Italy. If the King of Italy, as a constitutional sovereign, does not reign over the universities and schools within his own dominions, the Pontiff, as absolute monarch of the Church, will reign over the king's people.

Such being the position of affairs at the conquest of Italy, let us hear in what condition the commissioners find the universities, excepting, of course, the spot which still darkens under the shadow of the Vatican.

There are yet standing nineteen universities, counting both large and small; by far too many,* especially considering that eighteen of the nineteen are crowded into the territory north of the Neapolitan boundary, which boundary leaves on the south not less than a third of the Peninsula, and that the territory so overstocked does not include Rome, which must in due time become a part of the Italian kingdom, bringing with it other seats of learning. The question whether all these ought to continue, or whether the smaller ones ought not to be suppressed, forces itself on the attention of all concerned. The question, however, belongs to them, and could not fitly be anticipated by us in England. There are various institutes, *Istituti di perfezionamento*, and normal schools, supplementary to the universities, where those who have gone through their ordinary studies may have more complete instruction in the professions they intend to follow. The universities are not as costly as Oxford or Cambridge, and some of them are very inexpensive to the students, for,

* The four Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and London suffice for the twenty millions of England and Wales, whereas the thirteen millions of Italy (excluding Rome from the census) had, until within the last twelvemonth, not only to sustain 19 lay universities, but also for the clergy 260 provincial seminaries, of which 52 might be considered as colleges for students destined to the priesthood, the remaining 208 being schools for clergy and laity together. The system of seminaries is now quite changed, but the number of so-called Universities is enormous.

fixing the average somewhat higher than would be found on close calculation, a thousand *lire*, or about £43 sterling, per annum would cover the cost. The number of persons pursuing their studies *in or at* these universities, is not exactly ascertained, but proximately estimated at nearly 10,000. The number, however, has diminished under the pressure of necessary, but unwelcome, discipline; and in the eighteen universities, exclusive of Naples, whence there is not yet any return of members, the total of 5,874 must be reduced by the subtraction of 1,161 auditors, leaving only 4,713 matriculated students. The auditors multiply, but the students diminish. Their conduct is *reported* as excellent, but is not yet found by the commissioners to merit much commendation, with the exception, of course, of a certain minority of bright examples, who could not be charged with mutiny, desertion, or other disgraceful conduct. The comparative numbers of those who go to universities in Italy, and in some other countries, has not been ascertained, nor, if it could be calculated, would that result alone be of any importance, inasmuch as the comparative value of the universities, the number and character of public schools, that of private schools, the appliances for self-instruction, the freedom and comparative usefulness of the press, the social condition of the people, and the influences of religion, must all be taken into account; but even then the elements brought under examination are so various, their comparative value severally, and their real value in combination, are all so uncertain, that no two persons would be likely to arrive at anything like the same estimate. Our reporters, in the present case, have but hinted at such a comparison of numbers, the data are uncertain, and they only arrive at the approximate result, that in Germany there may be one student to 1,500 inhabitants, in Belgium one to 2,000, and in Italy one to 2,200. How much society is benefited by the learning of this *one* among so many, may better be guessed after perusing communications from a few of the Italian universities, which were received by Matteucci, and his observations thereupon.

It is remarkable that in the Italian universities there is an extremely small number of students in what is called the faculty of letters and philosophy, or, to speak more exactly, scarcely any in letters, and few in natural science; whilst those who apply themselves to mathematics, do so only in order to be qualified for becoming engineers. Pavia, with an average of 1,200 students, had only eight belonging to the faculty of letters; while Turin, with about an equal number

of students, had forty-seven in letters, marking well the better culture of the ancient provinces, but casting deep into the shade the rest of Italy, since it had more of these than all the other universities taken together. Naples, however, is not included, inasmuch as the one university of that unhappy province has been significantly silent when questioned by the commissioners. The sad consequence of this indifference to learning for learning's sake is that there is a miserable supply of persons for occupying the professorial chairs, and for teaching in the secondary schools; and even these few are generally incompetent. How much intellectual light may have glimmered in the pulpits and confessionals of Italy, this report only helps us to conjecture; but the papers laid before the king will presently tell the whole truth. "Unhappily," says Sig. Matteucci, "we have reduced the universities to giving instruction which may be called professional. We are, however, without truly professional instruction, distinct and practical as it ought to be, in order to have any efficiency. We have no schools for high science and for literature, where men of learning and power of invention might be formed, and where provision for general culture might be made! A state of things this, which ought no longer to be suffered in a nation such as Italy has now become."

How much it would cost the country to enable the Government to encounter the responsibility of active reformation is now the grand question, and a summary of accounts for the year 1864-5, in fourteen universities, is given to the Minister as a basis for his estimate. This we pass over. Cost what it may, the old state of things is now insufferable. It cannot be improved: it must be *ended*. The experiment of reducing the fees has been tried; but the Italian youth, ambitious of advance, cannot be enticed to those abodes of insignificance, and the number who matriculate has rapidly diminished during the last four or five years. The young men want to work. They desire to take advantage of the turning tide, to improve their circumstances, and to figure in society. Their notions become more and more utilitarian every day. Railways are opened, architecture is likely to be profitable. What they most desire is to learn how to make a railway or to build a house, and they will go anywhere to learn this, call it university or what you will. But here looms a rising peril, and twenty years of this state of public feeling would suffice to grow a generation of selfish traders, to smother much of the loftier aspirations of the Italian nature, to blunt moral

perception, and train up a race of utilitarian infidels. This is the danger to be averted if possible, and all praise, we say, be given to the enlightened Government which now labours to rear a barrier against it.

How low has been the standard of intellectual attainment, may be judged by the character of university examinations. From the tabular statements contained in the Report we take one only, to show how examinations must have been conducted, opening the doors almost indiscriminately to all applicants for admission, in the decennium 1855—1864.

Name of University.	Examined.	Approved.	Unfit.	Rejected Per Cent.
Bologna	982	948	34	3½
Naples	1752	1509	243	14
Palermo	1349	1204	145	11
Turin*	4198	3342	856	20
Catania	1769	1769	—	—
Genoa	1284	1138	146	11
Messina	487	487	—	—
Modena	619	522	97	15
* In Mathematics	850	483	367	43

Now, if we exclude Turin, with the percentages of twenty and forty-three for mathematics, Turin being the capital of that more civilized State which has now come to the relief of Italy, and compare the other numbers, and the blanks at Catania and Messina, where any boor was accounted fit for admission to their universities, we find an extremely low scale of discretion in forming societies which ought to be ever distinguished by superior intelligence and respectability. Naples and Modena, with their fourteen and fifteen, look very low in comparison with France and Belgium, where the proportion of candidates rejected is never beneath twenty per cent., and often rises to fifty. Similar observations might be made on the final examination in these seats of learning, where gentlemen who complete their studies in a manner satisfactory to the learned examiners are said to be crowned with laurel, and nearly all go forth accredited to the world with a degree of full proficiency. This degree is the *laurea*, or crowning honour. Out of 11,865 students who issued from eighteen universities in the scholastic year 1861-62, the laureated were 11,147, the rejected were 718, that is to say, only six per cent. failed of the highest honour! Bologna is

not in this list. Camerino, Catania, Macerta, Perugia, Urbino, were all so happy as not to have one alumnus unworthy of the laurel—all doctors! This honour, be it remembered, is not ascribed to them by strangers in jest, but is recorded by themselves in simplicity, and they peacefully enjoyed it before the organic law, the work of heretical “progress” and “civilization”—to speak in the dialect of encyclicals and allocutions—had come into operation. On this subject Sig. Matteucci produces extracts from several letters, and we will translate one of them, written by a Professor of Bologna.

“In the first two years that I professed in this Athenæum (1860-61, 61-62) there were no special examinations, but only general examinations, including everything, before a very numerous Commission, still according to the ancient customs of the *good old time*. In the first of those two years the Commission was composed of collegiates only, but in the second others were admitted not of our own colleges, because the oddity had been acknowledged that old men of the college should question on subjects taught from chairs newly introduced, subjects about which they knew just nothing. But in the second year, no less than in the first, through the prevailing majority of old collegiates and professors compared with the new ones introduced under the several Commissions, such and so great was the indulgence, that although not a few of the persons examined (I am now speaking of those in mathematics) knew not how to open their mouth on matters of the sort, although all were promoted to the degree after which they had been aspiring, I never saw one turned back.

“In the year 1862-63 the University Regulation, which introduced among us special examinations, came into force, and established new rules for the examinations previous to admission, which examinations had always been a vain show. I was that year one of a Commission for special admission examinations; but as there was a young man or two rejected, thenceforth care was taken not to call on me again to perform that service. Even the teachers (of mathematics) were altogether excluded, and the Commission was made up of the Professor of Philology, as prescribed by the Regulation, and two Doctors of the college. So they did in the years 1863-64 and 64-65.

“But now to the special examinations. It would be unjust to deny that these have made a considerable progress even among us. The obligation to make a special examination for every subject by itself did away with the abuse, which had become the *norma indeclinabile*, that even utter ignorance of one or more subjects might be compensated by having some smattering of the others; and the obligation to form each Commission of three members, with the Professor of that subject as President, rendered the unlimited indulgence less easy. Hence we began to see examples of a fact, new, strange, unheard-of in this University,—examples of young men disapproved. Then welcome be the special examinations! Good Professors have welcomed them as an

important improvement; others, ill content at heart to see their responsibility increased, a responsibility hitherto reduced by participation with a great number of members constituting one Commission, still durst not raise objections against a system of evident utility. At the same time the students themselves did not express any dissatisfaction, because, as there might be an interval between each examination and the one to follow, they had opportunity for preparing sufficiently for all, instead of having, as formerly, to answer questions on four or five different subjects within the same hour. Nevertheless, it must not be imagined that these special examinations have healed every wound. There are yet some most objectionable things remaining which have no relation to the system of examinations, but are rather to be attributed to the men who manage the affairs of the University, and are tenacious of old customs.

"I must, therefore, say that our special examinations are still on a level far too low. Some examiners are too indulgent. More indulgent still are the old college-men, among whom they get the non-interrogating members of the Commissions. Very often the veto of the President of the board is paralysed by the votes of his two colleagues. But yet more does the evil arise from the programmes, which are, for not a few of the Professors, either a fiction or a disgrace. There are Professors who do not teach a twentieth part of what would be required in an extended study of the subjects to be taught; and, more than this, in examinations concessions are made which reduce the questions to nothing. These concessions are too frequently tolerated by the local authority. One old custom still kept up here is to give *fifteen themes*, which some understand to mean no more than *fifteen propositions*! Conscientious professors consider this to be the ill weed that poisons all. This it is that brings so much ill will on those who are exact in endeavouring to do their duty. To obviate so great an evil it is necessary at least to fix at the beginning of the year programmes of examination obligatory not only on the scholars, but on the professors also. By this means scholars would be prevented from pretending to want so many holidays as they now get, and to make it impossible for the professors to teach them much.

"There are yet other objectionable things attributable to the Secretariate, where all is managed. The Secretary nominates the Commissions, appoints the days and hours for examinations, judges of the titles of candidates, &c., &c., &c. In doing this he too often gives ear to the wishes of the young men, and the professors have no more to do than obey the summonses they get. Very often we have had to go again and again to the University to examine youths who only made their appearance just when convenient to themselves. I know lads who passed their examinations for the third year before those of their second. I know one who, at the same time, went in at Bologna for the fourth year, and at Modena for the third. And so on.

"In short, we want order; we want discipline. Order and discipline is what we ask for, that these youths may not be cruelly thrown away, and uselessly waste in this place the best years of their life."

Briefly, yet clearly as possible, we will endeavour to present a summary of the conclusions of the reporter on the state of the Italian universities. He states that at this day at least three times as much money is expended on superior instruction in Italy as was formerly expended in the Old States, or Kingdom of Sardinia. All the universities have abundant space of buildings, professorial chairs enough, salaries, libraries, cabinets, laboratories in abundance. Excepting Naples, where it can scarcely be said that the university existed before 1861, but which is now not only the most numerous, but the most full of life, the total number of scholars has not increased, and a notable reduction of the fees in 1862 has not led to any appreciable result.

As already stated, studies which help young men to find occupation as practitioners of medicine, engineering, or law, are prosecuted, but scarcely any other; and out of these, choice is made of such as promise, at the time, the soonest attainable and most lucrative situations. Literary studies are almost entirely abandoned. Although many highly distinguished men are employed in teaching, they are so widely scattered, and therefore so isolated, so surrounded everywhere with a great deep of ignorance and prejudice, that they can exert but little influence on general society, and little even on the universities. The occasions of activity in political life since the year 1859 have called away many of the best teachers, and withdrawn from academic studies many of the most enlightened and most clever youths. The upspringing of a public spirit, which at present it is so desirable to cherish, is yet unfavourable to the tranquil concentration of mind necessary for thorough study. The abundance of cheap ephemeral writings is equally unfavourable to mental cultivation. Both the free universities and private teachers are specially exposed to these injurious influences. In presence of the fifteen Government universities, the other four, small and free, have little chance of prosperity, or even of permanent existence. The University of Naples stands alone, in respect to the number and enthusiasm of its students; and the superior normal schools of Pisa and Florence, being *practical*, repay the care bestowed upon them, and encourage the hope that the manifest revival of practical pursuits, being wisely guided, will soon lead to a correspondent advancement in the promotion of intellectual culture. Then, and not until then, will the Italian youth love study for its own sake, and rise above their present inordinate thirst for amusement, and craving after holidays. As yet, however,

while the rectors have done their best, they have not mastered the art of moral government, and, when truth is told, it comes out that although the students in general have been praised for good conduct, in spite of notorious evidence of the contrary, they have not yet learned how to suffer discipline.

Before the Report was officially delivered to the Minister of Public Instruction, the Superior Council had deliberated with a full understanding of the subject, and the King had signed a decree conferring larger powers on the rectors of universities (dated March 23, 1865). Careful regulations have been since issued for their better guidance in matters of internal management, the good effects of which may be reasonably expected to appear in the course of the current period of five years, for which the law requires that a Report be again presented.

We pass from universities to secondary schools. "The aggregate of studies at present spoken of as secondary instruction comprehends two distinct parts, namely, classical instruction, having for its object literary and philosophical culture, with the preparation of youths for the university; and the technical instruction which is intended to prepare them for industrial or commercial occupations." The compiler of the Report on universities took some pains in preparing an historical sketch of those institutions in the middle ages and at the revival of letters, but the writer of this more brief account of secondary schools covers only about a page and a half with a few remarks, too hasty to be quite accurate, and yet containing enough to remind us of the practical importance of an historical consideration of the subject. He represents that "such schools existed in various provinces of the Roman Empire, that stipends were fixed for the teachers, and that libraries and museums were created, and then made use of by the hearers. That in the third century after Christ there was not a city of any consequence in Italy, or the Gauls, or Spain, or Africa, in which there was not one such school. That Themistius, Libanius, Antonius, and other skilful writers were public masters of children and youth, and that, even later, St. Augustine and other writers of the fifth century, give us vivid descriptions of such schools, conveying an idea of the ardour with which literary and scientific studies were pursued." These few words are just sufficient to rouse up curiosity and suggest some questions. If education so liberal and so practical were general in the Roman Empire down to the fifth century, one might wish to know how it came to pass that civilization so rapidly declined,

and, which is much more remarkable, how it happened that Christianity, powerful as it was for the subversion of paganism, could have left the schools of the Empire in full action—"literary and scientific studies," too, being cultivated with ardour—without seeing Italy rescued from social degeneracy, instead of itself sinking, as it did, into barbaric ignorance. These questions must occur to the mind of any student of those ages, who must perceive, on reflection, that the very general statement just quoted lacks confirmation. Charondas, indeed, who flourished in Sicily four and a half centuries before the Christian era, is said to have made a law that all the children should be taught to read; but Diodorus, who mentions the fact, states, at the same time, that other legislators paid no regard to the law of Charondas.

Notwithstanding all that has been imagined to the contrary, there appears nothing to disprove the statement of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that Romulus discouraged the acquirement of what he called "sedentary and illiberal arts," leaving them to be learned only by slaves and foreigners; and it is notorious that the Romans long regarded such pursuits as ignominious, two studies only being considered proper for free men, namely, agriculture and war. Five hundred years passed away from the founding of the city before any appreciable tincture of letters relieved the rude barbarism of the Romans. Many illustrious names there are, no doubt, of orators and poets; and the study of Greek, introduced as an intellectual luxury, for the aristocratic portion of society, served to heighten the sensuous elegance almost always attendant upon wealth, and not least conspicuous in communities where a numerous servile population does the daily labour; no free citizen deigning to soil his hands with any sort of work. Such was the state of society under the Emperors; and it is impossible to read the writings of the Augustan age without perceiving that letters and fine arts were only familiar to the wealthy and powerful, except as they were cultivated by the more clever slaves, or more fortunate freedmen, whose talents made them acceptable to their masters. Of public education, as we understand the term, there is, to say the least, scarcely a trace. For five hundred years and more there was not a public school for either Greek or Latin in Rome, the first probably being that set up by a freed man, who was also distinguished as the first man in Rome who divorced his wife.

Schools were never popular. Early in the second century of our era, Hadrian built the Athenæum on the Campidoglio,

to be frequented by young men for whom he provided masters; but the schools languished, decayed, and were soon extinct. Now and then an enthusiastic patron gave the Athenæum and its schools a temporary notoriety, as, for example, Alexander Severus in the fifth century, when a great effort was made to give permanence and extension to scholastic establishments throughout the empire, and an admirable law often quoted from the Theodosian code, for controlling the conduct of youths coming to Rome for study; but when we distinguish the law from the observance, and search for effects, we do not find that that law (Cod. Theodos. lib. xiv. tit. 9, lex. 1) was ever carried into execution. The same may be said of similar provisions contained in the code of Justinian, published in the year 529, and of other efforts which are mentioned incidentally. Society in general was rapidly falling to decay; but, no doubt, the Christian clergy were gradually endeavouring to educate the children, and so preparing to perform a duty which the degenerate rulers of Imperial Rome had feebly attempted or utterly neglected.

Those good intentions of the clergy were for ages but of slight avail. As the empire declined, barbarism gained ground in Italy. As when an aged tree decays in the trunk, and vegetative energy slackens in the branches, moss over-spreads the bark, and ivy creeps upwards to feed upon the limbs and choke the sap; so did barbarism come from the North and East to prey upon the sickened body of the State. First the Goths, and then the Lombards, crossed the Alps; and, encountering but feeble resistance, ravaged the country, and became its masters. The Lombards came as a nation rather than an army; old men, wives, and children. Like locusts, they devoured all they could; and, like savages, destroyed what they could not devour. They sacked the cities, rased the castles, burned the churches, levelled the monasteries, and wasted the fields. Behind them lands lay desolate, without cultivator or inhabitant. Whom they did not murder or mutilate they led away and sold for slaves, only those escaping who saved their lives by abandoning their homes. In this way they subdued the greatest part of Italy, giving their name to the province now called Lombardy. Rome, indeed, was not included under the dominion of the Lombard, and it might be that the Arian half of this people—the other being Pagan—spared that city for the sake of its bishop. Gregory I. was bishop when this barbarian plague was at its height, and few passages in history are more pathetically graphic than his lamentations. We can-

not stay to quote them; but it must be evident that when the Italians were driven from their homes, and their ferocious conquerors, utterly ignorant of civilization, knew nothing of the decencies of home, there could not have been any schools, unless, indeed, amidst the terrors of invasion and the supreme wretchedness of more than two centuries, a few such institutions might have obscurely languished—as life itself languished—in Rome. A few words of the laborious and learned Muratori assure us that, “Among the other miseries brought upon Italy by the Lombards, it was not the least that they introduced among the people a ferocious ignorance, that the study of letters went out of use; for as the barbarians cared for nothing more than arms, the Italian people, amidst incessant rumours and woes of war, could only study how to defend themselves, and were utterly destitute of good masters.” (*Annali d’Italia*, anno 587.) In Pavia, the metropolis of the Lombard kingdom, we think there is historic trace of but one school. In Rome, however, to the honour of Gregory be it spoken, there were more; and an interesting incident appears in a narrative of the entrance of Charlemagne into Rome in the year 774, when he completed the conquest of the Lombards in Italy, and put an end to their kingdom; that he was met about a mile out of the city by children who were to read there learning—*qui ad discendas literas pergebant*.

Now, it is at this point that the history of schools in Italy commences. The chain of succession of all civilization from the Rome of the Cæsars was broken. The old Roman education had been utterly lost for at least two centuries; but now the little that there is, rightfully falls into the hands of the clergy. And here we return to the Report, which states that “in the middle age, at the time of the invasion of the barbarians, the teachers took refuge in the cathedrals, in the bishops’ houses, in the abbeys and the cloisters.” This, however, is too general, and can only be applied to Rome, except, in some very rare instances, also in the far remote and narrow spots which the Lombards happened not to occupy. Neither can we accept, without considerable abatement, the view of the Reporters, that “in the first centuries of the middle age, popes, kings, prelates, and monks were *most fervent* in the work of restoring and spreading knowledge,” although in the first ages they were certainly more earnest than in later times; and at the time of which we are now speaking, when the Lombard kingdom was annihilated, and the prince-bishop at Rome stood in a sort of

patriarchal relation to that city and all Italy, the clergy certainly deserved well of their country for endeavours to instruct the people. Well-known, and often quoted, is the decree of Eugenius II. (A.D. 824) ordaining that "in all episcopal residences and places immediately under the jurisdiction of bishops, and wherever else it was found needful, great care should be taken at once to appoint masters and doctors, who should assiduously teach schools of letters, and impart the knowledge of liberal arts, because that by these chiefly are made known and explained the divine commandments." This decree was extensively carried into effect, and in course of time the studies to be prosecuted were comprised under the *trivium* and *quadrivium*—that is to say, under the first designation, grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics; under the second, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy; the whole being enumerated in the verse, *Lingua, tropus, ratio; numerus, tonus, angulus, astra*. A hundred, not to say a thousand years' most earnest and most diligent labour for the promotion of these branches of education—had there been such labour—would certainly have led to a development and perfection of scholastic teaching, sufficient to anticipate the maturity of literature and practical science which distinguishes our own age and country, and must have raised Italy to a lofty pitch of intelligence and enterprise. But no such effect followed. The truth is that, from the very first, the Church—which in this case means the community of priests and monks—laboured for herself rather than for society at large, and not content with educating young men in sufficient number to perform the services of their religion, and extend her boundaries in the world, permitting the laity to share in the benefit of learning, she set about preparing the children in ecclesiastical schools to be priests rather than citizens, to maintain the ceremonial of a pompous worship, and recruit the hierarchy, rather than to teach wanderers how to find the way of life. This clergy, celibate and unsocial, had now grown up to be a separate and isolated caste, whose only home was Rome, whose only country was the Romish church. They were indeed a homeless and heartless corporation; having no domestic interests to be provided for, no heirs, no patrimony to inherit, no inheritance to leave behind. As for the laity, no further care was taken of them than might be necessary to maintain a few regal or princely families; the training of whose education was for the most part entrusted to private masters; a select class of men, indeed, yet capable of exercising but little

public influence. The schools taught by priests were not public but ecclesiastical, having no tendency whatever to promote sound learning and patriotism and elevation of moral principle. So, for a thousand years, society in Italy made no considerable progress, but lay prostrate under the twofold oppression of priests and princes. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, schools, as one may suspect, were to be avoided rather than encouraged. A very rare tract of that period is at hand. It was written by a gentleman of Venetia, who cautions parents against sending their children to school, and advises them to employ masters at home, for "in public schools," he observes, "there are crowds of children of all sorts, rich and poor together, where decent boys lose their good manners, and contract others as bad as can be."* No exception is made in favour of respectable establishments, nor is it probable that such existed among the laity.

These reflections, we must observe, are not those of the Reporter on Secondary Instruction, who says little, leaving us to draw our own inferences from the intelligence he is going to communicate, after the trite observation that "the revival of classic learning by means of the Italians, and the Greek refuges in Italy, and the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, gave a new impulse and a new direction to the studies of youth." "In Italy," he then adds, "they who had at heart the conservation of the ancient religion, felt the need of adding to the material and coercive means which they (that is the Inquisitors) employed against heresy, *the grand preventive measure of education*. The Barnabites, the Jesuits, and the Scolopj, occupied themselves," he affirms, "very much indeed in the education of youth; but the only object of this education was to prepare them for ecclesiastical studies or the universities, and they were taught Latin chiefly, with a little Greek. The material and coercive means were committed to the Inquisition; the educational, as is also notorious, to the Jesuits; and it is now the happiness of Italy to know that after the extinction of the Holy Office, and the humiliation of the Society of Jesus, the Government of the country assumes the care of public education—at least for so long as Government intervention may be necessary,—and employs the funds at its disposal for the welfare of the people, rather than for the aggrandisement of the clergy, under whose tutelage generation after generation has passed away untaught; and the history of the middle ages, protracted

* Jacobi Purtiliarum, Comitum de generosa Liberatorum Educatione Libellus, Printed in Venice.

as that age has been in Italy and Spain to our own days, exhibits not the shadow of a precedent which could be now followed in establishing a system of superior instruction for the intelligent classes of society.

This good work began in the ancient sub-alpine provinces so long ago as 1840, when the first step of reformation was taken in the removal of Latin from the elementary schools, where it was worse than useless; and teaching Latin, arithmetic, the novel science of geography, and the history of the country in the secondary schools. But the change was rather nominal than real, for want of masters knowing how to teach, or caring to learn, that they might know how. And a law dated 4th October, 1848, directed a new course of instruction to be pursued in the national colleges, comprehending religion, Italian language, elementary mathematics, ancient and modern history, geography, design, natural history, practical chemistry, mechanics, French, English, German. A Royal decree, dated August 1st, 1853, offered successful students situations in public offices in reward of their proficiency. This experiment having succeeded well, the national colleges were taken as the standard to which schools of secondary instruction in other parts of the country should conform; and by a law of 16th May, 1858, the Government was authorised to give assistance to municipal bodies towards the support of schools thus conducted, in the form of pecuniary grants and school materials, where new schools were to be established, or special scientific studies were to be pursued. The decree of 15th July, 1859, gave further advantages to youths of a lower class who, not aspiring to a classical and scientific education, were yet in a position to make the best of their time before going to learn the trades allotted to them. Thus was the way prepared for the great educational movement now in progress, and for which information has been collected.

The statistical data which the council could collect were few and far between; not, as they observe, from any lack of goodwill on the part of the Minister of Education, but because, for want of the necessary organization, the particulars of information required by the Casati law, as it is called, of 1859, could not possibly be collected. The council, therefore, had to be content with collecting such information as could be found, together with a large mass of important facts, and many most valuable observations, which a few zealous correspondents communicated to them.

The first necessity, at present, is a supply of masters.

The first measures, indeed, to obtain a supply, were taken in the old provinces some years ago; in Pisa so early as 1846, and in Turin in 1851, but not in the states beyond. As for the ex-Papal provinces, they say that, until they were made part of the Kingdom of Italy, a schoolmaster was not appointed on any reasonable evidence of competency, but was made officially by the local magistrate and the bishop's deputy. These two gentlemen were used to sit down together when a master was wanted, and make him by an extremely easy process. *First*, they examined him in *few words*. *Secondly*, the deputy called together the council of the commune, who heard the opinion of these two respectable examiners. That opinion carried the full weight of authority, of course, and then "the election was made by the council itself by plurality of secret votes." This was done under the bull *Quod divina Sapientia*, which, also, of course, was the guarantee for the wisdom of their choice, according to the standard of sufficiency then existing. How far the standard is now changed may be conjectured; but we must not ask our readers to wade, as we ourselves have waded, through the mass of details which engaged the attention of Signor Bertina, the Reporter on Secondary Schools, nor shall we recount his excellent observations thereupon, nor dwell on the provincial reports which he sends up to the Minister. Lyceums, gymnasiums, and technical schools, are now remodelled in pursuance of suggestions collected from all quarters, by the Royal Decree of 1st September, 1865. This decree confides the secondary and elementary schools to provincial scholastic councils, in conjunction with the presidents and directors of the schools themselves, and in subordination to the superior council, with the Minister of Public Instruction over all, as adviser of the Crown. The entire system of instruction and discipline, including every detail of school business, and every article of school furniture, is prescribed by Royal Decree in concurrence with the Parliament.

But the transformation of disorder into order cannot be effected by a stroke of the enchanter's rod. Years of toil must elapse before the scholastic fabric of Italy will stand complete and fair in view of the renovated nation. Worthless drones, miscalled *insegnanti*, not knowing how to teach, must be suffered to live upon their salaries until better can be found. Heaps of worthless school-books have to be replaced by others, of which the merits are not yet known, or which have to be composed by authors not yet found. Schemes of teaching and organization, like the hypotheses

which bud and wither during the growth of new sciences, have to be tested and improved. Infants, no longer taught to mimic men, will be trained up more tenderly and wisely; and boys, no more encouraged to ape men, will be initiated into the rudiments of the knowledge they must be prepared to learn. Old-fashioned follies—such as recitation by rote, and teaching little tradesmen Latin lessons, which they will never need to understand, are to be relinquished in favour of practical matters relating to their future callings; and the youth, who seriously wishes to become a scholar, will have—as soon as such can be prepared in the normal schools now struggling into efficiency—masters able to instruct him. Greek is likely to become once more a known language in the upper schools. Geography, hitherto almost unheard of, will be made visible, and a map of the world will become as familiar an object in the school-room as the crucifix or the king's portrait. Parents, rich as well as poor, will be in the way of perceiving that there are other reasons why their sons should go to school, besides that doubtful one of learning to be priests. Infant schools, already begun, open the way for girls' schools in the villages of Italy. The village schoolmaster may hope to exchange rags for decent apparel, and the drudgery of the daily school will be lightened by lessons in song, by the ingenious essays of young draughtsmen, who shall emulate the old masters of their own bright land, and by the recitations of adventurous young geographers. When all this has come to pass, most of us will have departed hence, but come to pass it will. The principles which guide the scholastic reformers of United Italy, are altogether sound, and must prevail.

With reference to religion, the position taken by the Government and Legislature is most satisfactory; and not here anticipating what will arise when we come to speak of ecclesiastical seminaries, let us note the regulations concerning schools. As these regulations now stand, the religion of all schools is presumed to be that which has hitherto been predominant in the country. The principal festivals are to be observed, and the children of all public elementary schools are to be marched to the parish churches at the hours appointed. The provincial council superintends religious instruction. The children are to be duly examined in the catechism of the diocese, and in such portions of Scripture history as are appointed for their respective classes. The parish priest, if he pleases, but not without the municipal superintendent, who must be present and take his part in the

duty, is to examine the children in their branches of religious instruction. If the priest be absent, the examination is not on that account to be set aside, but conducted by the master of the class. Masters must not employ any offensive language, nor inflict stripes on the children, nor marks of disgrace, nor painful or humiliating chastisements, nor impose tasks by way of punishment. "Children who do not profess the Catholic worship are excused from the study of the religious matters, which are marked out in the programmes of elementary classes."

In gymnasiums and lyceums, or classical and mathematical schools, religious instruction is not given in school hours, but once or twice in the week, as may be convenient, to classes formed by the "director of religion," in the oratory of the institution. In technical institutes and schools, while the students assemble in their classes to receive religious instruction, or attend at divine service, the *accattolici* are to receive instruction from their own ministers, or proceed to worship God in their own congregations. Thus is religious liberty acknowledged to be the inheritance of every born Italian; and thus is every Christian Church free in this free State. Henceforth it will be the fault of the minority in Italy, if such laws as these are forgotten or evaded. Every child will from his infancy learn to perpetuate a tradition of liberty even in the land of Innocent III.; and after one generation has passed away, the boys of 1890 will begin to recite the tales of the Madiati and of the child Mortara as legends of a barbarous age—like our "children in the wood."

Concerning elementary education, as reported by the commissioners appointed to ascertain the state of elementary and normal schools, there is, as yet, very little to be said; and, taking the reports altogether, the diversity and confusion are somewhat perplexing. The efforts of Matteucci to establish infant schools appear to have been extensively successful. Female schools, not a few, are in operation, and there are even Sunday-schools—as in Germany—and evening schools. But these institutions are young—advancing indeed, but quietly advancing amidst the disadvantages of inexperience. The teachers, both male and female, are said to display much goodwill, and even enthusiasm, being no doubt grateful for the efforts made to elevate the lower classes; but the normal schools, where these teachers have to be trained, are for the most part in need of great improvement. One most encouraging peculiarity of this new field is the scope it affords for private benevolence, under the influence confessedly exerted on benevolent persons by the example of England.

It is stated that, supposing Italy to be divided, theoretically, into three grand sections, north, central, and south, the light of civilization diminishes from north to central and south, in almost regular proportion. Hence the natural conclusions that, as you travel in the same direction you will find the necessity for elementary schools increasing; and that the further southward you go, the nearer useless, or perhaps the more positively injurious to social comfort and morality, the flocks of untaught and demoralized children will be found. Ignorance, irreligion, and vice have grown up together with the inhabitants, and swayed a power ever increasing, until the threefold oppression becomes deadly in the classic provinces of assassinations and brigands. There is also a certain reticence more notable in this part of the document than in the others, which may be accounted for by an obvious political reason. We can understand this, and sympathise with the Government which carries from Torino down to Calabria the boon of intelligence and freedom.

Thus far we have glanced over the broad field of secular instruction, mentioning religion and the Church but incidentally, and in this respect have but proceeded, *pari passu*, with the Educational Commissioners themselves, who avoid intermeddling with what lies beyond their own department. It is their business to understand how the people are taught, to extend their supervision to all circles of society, to elevate the standard of education for those whose duties and stations may require the highest possible perfection of intellectual culture, and to diffuse necessary knowledge over the whole surface of the country, enabling the rudest mountaineer and the poorest menial to master the rudiments, which are, after all, the key of all learning. And it is pleasant to find that the representatives of the people have taken their full share in the burden of labour; even hurrying the Government to a conclusion in the law of 1st September, 1865, which they might of themselves have been naturally unwilling to precipitate. Now we step over the line and come into the region of the Church, gathering from the "*Statistics of the Kingdom of Italy*," presented to the King in November last by Natoli, Minister of Instruction, what have been, and what now are, the relative positions of clergy and laity in regard to education. *Seminaries* are the subject of this document.

Seminaries, as they are called in ecclesiastical phrase, are schools in colleges for training priests. That is a seminary at Maynooth—a seed-plot or nursery for young priests. The minister opens his *cenni storici* concerning these establish-

ments with just two lines, conveying a hint, more significant than might appear at first sight, as to their origin and title. "The seminaries," he writes, "promoted by the Council of Trent, have nothing to correspond with them in the Primitive Church. In that time of ecclesiastical reforms they were established to supply the parishes with honest and educated priests." To many minds the real origin of seminaries may lie unnoticed among the less conspicuous events of the sixteenth century; but, after all, it is well to be reminded that they were *promoted*, not *originated*, by the Council of Trent, and that in both the origination and the promotion, something more was aimed at than the provision of parishes with honest and educated priests. The relation of Wycliffe to Oxford, and of Huss to Prague; the correspondence of Henry VIII. with the Universities of Europe; the attitude of the University of Paris in regard to the liberties of the French clergy; these and many other leading facts of history make it evident that those great institutions, however subservient to the Romish clergy they might have been in general, were too national in spirit to be relied upon in great exigencies for working out the policy of the Court of Rome. In the discussion of national questions, or when any vital national interest was concerned, the academicians forsook the priesthood. Some institution was therefore needed wherein the *etates innocentes*, as the first historian of the Society of Jesus is pleased to call the boys of his day, might receive the milk for babes, and be certainly imbued with approved and unquestionable sacerdotal principles. It was just seventeen years before the promotion of seminaries by the Council of Trent that the beginning was made in Germany by the founding of the German College, projected by St. Ignatius himself, whom two Italian Cardinals, Morone and Corvini, zealously assisted. Pope Julius III. approved the scheme, and forthwith set his own hand to its accomplishment, on a larger scale, by assembling the Cardinals in Consistory, and laying before them how great advantage would accrue to the Church if young men of the provinces, at that time more infected than any other part of the world with the Lutheran heresy, could be brought away to Rome and furnished with the knowledge necessary to combat heresy. Having spoken much to that effect, drawing out a paper prepared for the occasion, he invited the Cardinals to write down how much they would each one engage to subscribe yearly for so laudable an object, himself heading the list with an annual subscription of 500 scudi. Thirty-three Cardinals were present; they all contributed; a revenue of

3,065 scudi was thus raised on the spot. In the year 1552 a Papal Bull established the Roman seminary, and Julius wisely employed the founder of the Society of Jesus to frame the rules for its government, and bade him place it in charge of his disciples. Thus it stood in 1563. At that time the Council had wearied Europe with its unsatisfactory proceedings; a presumptuous summons to the princes of Christendom to reform themselves just then raised a storm of justifiable indignation, and some questions of right between the temporal and spiritual authorities, which the Council endeavoured to settle, but which attempted settlement was likely to be occasion of perpetual disputes, entirely absorbed the attention of statesmen. Then, towards the close of the Council, the Fathers suddenly agreed to take this step for the more effectual reformation, as the phrase was, of the clergy. There was no inclination, perhaps no opportunity, for any one to do more than congratulate them on what appeared to the unwary a very reasonable and even praiseworthy measure. The Decree may be found in its place.* It provides for the establishment of seminaries in metropolitan and other cathedrals, and greater churches, for the instruction of youth in Church discipline and learning, none to be admitted under twelve years of age, all to have the tonsure and use the clerical habit, and be taught the duties of priests; to be at mass and confession daily, but in case of bad conduct the incorrigible were to be dismissed. Except in the event of expulsion, the alternative of declining ordination was not contemplated. Ample provisions were made for the maintenance of the schools out of the revenues of the Church. The perusal of this decree gave the highest satisfaction to the Pope then reigning, who expressed his desire not only to support the seminary already established at Rome, but *to extend the system to all other parts of Italy*. How fully this intention was carried out, and how far it was exceeded, is set forth in this report of Natoli.

They were endowed at their foundation by gifts or bequests of benefactors, or, when these sources of maintenance were not sufficient, by taxes levied on churches of the respective dioceses as decreed by the Council, or by the union of simple benefices, or by grants from bishops' tables. Each seminary was governed by a rector nominated by the bishop, and acting under the inspection of two canons of the cathedral; but the bishop was always chief. The provincial councils of France, Italy, and Spain added nothing remarkable to the

* Can. et Decret. Conc. Trid. Sess. xxiii. cap. 18, de Reform.

decree of Trent concerning seminaries, but were generally careful that the *primâ facie* intention of that decree should be well guarded, namely, the training of priests. With this view one of the French synods obliged fathers and guardians of boys to swear that they should become priests—worthy or unworthy was not made a question. In another diocesan synod, however, it was determined that the cleric who should choose to leave the seminary of that particular diocese for want of feeling a vocation to the priesthood, should refund what his maintenance had cost, whereby, let us observe, the rich student was set free to follow his inclination to the world, and the poor one could not afford to feel at liberty to doubt of a vocation to the Church. St. Charles Borromeo, more wise than council or synod, ordained that as soon as ever clerics, in any of the institutions established by himself, might think that they would not prefer to be priests or monks they should quit the seminary.

But in course of time this state of things underwent an entire change. Many seminaries had received liberal endowments from pious citizens on condition that young laymen might be admitted into them for general instruction in classes formed for that purpose. Then again, in the greater part of the Peninsula, when the endowments were found insufficient, the governments then existing appropriated to the support of needy seminaries grants from private or communal revenues originally intended for the education of laics. This was not all. Those governments, anxious to place their youth in the hands of priests, their faithful assistants in holding down the people in quiet obedience, not only consented that middle-class schools for lads not intended for the priesthood, should be connected with the bishops' schools meant, originally, for young priests only; but, also, at their own pleasure, placed under the absolute control of the bishops other collegiate establishments of education for the laity, previously managed by religious corporations, although supported by revenues of their own. But the princes who, for this reason of state, made use of the clergy, did not, after all, relinquish their right of interference in those establishments, but preserved their own authority intact, as to the appointment of teachers, the studies to be pursued, and the government to be administered. Meanwhile, also, not a few bishops, whether for the sake of gain, or to acquire greater influence in families, threw their seminaries open for elementary and secondary instruction to boys who were never meant to be sent into the priesthood. Thus arose and took

root in Italy the hybridous institution of seminaries lay-ecclesiastical, manifestly degenerated from the original design, to the great injury of society. The facts and documents here collected in proof of this assertion are too numerous to be quoted, but any reader being sufficiently concerned on the subject to possess himself of the Report,* will be much gratified in perusing them at length.

The bonds of a common understanding and common interest, which united the fallen governments of Italy and the superior clergy, were utterly broken under the triumph of the national cause against which both clergy and governments had vainly striven. The diocesans were then brought face to face with a new government, which, if from the first it showed itself willing to leave them at perfect liberty to judge what degree of knowledge is requisite for those who aspire to holy orders, and did not trouble itself to intrude its vigilance actively on the theological studies of the seminaries, nevertheless felt the duty of prescribing and overseeing the secondary and elementary instruction furnished in such institutions where, mingled with clerics destined to the priesthood and in far greater numbers, are youths intending to remain among the laity. The Italian Government was also willing enough to leave bishops at perfect liberty, like any other citizens, to open schools of secondary and elementary instruction, but could not allow them privileges incompatible with that equality of every class of citizens which is the very foundation on which all the institutions of the kingdom rest. It would, therefore, have been desirable, even for the sake of the interests of the Church itself, that the diocesan authorities should have given the country an example of obedience to the laws of the State, not assailing those rights which, being in themselves part of the positive internal right of the kingdom, it belongs to the Government to administer, by exercising supervision over the literary and scientific schools annexed to the seminaries. But what was the conduct of the bishops?

Some of them, with the best grace, submitted to the laws of the country, and opened the doors of the seminaries to Government inspection. Thus did the Bishop of Cremona. This bishop, not at all opposed to the national institutions, but rather bent on making his schools conform to the system and teaching of the public schools, did not hesitate to carry into practice all that the Government authority desired as

* *Statistica*, &c. pp. x.—xxix.

concerns the studies, the teaching, and the teachers. In like manner did the Bishop of the Diocese conduct himself with respect to the seminaries of Sarno and of Cava de' Terreni. The Bishop of Siena, on the contrary, gave the rector of the seminary instructions to this effect:—He should furnish the Government Inspectors with all information that they could desire concerning the Secondary Schools belonging to the seminary—whenever an Inspector might wish to be present at a lesson, or at any examination of classes, the rector should go with him, and should give himself freely to whatever might tend to convey a correct impression of the teaching in the bishop's schools; if the Government functionary had any light to communicate concerning the advancement of good studies, the rector should receive it thankfully; but he should take good care that the ecclesiastical authority was respected in the fulness of its entire independence, that authority being, according to the sacred canons, the only legislatress and moderatress of the seminaries. And his instructions ended in these words:—"Receive advices, information, help, but do not consent that any laws be imposed; for we are sure that the Royal Government, which respects and guards the rights of all, will respect and guard the rights of the bishops."

There is certainly a touch of irony in these instructions which would seem to betoken a rather suspicious reserve in the Bishop of Sarno, but with him it appears that all has turned out well. Not so with others; for although many other seminaries of the kingdom were inspected by the scholastic authorities, and positive information obtained concerning their schools, it was not through any kindness on the part of the diocesan authorities, nor of the rectors in charge. At first, the Diocesans of Emilia, the Marches and the Umbria protested against Government inspection, declaring it contrary to the laws of the Church, which places the instruction and education that is given in the seminaries under the bishops only: but afterwards, when they saw the firm determination of the Government to close every seminary into which the Inspector was not allowed to enter, many of them yielded. In some other dioceses the bishops yielded to the formal remonstrances of their clergy, or, at least, to the fear of seeing their revenue sequestrated. The Vicar of the Ordinary of Bari declared that he permitted the visit merely to avoid publicity, but that the Government agents who caused it to be made were excommunicated by the

Syllabus. Many such answers were made to Inspectors on their proceeding to visit the seminaries, of which the substance was the same, a denial that the State had any right of interference, a direct opposition to the laws, a deadly opposition to the national government. The archbishops and bishops of the Neapolitan territory presented the boldest front, making a solemn protest, penned with the eloquence of impassioned resolution. It is dated "All Saints, 1862," and after a terse and even dignified declaration of ecclesiastical independence of all earthly powers, concludes in these terms:—

"Therefore you, Mr. Minister, must be convinced that our diocesan seminaries are not public schools open generally, as you would say, to any who choose to attend in them; but that, according to the universal discipline of the Church, they are religious houses wherein those youths are taught who give sufficient indication that they are called of God to minister at the altars. The Sacrosanct, Council of Trent, which gave solemn sanction to this most useful foundation, and in its 23rd Session, in all the 80th (18th) chapter *de Reformatione*, assigned the rules by which these sacred colleges (*convitti*) should be founded, administered, and directed, expressly prescribes that in all and for all they depend upon the Bishops, because the Bishops only can answer before God for the knowledge and the virtue of those on whom they lay their hands in sacred ordination. Now, who does not know that the books, the method of teaching, and the masters are the most essential parts of education? Besides, is it not a great injustice that, while in the name of liberty and progress, every sect of heretics is permitted to open public schools, to the ruin and disgrace of the faith of our fathers, it is now forbidden to the Catholic Church, that is to say, to the religion declared by the statute *the only dominant religion* in the kingdom, to discipline in her own way her own young Levites? Faithful to these principles, we declare loudly that we will never on any consideration consent to the requests which the Councils of public instruction make us in virtue of the said ministerial order: so that whenever the Government may employ force we shall be under the hard necessity of not regarding our seminaries any longer as clerical colleges, and shall not admit nor promote to Holy Orders those who have anything to do with them."

This came to the point. If the seminaries were not public institutions they were not subject to public control or oversight, but thence it would also necessarily follow that the Church in Italy was a private institution, exempt from public control. How, then, could such an institution be *dominant*? But not deigning to discuss that question, the Government insisted that the seminaries had been thrown open to the laity in the Neapolitan provinces as in all the others, for

the sufficient reason that they were largely supported by donations of wealthy laymen for the express purpose that the schools attached to them might be for the instruction of children of the laity without restriction. In pursuance of this compact between the bishops and the people, even little children—not young laymen—were taught their alphabet in the schools from which it was now attempted to shut out inspection. The Government further remembered that the last King of Naples had exercised direct control over these very seminaries, and the Minister of Victor Emmanuel quotes a royal order of Ferdinand commanding the Bishop to watch over the morals of the students with redoubled pastoral diligence, and to be careful as to the morals, the books, the teaching, the masters, and the loyalty due to the reigning dynasty.

But, apart from the question of right, it became necessary to exert authority. The seminaries were known to be hotbeds of sedition. The professors led the way in open hostility to the Government. Riotous banquets were held, as, for example, at Sanseverino, where, on the feast of St. Catherine, masters and scholars, at the call of the archdeacon of the cathedral, broke out into cries of *Pius the Ninth for ever, Pope and King!* At Teramo the rector of the seminary preached openly against the King's Government, and some of the professors held frequent meetings of students in their houses, to indoctrinate and excite them against the institutions of the country. Added to this, some instances of unutterable immorality scandalized the public and hastened the crisis. Under date of 18th October, 1864, the Minister of Public Instruction issued a circular to the Prefects presiding at the Councils of Education in the Neapolitan Provinces, directing them to invite the heads of the Episcopal seminaries to report with all convenient speed the state of the literary and scientific schools attached to them. This summons did little more than call forth formal refusals from the parties addressed, and assurances that the theological instruction should not be interfered with; earnest and courteous intreaties addressed personally to the bishops were not of the least avail. Therefore, after long patience, on the 1st September, 1865, advised by the Secretaries of State for Public Instruction, for Grace and Justice, and for Worship, the King signed a decree which closed all the seminaries in the Neapolitan provinces, confiscated the buildings, estates, and revenues; appropriated, for the future, one-third of the rents to the Bishops for

Promoting Theological Instruction, and two-thirds to the Minister for Promoting Public Instruction. All schools, clerical as well as lay, were then made subject to Government inspection.

The full effect of this measure has yet to be ascertained.

In all other provinces of the kingdom, the seminaries have been inspected, and the reports of their condition are valuable, as exhibiting evidence of an almost incredible indifference on the part of the clergy to the professed objects of their own institutions, with uncontrollable disaffection to the Government. In the Lombard provinces the study of Latin is the one most diligently pursued by masters and students; but the Latin taught there is anything but Ciceronian; and the teaching consists in merely loading the memory with certain forms of language, which require to be known in reading ecclesiastical books, and performing religious rites. Italian they study, indeed, not for the education of the man, nor as a guide to the national classics, but as a mechanical introduction to a style of antiquated and tasteless composition. There is no teaching of natural science; extremely little time is given to mathematics and arithmetic, least of all to history and geography. Even the little they profess to teach is taught so badly as to lose any little value it might have if really acquired. As for merit, the standard is set according to the political attachments of the students, which determines the favour or disfavour to be shown them. At Crema, for example, where Latin is well taught, and Italian tolerably, but everything else passed over, geography and natural history, for example, being never mentioned; the political education may be judged of by the conclusion of an exercise written by one of the students on the Battle of Lepanto, in the form of an apostrophe to Pio IX.

“O my Pontiff, O my King, take courage! The Almighty will make prodigies arise for thee. The prayers of the Catholic world will attend thee. The prodigy is already begun with new facts of the Italian Government, which indicate a happier turn of political affairs, and the speedy triumph of the Church. Courage, O Pius! The libertines will fall, and God will send a legion of angels to disperse these enemies of the Church.”

As to the Modenese and Parmese provinces, a report from Carpi by the Government Delegate conveys an account of one of their seminaries which may fairly be taken as an exact description of the whole.

"I certainly always thought that the education supplied in this seminary was superstitious, and the instruction defective and not in keeping with the spirit of the times; but I have felt both surprise and pain at seeing these poor young men prostrate in spirit, and without the least of that glow of life which you see in boys of ten or twelve years; and at finding on questioning the teachers that little is taught, nothing learnt, and that the new systems of teaching are not only left aside altogether, but are objected to by these masters, and that the *alumni* are set to learn lessons by memory without the slightest exercise of intellect. I should not fail to report that not a word is ever said to the seminarists concerning country, or nationality, or constitution, or king; that themes are set them containing maxims contrary to the laws and rights of the State, and exciting to disobedience of their laws. Naturally unready as I am to give credit to the accusations which are sometimes laid against these institutions, because they are not always founded in truth, I should not have believed what I have now stated, if I had not heard it with my ears, and read it in the writings laid before me.

"If the youths that are shut up in this seminary were for the most part educated for the priesthood, and came out priests, we should have the misfortune of getting ignorant or retrograde priests, certainly not without injury to society and to this poor country. But the evil is very much greater—nay, we may say that it is incalculable, when we find that by far the greatest majority, no less than 98 of the 100, before they have well gone through their studies, quit the seminary, put off the ecclesiastical habit, and return to their families, most of whom are land-owners in the country, ignorant of everything, deeply prejudiced against the friends of liberty and progress, enamoured of the priests alone, with whom they soon make common cause for keeping the countryfolk in ignorance, and nourishing in those rude minds an affection for the past which they do not despise, because they do not know, and aversion for the present, and for all aspirations for the future; aspirations which they are taught to regard as the cause of all the evils which befall citizens, families, and populations."

In short, the inmates of the seminaries turn out fit for nothing but priests,—priests of the sort desired by those who train them—slightly above the level of the flocks they are to lead. In the provinces formerly under the dominion of Rome, the seminaries were found full of students—if students they might be called—many still retaining attachment to the old government. The little time given to study, the notorious laxity of morals, and cheapness of living, used to draw crowds of young men to those ecclesiastical establishments. They were poor, lazy, ragged, and unclean. Not a ray of new light penetrated those dens of artificial ignorance. A young *alumnus* of the Seminary of Ravenna, on being required to state the grand divisions of Europe, political

and physical, at first omitted Italy, but on second thought gave the Italian territory as marked out by the Treaty of Vienna. At the Seminary of Saint Angelo di Vado, the scholars, on the close of the scholastic year, offered their prizes for Peter's pence. The Seminary of Pescina de' Marsi, in the second Abruzzo Ulteriore, closed spontaneously by the flight of masters and scholars, who decamped to escape the vengeance of the inhabitants whom their immoralities had scandalized.

Unless it were possible to reverse the wheels of time, no conceivable political reaction could annihilate the benefits which Italy has derived from the efforts to create a real system of public instruction during the last six years. Not with reckless innovation, but with studious research, and statesmanlike appreciation of all elements of calculation, the Italians have at one cast thrown away all the traditions of a corrupt antiquity; and yet they have sought, but sought in vain, for needful instruction in the times of Augustus, and Justinian, and Gregory. They cannot find any model for a new fabric in the structures of antiquity, but they learn wisdom from the experience of successive ages, and skill from a survey of the world around. Their present youth were children when Italy became a nation, and the enthusiasm they caught while yet in their mothers' arms, now becomes a guiding influence and principle. They crowd the technical schools to acquire practical knowledge of the arts of life. And if the spirit of Matteucci be permitted to breathe freely through a second lustrum, the gradual reformation of the universities and higher schools, the paralysis of priestly domination, and the healing influences of pure faith, will surely place Italy on a level with the happiest nations of the world.

ART. V.—*The Guardian Newspaper.* April 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th, 1866.

VERY remarkable and very beautiful is the unanimity of affectionate admiration and regret with which the intelligence of Mr. Keble's decease has been responded to by Christian men of every denominational colour. The *Nonconformist* has vied with the *Guardian* in its tribute to his merits as a sacred poet and his goodness as a man. The most zealous antagonists of that Tractarian school, of which he was so distinguished an ornament, have, in presence of his tomb, not only forgotten all narrowness, but suppressed their antagonism. Even the mere critic, the literary critic, has seemed to forget his craft. The only exception to this last remark that we have been able to discover is the *Spectator*. This journal alone has so far preserved its calmness, and has been so sternly true to its vocation, as to criticise with rigid fidelity the poetry of the *Christian Year*, and to attempt to enforce discrimination in the praise which is accorded to that volume.

There must have been very special reasons to account for so universal an admiration and tenderness for a man of extreme opinions. Nothing could exceed the bitterness of his friend, pupil, and *protégé*, Froude, towards everything Protestant; he did not scruple to profess that he "hated the Reformation;" he poured contempt on its most illustrious names; he abominated Puritanism; he reserved his utmost scorn and antipathy for "irreverent Dissenters." Of such a man, Keble was the tutor, the patron, the friend, and finally, the posthumous editor of certain "Remains," which Dr. Arnold characterised as especially remarkable for their "extraordinary impudence," particularly as shown in the style in which he, "a young man" and an English clergyman, "reviled" all the men most highly honoured by the Church of England. And yet Protestants, Puritans, and Dissenters, have agreed to canonize Mr. Keble. Newman, again, as the most active leader of the Anglo-Catholic party at Oxford, and especially as the writer of certain tracts, of which *Tract XC.* was the last and the most thoroughly offensive to the Protestant feeling and the plain honesty of the English nation, brought upon himself the indignation of nearly all England; being

regarded as no better than a traitorous Papist undermining the Protestantism of the realm. Mr. Rogers, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, expressed the common feeling of almost all but Tractarians themselves, when he said that "number ninety ought by rights to be called 'The Art of Perjury made Easy.'" But Keble was completely at one in his views at that time with the writer of *Tract XC.* We have it in his own words that he was "himself responsible, as far as any one besides the actual writer can be, for the tract on which so severe a condemnation has been pronounced by the heads of houses at Oxford, having seen it in proof, and strongly recommended its publication.* This fact was generally known at the time. Moreover, Mr. Keble addressed a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge (now Sir J. T. Coleridge), in defence of *Tract XC.*, which was printed and privately circulated in 1841, from which letter the statement we have quoted is taken. This letter was no secret at the time, and has within the last few months, with Mr. Keble's consent, been republished by Dr. Pusey in conjunction with *Tract XC.* itself and Dr. Pusey's own "Historical Preface," as a supplement to that Doctor's *Eirenicon*, and in order to aid in the illustration of the views set forth in that volume. Yet somehow Mr. Keble has never been visited with any considerable share of the indignation which has burnt so strongly and for so many years against Dr. Newman. And, whilst Dr. Pusey's "*Eirenicon*" has called forth so much criticism and remonstrance, partly in deep sadness and partly in natural Protestant anger and horror—although, in simple truth, Dr. Pusey has only expressed in the *Eirenicon* views which he has consistently held for more than thirty years—it seems to have been overlooked by all, that Dr. Pusey's Preface to his republication of *Tract XC.*, together with Mr. Keble's letter published in the same pamphlet, shows that Mr. Keble has all along, and to the last, held views as strictly in agreement, as to the main points, with those of Dr. Pusey, as Dr. Pusey's views and his own have been in agreement with those held by Newman five-and-twenty years ago, at the very time, that is, when Newman felt that the Church of England was no longer the place for him. It may, in fact, be said that, with the exception of a brief interval in the very height of the Tractarian controversy, and during which Keble's name, because of its association with Proude's and Newman's, operated to abate the popularity of his poetry, Mr. Keble has been growing

* *Tract XC.* &c., republished by Dr. Pusey. 1865.

for nearly forty years in the esteem of his countrymen. He has seemed to bear a charmed life. Those who spared none besides spared him. The reason of this is, perhaps, not difficult to perceive. He has borne the sacred name of "poet." A *vates* even in these modern times is looked upon with reverence as well as admiration. He has entered actively into no controversy, whatever may have been his personal sentiments or his private offices. He has led a secluded, saintly life, worthy of a Christian pastor and poet, far from the world's strife, far even from the Church's rivalries, declining all preferment, eschewing all ambition, holding to the friends of his youth, abiding in the parish to which his way was guided in early manhood, living for thirty years among the same scenes and the same people, dying as he had lived, and carried to his long rest among his own parishioners in his own churchyard, from the beautiful church which he had built and adorned out of the profits of his own churchly poems. In such a life there is a unity, a purity, a beauty, which cannot fail to touch refined and Christian hearts. For the sake of all this, this nation has forgiven what it cannot but regard as the errors of Mr. Keble. His personal opinions were extreme, so extreme as to lead him to admire the character of Froude, in spite of his immodesty, his intolerance, and his puerile asceticism; because there was in the young man such heartiness, such good fellowship, such zeal, such talent, and all consecrated to the cause of "Catholic" restoration and Christian progress, as he understood it; so extreme, again, were his opinions as to carry him along with Newman in all that he did, at least until after the publication of *Tract XC*. But his personal disposition was tender and loving; and his own administration was mild and persuasive. His church principles were "sentiments," to borrow a French word for a French thought, rather than energies. He dreamt, and mused, and meditated; but he did not seek to revolutionise. It is remarkable that, in his own beautiful church, with all its rare and costly adornments, ritualism was not carried to any puerile or superstitious extreme. He was the oldest and most intimate friend of Sir J. T. Coleridge, himself the dearest friend of Arnold. And widely as Arnold and he, who had been early friends, came to be sundered, each bore towards the other, throughout, a deep and affectionate regard. Such a man, and the friend of such men, could not but be loved in spite of Romanising sympathies and opinions.

The lesson to be learnt from such a case as this, especially when viewed in all its connections, is surely one of charity;

charity towards individuals, whatever we may think of their opinions; charity in judging of men's motives and personal character. Keble held all Newman's views; yet Keble, men now agree, was a good—even a saintly man. Newman, the astute, the teacher of dishonest interpretations, it is hard now to doubt, has himself throughout been an honest English gentleman. Dr. Pusey, notwithstanding his *Eirenicon*, a book which as richly deserves condemnation as ever *Tract XC.* did, is just as good a man now as he was when he published his *Commentary on the Minor Prophets* (not yet, indeed, completed) and his *Lectures on Daniel*. At the same time, it is to be hoped that our charity will not be allowed to put out the eyes of our understanding, so that we shall fail to distinguish between true and false, light and darkness. Mr. Keble, it must never be forgotten, was at heart a mild Romanist. One reason of the popularity of his *Christian Year* is that his latent Romanism appears in it so slightly and so seldom.

Nearly all that is known of the early life of Mr. Keble is derived from the letters to the *Guardian* of Sir J. T. Coleridge, his oldest and most intimate friend—their friendship having been such as has very rarely been known, unbroken by business, or distance, or misunderstanding, for five-and-fifty years. It is not an insignificant circumstance that John Keble was never at a public school. His father was Vicar of Coln St. Aldwyn's, near Fairford, in Gloucestershire, and resided at Fairford, in his own patrimonial house, as we gather from Sir J. T. Coleridge's account. The father conducted the education of his two sons himself, and prepared them both for the university. He was, we are informed, "a man of no ordinary ability and character;" and "he lived to his ninetieth year in the occasional discharge of his duty up to within a few months of his death." The manner in which his son John acquitted himself on his entrance within the university is decisive proof of the ability and scholarship of the father, while the reverence and love with which his son always spoke of him, may be taken as evidence of his moral worth. Young Keble was not quite fifteen when, in December, 1806, he competed successfully for a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, of which college his father had been a fellow. In Easter Term, 1810, being but a little more than eighteen years of age, he obtained his B.A. degree; being placed in both first classes in his examination. A double first at such an age was an extraordinary instance of precocious scholarship; and we

have the testimony of his friend that "the first classes in that examination were very distinguished; and among the examiners was Gaisford." Such rare scholarship, at so early an age, was not very likely to have been attained by one educated at any of the public schools more than fifty years ago. The public schools of England now are by no means eminent for efficient school training. In the coarse and Spartan age, when our grandfathers went to school, they were still less so. Neither, we may add, is it likely that, if he had gone to Winchester or Harrow, to Westminster or Eton, young Keble would have retained untarnished that bloom of youthful goodness, which seems to have been eminently characteristic of him from the first. From his father's house at Fairford to Oxford was an easy ride; and the loving and home-nurtured youth seems never to have departed from the godly ways to which he had been trained under his father's eye. No doubt this fact has some relation to the exquisite simplicity and purity which distinguished Mr. Keble's character in after life.

The consequence of young Keble's success as a scholar of Corpus Christi was, that he was speedily elected to what at that time was counted the most distinguished honour that Oxford could bestow—a Fellowship at Oriel. Among the Fellows of Oriel at that time was such men as Copleston, Davison, and Whately. Intellectually, we apprehend, Keble was not at any time of his life the equal of such men, although as a mere scholar he may have been superior to more than one of them. It cannot be imagined that, at nineteen, this "junior fellow" can have been equal to sustaining his part with such intellectual athletes, in what Sir J. T. Coleridge describes as "the learned and able, not rarely the subtle and disputatious, conversations round the fire in the Oriel Common Room." It is not wonderful that his friend fancies that "he sometimes yearned for the more easy, yet not unintellectual, society of his old friends at Corpus." We may be permitted, perhaps, to imagine that such disputations as those in which Whately and his friends took part may have tended to produce in the mind of their immature and unequal colleague, some distaste for subtle and daring speculations, may have led a youth of his reverent spirit and feminine genius to fly for refuge to the traditions and authority of "the Church," whom in his poems he so often apostrophizes as a "Mother." And here, again, it is not out of place to remark, that if his home-breeding had helped to preserve uninjured the bloom of his mind's virgin

purity, the bold play and competition of tempers and wits at a public school might have tended to develop a manliness and self-reliance of character and judgment, which might have preserved him from the errors of a superstitious externalism, and given to his intellect and to his poetry a distinctness and force, the want of which is one of his admitted defects.

The conscientious industry of Keble had enabled him to take the highest honours in the mathematical studies prescribed for the honour course at Oxford. But there can be no doubt that his chief success, as a scholar, if he had devoted his life to scholarship, would have been in the classics and elegant literature. In 1812 he won both the Chancellor's Essay Prizes in Latin and English. At this time, he might have been considered the most rising man at Oxford. But ambition was not one of his passions, although he cannot have been insensible to its solicitations. He seems, in truth, to have been one of those happily constituted men, in whom home affections are paramount. A devoted son, an affectionate brother, and a devout Christian, duty and affection seem to have ruled him from his youth up. All his allegiance appears to have been given to his home, his Church, and his God. "If he had ambition in his nature," says his friend, "he had very early and effectually suppressed it. The Church he had deliberately chosen as his profession, and he desired to follow that in a country cure." These were his principles; in these channels flowed the even current of his affections. "Calls—temporary calls he always considered them—of duty to his college and university for a time and at intervals diverted him; but he always kept these outlines steadily in view, and, as the occasion passed away, reverted to them with the permanent devotion of his heart."

Keble became a tutor in his college about the year 1814. Between 1814 and 1816 he was one of the Examining Masters for the University; an office which he filled again from Michaelmas 1821 to Easter 1823. He was ordained deacon in 1815, being twenty-three years of age, and priest in the year following. He served the curacies of the two small parishes of East Leach and Burthorpe. These villages are at a considerable distance from Oxford, being, as Sir J. T. Coleridge informs us, near to Fairford. How Mr. Keble contrived to serve them as curate, and at the same time to discharge his laborious duties as Examining Master for the University, and tutor in his college, "it seems difficult,"

indeed, as his surviving friend and memorialist observes, "to understand." What is suggested, in the way of an explanation, is, that the parishes were extremely small and contiguous to each other; and also that, as they were near to Fairford, "he might count on the assistance of his father." We may be permitted also to suggest that curates fifty years ago did not work in their parishes as curates do now. We cannot but conclude that the parochial work of young Mr. Keble was somewhat slightly performed, although even then he was beginning to write the poems afterwards published in the *Christian Year*. His friend adds, that "he was pretty regularly, during the vacations, residing at Fairford, and during term time he rode from Oxford on alternate Saturdays for the duty of the Sunday." For the remaining alternate Sundays some special arrangement must have been made.

It was in the year 1822 that Mr. Newman was elected an associate of the distinguished Society of Oriel. At that time Mr. Keble was one of the most eminent and honoured men at the University.

"The first time," says Mr. Newman in his *Apologia*, "that I was in a room with him (Keble) was on occasion of my election to a fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the tower, to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years, forty-two this very day on which I write! I have lately had a letter in my hands, which I sent at the time to my great friend, John Bowden, with whom I passed almost exclusively my undergraduate years. 'I had to hasten to the tower,' I say to him, 'to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking in the ground.' His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of, with reverence rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking in High-street with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, 'There's Keble!' and with what awe did I look at him! Then, at another time, I heard a Master of Arts of my college giving an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation, the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, admired and loved him, adding, that somehow he was unlike any one else. However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the evangelical and liberal schools, at least so I have ever thought. Hurrell Froude

brought us together about 1828: it is one of the sayings preserved in his *Remains* — ‘Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well; if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other.’” — *Newman’s Apologia*, pp. 75—77.

Personal reminiscences are, perhaps, as little to be trusted about oneself as about one’s friends. There must be some mistakes in the passage we have now quoted. Sir J. T. Coleridge is, of course, accurate when he states that Mr. Keble was Examining Master for the University from Michaelmas 1821 to Easter 1823. Mr. Newman, as may be inferred from the passage just quoted, and as is otherwise certain, was elected Fellow of Oriel, Keble’s own college, in 1822. Keble, therefore, must have been in residence at the time, although his parochial duties may have required his frequent absence in Gloucestershire. Moreover, it is hardly likely that the main reason of Keble’s distance from Newman at this time was the connection which a little before Newman had had with the “evangelical and liberal school.” Keble was for years the friend of Arnold; he was also friendly with Whately and with Milman. It can hardly be imagined that the slight tincture of liberalism which had passed upon Newman would alone have been sufficient to make Keble keep aloof from one who, it is plain, earnestly desired his acquaintance. This would hardly have comported with the character of one so “gentle” and “courteous.” Still less is it to be supposed that the mild and *decalvinised* remains of Newman’s evangelical opinions would have made him distasteful to such a man as Keble. To our thinking, the reason of Keble’s distaste for Newman is not difficult to divine; although it could hardly be expected that Newman would have the gift to divine it. Their characters were not likely to blend, except under the influence of some common solvent, some medium of overpoweringly strong affinity with both, through which characters so sharply contrasted might be combined in sympathy and counsel. Both had feminine natures. But Keble’s was the nature of a gentle, meditative woman, devoted to home duties, to parish work, to pious musings, to country walks and garden pleasures, to poetry and music, and especially to sacred minstrelsy; whereas Newman’s was the nature of a woman, at once dreamy and busy, benevolent and ambitious, devotional and speculative, refined and disputatious, restlessly active, zealously propagandist, such

as would found sisterhoods, write clever but extreme books, and revolutionise a parish. Any who have studied human nature will at once understand, if two such women were brought together, with what mild but settled aversion the gentle sister would regard her restless, unsafe, and ambitious compeer. Such a neighbour would disturb her tranquillity, spoil her meditations, interfere with her plans, and, like the baleful comet of which Milton speaks, "perplex" her "with fear of change." Very much of this sort, we cannot but think, were the feelings with which at first Keble regarded Newman, whose mind is essentially speculative and sceptical, and whose temper is eminently ambitious; who, indeed, as Bishop Copleston once declared to a friend, was neither understood nor trusted by any of his colleagues at Oriel. It was the Anglo-Catholic enterprise which finally brought the two into harmony and mutual understanding. Nor could a fitter instrument have been found for bringing about the union on this basis than Hurrell Froude. He was himself in several respects as great a contrast to Keble in character as even Newman. But then he had been Keble's devoted pupil; and he remained his devoted and admiring friend. Whatever his pride and bitterness against those whom he regarded as heretics, he was dutiful and reverent towards his former tutor. Moreover, although Newman in his *Apologia* speaks of Froude as "speculative," he was not metaphysically sceptical, and his speculations appear to have been confined within theologically safe regions. He had, in fact, seemingly from the first, bound himself to tradition. His affections went after antiquity, but in particular he doted upon the mediæval Church, which he regarded as the legitimate and full development of the patristic Church. His speculations never led him on to the verge of unbelief. While his zeal was hot and his mind active, his intellect seemed to make good its safety by servility to traditional dogma. If he mocked at the reformers, he held fast by "the saints." Furthermore, although such a zealot for traditional Church authority, and so bold and hot against all Protestants and Puritans, he was to his friends gentle, tender, playful, pleasant, and most open-hearted. It is easy to see by what ties such a man would be attached at once to Keble and to Newman. The former regarded him somewhat as a mother regards a high-spirited, spoilt, but frank, true-spoken, and affectionate son. She is proud of him, even while she disapproves of some of his proceedings. She reproves him, but gently and lovingly—too gently by far. She views all

his conduct with a partial eye. His very faults seem to her but the exuberances of a noble spirit. It must be remembered, also, that Froude's animosities corresponded to Keble's dislikes, and that his enthusiastic and passionate admiration was bestowed in accordance with Keble's preferences. The tempers of the tutor and pupil were very different, but their tastes and opinions were well agreed; and, in fact, those of Froude had been formed by Keble. What Keble instilled by gentle influence became in Froude a potent and heady spirit. Keble, accordingly, forgave the violence of his pupil, in part for the sake of his orthodoxy, and, in part, because of his dutifulness and affection to him personally. His excesses were but the excesses of a fine young nature on behalf of what was good and right. "E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side." While such were the ties which attached Keble to Froude, Newman was drawn to him both by agreement in theological and ecclesiastical opinions and tendencies, and also by a strong natural affinity of disposition. No one can read Newman's description of Froude and of himself in the *Apologia* without feeling that he and such a man as Froude must have been most congenial companions. Both were, intellectually, what he describes Froude as being, "critical and logical," "speculative and bold." Both "delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, of sacerdotal power and of full ecclesiastical liberty." "Hatred of the Reformers," "scorn" of Protestantism, are noted by Newman as characteristics of Froude.* And, as to himself,—"I became fierce," "I was indignant," "I despised every rival system," "I had a thorough contempt for the Evangelicals,"—such expressions as these abound in his delineation of his own character at this period of his life.† It is no wonder, therefore, that Froude and Newman claved to each other. And it is easy to understand how, through the influence of such a common friend as Froude, and of their common ecclesiastical and theological sympathies, Newman and Keble came to be intimately associated and warmly attached. Keble was much Newman's senior as a University man, and was also much his superior in University influence. To make such a man his friend must have been a great object with Newman, especially as the feeling of a vocation to reform the Church and the spirit of a propagandist began to take possession of him. Newman, there can be no doubt, used every effort to win Keble. And when once Keble

* *Apologia*, p. 85.

† *Ibid.* pp. 97, 113, 114, &c.

had overcome his aversion and distrust in regard to Newman, he, like all who have ever come into intimate relations with this gifted man, fell under the spell of his personal fascination, and became affectionately attached to him. Newman's secession to Rome was, Sir J. T. Coleridge tells us, "the greatest sorrow of his life."

We may note here, in passing, that, although when we read in the extract lately given from the *Apologia* that Keble's name, being the first Newman heard of when he came up to Oxford about the year 1817, was "spoken of with reverence rather than admiration," Keble being at the time not more than twenty-five years of age, we are tempted to think that Newman's report of what happened fifty years ago is coloured by the experience and associations of much later years, yet it is remarkable that Keble's friend, to whose biographical outline we are so much indebted in this sketch, confirms Newman's statement. In his first letter to the *Guardian*, he says, "It was the singular happiness of his nature, remarkable even in his undergraduate days, that love for him was always sanctified, as it were, by reverence—reverence that did not make the love less tender, and love that did but add intensity to the reverence."

The *Christian Year* was published in 1827, Keble being at the time thirty-five years of age and unmarried. "This work," says his friend, "had been in silent progress many years." "I have myself," he continues, "the Hymns for Septuagesima Sunday, St. Mark's Day, the Purification, and probably others, in MS. as early as 1819." Keble's "original plan" had been, as he himself stated in a letter to his friend Coleridge, dated 1825, "to complete the series" of poems, to "go on improving it all his life, and to leave it to come out, if judged useful, after he should be out of the way." But, acting on the advice of his friends, he published the book, by which for thirty years past he has been known throughout all the churches of English-speaking Christians, in the year we have mentioned, 1827. On the subject of this volume we shall have a few words to say by-and-bye. Here, in connection with the mention of its publication, we may fitly quote some sentences from Sir J. T. Coleridge's biographical sketch.

"The publication of the *Christian Year* was in one sense the greatest event of John Keble's life. No one, I believe, who was any way concerned in it, and certainly not he himself, had realised at the time its importance: we all thought it would probably succeed, sooner or later; and we felt sure that in proportion to its circulation it would

do good, and be a delight and comfort to those who should read and study it. It is not much to the discredit of our sagacity that we did not contemplate what followed. I do not speak of editions—nearly if not quite ninety in less than forty years—with a circulation still in full vigour. Circumstances for some years made me a sort of steward of it, and I know that the editions were unusually large, 3,000 being a very usual number. I do not speak of this, but of the manner of its reception and use; it has not been a book for the library—read through once, restored to its shelf, and occasionally referred to for a quotation—but a book for each individual, found in every room, companion in travel, comfort in sickness, again and again read, taken into the mind and heart, soothing, sustaining, teaching, purifying, exalting.

"This is not the place for criticism; indeed, I could not feel it to be the proper subject of literary criticism. No one knew its literary faults better than the author: wisely and not in pride, or through indolence, he abandoned the attempt at second hand to amend this unharmonious line, or that imperfect rhyme, or the instances here and there in which his idea might be somewhat obscurely expressed. Wordsworth's acute poetical sense recognised such faults; yet the book was his delight."

We have already mentioned that Keble's church at Hursley, where he spent the last thirty years of his life, was entirely rebuilt at a very great cost, and with great beauty, out of the profits of the *Christian Year*.

It was in the year following the publication of the poems, as we have seen, that Hurrell Froude was the means of introducing Newman to the friendship of Keble. From the union of these three the Tractarian movement may be said to have taken its earliest beginning. This part of Keble's life, many of the best men among his admirers have ever regarded with feelings of deep sadness, if not of moral disapproval. Newman has spoken of Keble as "the true and primary author" of "that movement afterwards called Tractarian."* He traces to the *Christian Year* influences, which he imagines to have given such shape and impulse to men's thoughts and feelings, as to have tended directly towards Tractarianism. He mentions, in particular, as pervading the *Christian Year*, "the doctrine that material phenomena are both the types and the instruments of real things unseen, a doctrine, which," he says, "embraces not only what Anglicans, as well as Catholics, believe about sacraments properly so called; but also the article of 'the Communion of Saints' in its fulness; and likewise the 'mysteries of the faith.'"[†] Newman also professes to have

* *Apologia*, p. 57.

† *Ibid.* pp. 77, 78.

learnt his doctrine of faith, in part, from Mr. Keble; but supposes himself to have improved upon the doctrine of faith, as taught by Keble, with which, although "beautiful and religious," he was "dissatisfied," as not sufficiently thorough, as logically altogether inadequate. So far as we can gather what Keble's views were from Newman's account of them, we confess that we prefer them to Newman's, whose doctrine of faith indeed is one of the weakest and worse parts of his system, being, in truth, as intellectually monstrous and contradictory, as it is unevangelical.

We are not about, however, to discuss in detail Mr. Keble's theological opinions, for doing which indeed there are but scanty materials much; less shall we diverge into a criticism of Dr. Newman's doctrines, whether of faith or sacramental efficacy, or of creaturely symbolism. To us it has been very satisfactory to find so little evidence to prove that Mr. Keble was in any sense a master spirit in the Tractarian movement, or that his theological doctrines were very deeply imbued with such puerile—and worse than puerile—superstitions as make up the substance of that system of theurgic mysticism, which our modern High Anglicans have substituted for "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." Mr. Newman adduces no single fact, quotes no single passage, to show that Keble took a leading part either in moulding the doctrine or dictating the policy of the Tractarians. The one fact which seems directly to connect Keble with the origination of the Tractarian movement as a distinct force, is that Dr. Newman has ever kept the anniversary of the day on which Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon at Oxford which he published under the title of *National Apostasy*, "as the start of the religious movement of 1833." But that sermon, as the context in the *Apologia** clearly shows, derived its emphasis and importance in the view of Newman much more from the crisis (according to his conception of the matter) in the ecclesiastical and religious history of the Church and the nation, in conjunction with which it was preached, than from any quality or force in the sermon itself. Nor will even a keen-eyed critic find more in the *Christian Year* than the reverent High-Churchism of a tender and poetical spirit. The hymn on Holy Communion contains no high sacramental doctrine. No one, out of any hint in that poem, could develope Dr. Pusey's doctrine of the Eucharist. The hymn on Holy Baptism in one stanza teaches broadly

* Pp. 96—100.

enough the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration; but not more broadly than the same doctrine is taught in two beautiful poems by Archbishop Trench. We deplore the doctrine, however taught; it is an unhappy perversion of the truth, and a fruitful mother of errors and superstitions. But, after all, the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration does not imply all that is taught by Anglican Romanisers. The hymns on Confirmation and Ordination contain no doctrine at all in excess of what every reverent and tenderly devout High Churchman would feel to be appropriate to those solemnities. Nor will distinct traces of those pronounced opinions, which belong to the modern Anglican imitations of Roman doctrine and ritual, be anywhere found in this favourite manual of devotional poetry. It is true that in the beautiful hymn on the Annunciation, high honour is done to her who was hailed by the angel as blessed among women; but it would be difficult to show that anything in this hymn really offends Scripture. It is a high poetical rhapsody; a poetical apostrophe. But it would certainly be wrong to regard it as an invocation. Nevertheless, as an example, a precedent, we cannot but fear that this hymn has done harm. The transition is easy from poetical apostrophes to personal invocation. It is dangerous even in poetry—that is, devotional poetry—to apostrophize a deceased saint. Still, remembering that poetical apostrophes to the memories of great men, heroes, patriots, poets, founders of ecclesiastical communities, have not been uncommon in any age, ancient or modern,* it would not be just or candid, on the ground of this hymn, alone to condemn Mr. Keble as in the least degree intending to lend countenance to Mariolatry. The most suspicious lines in the poem are “Ave Maria! Thou whose name all but adoring love may claim.” This is, as we think, very perilous language to use; and we could wish that these lines had been blotted from the poem. For the rest it must be remembered, in reading this poem, that Mr. Keble was obliged, in the prosecution of the plan of his book, to write upon “The Annunciation;” that the words of the Annunciation (the Angel’s words) are, “Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women;” and that the stanzas of the hymn which have been objected to are nothing else than a paraphrase of the words of the angel. The poet rehearses and expands the angel’s

* See the Peroration to Robert Hall’s grand Sermon on the “Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis,” and also the Preface to the same sermon.

"Hail Mary." And, furthermore, let it be remembered that in his hymn for the Day of St. Michael and All Angels, the hymnist speaks of the angels as "thronging to adore" their "God, new-born and made a sinner's child."

It must not be disguised, however, that all Keble's sympathies went along with the Tractarian movement, as it proceeded. He wrote little, but he belonged to the council which superintended the publication of the *Tracts for the Times*. He was associated with Drs. Pusey and Newman in editing the "Library of the Fathers" and the "Anglo-Catholic Library." He was—we have noted this before—a direct party to the publication of *Tract XC.*; and he wrote in its defence. He mourned most deeply over the secession of Dr. Newman, not, however, because he disapproved of the opinions which he then held, but because for himself separation from the Church of England seemed to be at once an impiety and an impossibility. In his letter in explanation and defence of *Tract XC.*, after quoting what some had formerly said about going to another church, if any did not like the church of England, he says, "As if there were any other to which he could go." A writer in the *Spectator* (April 7) is probably not mistaken when he says that "Mr. Keble had not the nerve, even if he saw the logical absurdity of his position, to leave his own church, when his ecclesiastical superiors denounced" the Tracts; "like Dr. Pusey and all the clergymen in whom the *domestic* religious affections of English clergymen overpowered their doctrinal attractions to Rome," he remained in the English Communion; in that Communion he died.

"He died in the English Communion," but he retained, as was to be expected, his Anglo-Catholic sympathies and opinions to the last. This is somewhat strikingly shown by the letter we are about to quote, and which was published in the *Guardian* for the 11th of April. This letter is also interesting, as affording a specimen of the sort of pretty floral sentimentalism, which forms one of the points of High Anglican piety, and which, no doubt, was fostered by some of the weaklier elements in the poetry of the *Christian Year*.

"SIR,—I do not doubt that many recollections of Mr. Keble will appear in your columns. And, possibly, you may not have room for this letter. But it seems desirable, whilst there is yet time, to note down any little things which seem to illustrate the beauty of his character, and so I send these few words to you.

"At the end of June, 1864, I drove over from Winchester to show Hursley to my wife; a note from Mr. Keble had said that he would stay at home all the morning to receive us. This in itself was very

kind; but it was only the prelude to greater kindness still. For, on our arrival, after Matins, which were going on when we reached the church, he walked with us (and evidently with such keen enjoyment of the beauty of the natural world!) all about his own gardens and the park and gardens of Sir William Heathcote. We could not but be struck with the knowledge which he showed of the various trees and flowers, the interest which he took in all that concerned his good squire's welfare. Full of playful anecdote, and of loving, thoughtful pondering as to the education of the poor, he won our hearts still more by the uncontrollable emotion with which he spoke of the *Apologia*, which was just completed. He hailed it with—(I do not think that I am using too strong a word) with rapture; and he augured then that from it would spring the beginning of a peace between the two great Churches of the West, which, said he, 'though I shall not live to see it, you will recognise as God's wonderful mercy towards us.' I said a few words about the *Christian Year*; and of the way in which Dr. Newman spoke of him. This was evidently a matter of deep joy to him; and he said some words which, as one reads the *Eirenicon*, seem to be almost prophetic of the wonderful calm and absence of disfavour with which that 'olive branch' has been received.

"Nor would I forget, as indeed the letter to me (the last he wrote before that sad attack of illness) which you published six months later fully testified, the earnest and affectionate way in which he spoke of our great Oxford statesman. He little thought then, and for a long time he could scarcely believe, that in less than thirteen months that crowning glory would pass away from his dearly loved and revered *alma mater*.

"On our return to the house, my wife asked him to gather one flower for her, which she might keep. He gathered two, a white rose and a red one; and said that she might send to my mother, of whom, as loving in her old age more and more the precious *Christian Year*, I had been speaking to him. And, whilst our kind hostess spoke loving words and hospitably refreshed us, he wandered away to the lower part of the garden, from which he returned with a slip of myrtle, that we might plant it in our hill-side home.

"Such recollections are very precious now, when our Easter joy has been deepened a thousand-fold by his peaceful falling asleep.

"Lancing, Low Sunday, April 8, 1866.

"A. C. W."

Notwithstanding, however, Mr. Keble's thorough and extreme High Churchmanship, he was by no means a puerile and merely ritualistic High Churchman any more than his friend Dr. Pusey. In one of his latest publications, a *Letter on Church Ritual* he speaks of himself as having been personally inattentive to ritual. And in a private letter, written but a little while before his death, he expresses his precise feeling in regard to his ritualistic brethren by saying that he sympathised with them provided

(1) that they "put away scorn," and (2) that "they did not expect sacramental benefits from the mere celebration;" qualifications these of his sympathy which show a very clear discernment of the dangers and besetments of the ritualistic school.

We have dwelt at some length on these matters, but they all arise directly out of Keble's connection with Newman, which was sealed in 1828, and with the Tractarian movement proper, which must have occupied a chief place in his thoughts and cares from 1833 to 1841. We now return to his life at Oxford after 1828. In 1831 he was elected Professor of Poetry in that University, his lectures being read and published in Latin, according to ancient usage, now happily set aside. In 1835 his father died, at the age of ninety. This event set him free from those claims of filial duty which, up to this period, had prevented his removal to any distance from Fairford and his settling as a married man. Before the close of 1835 Keble became Vicar of Hursley, the living of which parish was in the gift of his intimate and still surviving friend Sir Wm. Heathcote, and where he had ten years before served for a few months as curate, until summoned suddenly back to Oxford and to Gloucestershire by the fatal illness of his sister. Within the same year also he became the husband of Miss Charlotte Clarke, to whom he had long been attached, and who, most appropriately for the wife of a man in whom love, duty, and friendship ruled so absolutely, was herself the daughter of his father's old college friend, brother fellow of Corpus, and brother clergyman, the incumbent of the neighbouring parish of Meysey Hampton. From 1835 to the end of his life he continued to dwell at Hursley, a most enviable life, as it seems to human sight, of saintly seclusion united with pastoral cares and duties. He dwelt among his own people. All through life he had religiously kept the wise man's injunction, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not." And his friends in return gave lovingly to him. All the blessings which should accompany old age were indeed his in fullest measure, "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Keble was born on St. Mark's Day, 1792, and died on the 29th of March last. His old friend, whom we have so often quoted, says of him, "Looking back through an intimacy unbroken, unchilled, for more than fifty-five years, he seems to me now to have been at once the simplest, humblest, and most loving-hearted man, and withal the holiest and most zealous Christian I have ever known."

As a Christian poet, Keble must be judged by his *Christian Year*. "His *Lyra Innocentium*" (1846), says Sir J. T. Coleridge, "has not met with the same general acceptance as the *Christian Year*;" and he adds that "it must be admitted that its general character is harder, and that it appeals less to the feelings." Nevertheless, from this volume and from Keble's contributions to the *Lyra Apostolica* it would be well if a collection were made of the choicest pieces. Such a collection could not fail to meet with favour.

What will be posterity's precise judgment of the *Christian Year* it would be hazardous to anticipate. There can be no doubt the volume has had great advantages. Besides its intrinsic beauty, its character as a companion to the Prayer-book and, in particular, to the Daily Service, could not but recommend it to the attention of a very wide circle of persons possessed of refined culture, of poetic taste, and of leisure for indulging their taste. The world could not furnish such a *clientela* for a denominational poet to appeal to as was open to an Anglican poet who should provide pleasant and pious daily morsels of appropriate sentiment and graceful versé for the votaries of his church—the church of the gentle, the dainty, the leisurely, the cultured. In this respect Keble had an advantage far beyond that enjoyed by the Wesleys in offering their hymn-book to the congregations of Methodists. And here may not unlikely be one part of the reason why the *Christian Year* still retains its popularity in full vigour, while the *Lyra Innocentium* is rarely seen. The Daily Service, also, it must be remembered, is more or less observed, and the Prayer-book is most extensively used, in all countries in which the English language is spoken. The *Christian Year*, however, has won a popularity far wider than the area represented by the English Church Service. It is a denominational critic of the sterner Dissenting school who, in the *Nonconformist*, pays a graceful tribute to the memory of the Tractarian poet—a tribute so graceful and breathing so noble and Catholic a spirit that we shall give it entire:—

"A good and great man, whose memory will last as long as Christian devotion expresses itself in the English tongue, has just died. Last Friday—Good Friday—the author of the *Christian Year* breathed his last breath. We know what he was. He was a Tractarian; he was a sacerdotalist; he was a very rigid ecclesiastic. In almost everything that relates to Church life and outward Christian worship on earth he was opposed to us and to that which we most cherish. Yet,

if we were to single out one man in the Established Church who was almost a personification of the Christian graces, we should single out John Keble. He was as gentle as the gentlest woman, and as spiritual as a saint. He was a saint—a good and holy man, with some human weakness; but, perhaps, as little of sin as any man who has lived in these times. But it is less as a man than as a poet that we know him. Who does not know and has not sung his hymns? No recent English collection of Christian hymns could be without some of Mr. Keble's: and they are therefore to be found in nearly all the books used in Nonconformist places of worship. Some of them are already established favourites, and there are a few churches in which a hymn of Keble is preferred far before one even of Charles Wesley. And we fancy that Keble will go on displacing Wesley, at least, among all cultured men and women. Charles Wesley has been to the Christian Church what Byron has been *not* to the Christian Church—the poet of sensuous passion. Keble is to the Christian Church what Tennyson is to all of our own age, whether of Christ or not—the poet of lofty spirituality. We wish he had not so often sung in such sectarian dress, but we have always forgotten the dress when we have heard the song."

Such is the judgment of this *Nonconformist* critic. It is possible, however, that just because he is a Nonconformist, he may have been partial in the poet's favour. To some minds the temptation is strong to do a graceful and a generous thing, even to the extent of sometimes sacrificing justice to generosity. Nonconformists, we could easily show, have very commonly over praised such Churchmen as they have praised at all, whether in regard of their talents or their disposition. At all events, let us hear what the *Spectator* has to say about Mr. Keble. There is not a better informed, nor, on most matters, an abler, journal in the kingdom. The judgment of the *Spectator*, moreover, is cool without its spirit being caustic. It is not of the same temper as the *Saturday Review*. Besides which, being familiar with Church of England circles of thought, what is said in this journal will represent what is thought by some who are not mere dazzled outsiders, but to whom familiarity with Anglican sentiment and splendour has given superior steadiness and clearness of vision. This authority, then, tells us that Keble's "one great faculty was for verse," "of which he wrote a great deal that is very sweet, very thin, and very feminine." This very different judgment from that of the *Nonconformist*; and yet most men of any critical faculty will feel that there is much truth in it. Had this, however, been all that the critic in the *Spectator* had said on the subject, we should undoubtedly have discounted his authority, by reflecting that

in all likelihood he belonged to the harder and less sympathetic, less devotional, branch of the Broad Church, who would not be likely to judge fairly the High Church poet. But this is not all that the critic had to say or has said. Having been "severely condemned" for the judgment we have quoted, he returns to the subject in the following week,* and defends his judgment at length as "not hasty, but mature and true." In the detailed criticism in which he does this, there are some things with which we cannot sympathize, and which betray, as we think, the spirit of a decided Rationalist. But there is much which seems to us to be good and true. The critic objects, as he tells us, to Mr. Keble's poetry—not "because there is so profound a feeling of spiritual dependence in all Mr. Keble's verses, for in some sense that is of the very essence of Christian feeling—and if it is feminine, it is only because women are so far of higher nature than men—but rather because Mr. Keble loved to foster artificially the feeling of dependence by making for himself a string of occasions to which it became a kind of second nature to attune the spirit of his own mind—because he forced his poetic insight, which was delicate, but not very fertile and original, into the service of these often fanciful occasions of worship." "The idea of the *Christian Year*," he continues, "the idea of so mapping out the various little hints and allusions given in the Gospels, as to find a well-defined and appropriate mode of spiritual poetry for as many days as possible in the calendar, seems to us to have been popular rather for its faultiness than for its merit. Religious men and women in general, especially the latter, want something more to lean upon than God has actually given. They find a difficulty in so raising their own thoughts to the few illuminated points in the mysterious world of spirits as to keep their earthly duties in a constantly living and fresh relation with their faith. There is something so oppressive to them in the infinite, untravelled night, lighted up here and there by suns or planets, but stretching for the most part beyond our utmost reach of knowledge, that they catch with relief at the proposal of the Puseyite poet to trace out with mimic stars—really lamps lighted by human ingenuity at the mere verbal suggestions of revelation—the yearly round of human exertion, by finding or forcing a mood of occasional piety out of the smallest items of historic incident or moral epithet in the

* *Spectator*, April 14th.

great history of revelation. . . . Instead of musing on the spirit of modern charity, the Puseyite poet takes the Apostolic title bestowed upon Barnabas, 'the Son of Consolation, a Levite,' and plays a strain of gentle musical variations on that theme. And so it is everywhere. The characteristic attempt of the Puseyite poet is not to throw the light of God's character and revelation on the new world in which we live, but to find some definite chain of pious antique associations in connection with the 'lessons' or 'gospels' appointed for each of the days in the Church's calendar. And the whole effect of this is to turn the Christian imagination, the Christian fancy, upon the *details* of the divine story, instead of upon its central light and teaching, and often upon details so minute and accidental that the strain of thought suggested takes up quite a disproportionate place in our religion. . . . It was evidently Mr. Keble's aim in the *Christian Year* to delineate the various events and objects, the outlines of which come out more or less faintly in the Bible, as a sort of world of higher Nature, full of all those rich well-springs of poetical inspiration and suggestion which, on a lower plane, the mountains, valleys, rivers, seas, and skies of earth present to the mind of such a poet as Wordsworth. In most of Keble's poems there is an opening of sweet but diluted Wordsworthian verse upon the aspects of outward nature, which rises—or falls, as it may be—as the poem goes on, into the poetical treatment of the Biblical incident and allusion which really suggested it, and which bears some real or fanciful analogy to the natural scenery delineated in its commencement. . . . In fact it is the effort of the *Christian Year* to transfigure the lower world of natural beauty and its suggestions in a higher world of sacred history and its lessons—to make the lives of saints, and apostles, and all the little occasions of ecclesiastical anniversaries, bear the same relation to the revelation of God in Christ that the planets and lesser lights bear to that of the sun in the physical universe. Now we believe this to be a useless and even a narrowing and misleading effort—and one which too often necessarily fails to reach the natural springs of true poetry. What are St. Simon and St. Jude, for instance, to us? No doubt good men to whom we are indirectly deeply indebted, but of whom we absolutely know nothing, and who are far less to us even as Christians now, than the hard-working curate who will preach about them to our sorrow, or the benevolent builder or tea-dealer who may listen to him with wonder and respect. The religious

value of the details of Scripture history seems to us altogether to consist in the light it throws on God's character, laws, and love. Separated from this, the sort of sanctity which is attached to St. Andrew's Day, or St. Michael's Day, or an allusion in the epistle for the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, is not religious, and is far from poetical. This is why Mr. Keble's verses so often dwindle from a beautiful opening into a dry, fine-drawn, and unimpressive close. . . . And sweet and pathetic as is much of the late Mr. Keble's religious poetry, it has had, we think, no little narrowing influence on those whom it has affected most, by virtue of its often excessively occasional, artificially occasional, character. That the occasions selected were ecclesiastical rather than secular or domestic, is perhaps not in their favour as poetry. An ecclesiastical occasion may be as paltry as any other. Religious poetry must keep to God and the broader characteristics of divine revelation, if it is to have its full influence. It becomes poor and loses all the power of religious poetry, when it prostrates itself before small incidents and minute allusions."

These observations, we apprehend, are true, whether they sum up all the truth relating to the matter or not. If Keble had been a greater poet, he could not have clung so tenaciously throughout to the daily service, with all its calendared persons and events. He would have soared into the empyrean with angel-song, or he would have gazed with trembling reverence into the mysterious abyss. But his genius, essentially feminine as it has been truly described to be, clung like the ivy to the forms of the Church which he so often apostrophizes as his "Mother;" and it is the one praise and merit of his poetry that it has draped and festooned the daily order of service with tender and graceful verse. Nothing can be more exquisite than many of his verses, and many entire poems are of rare beauty. At the same time, not a few of the poems are most vague and formless, and connected by the very loosest allusion with the days for which they were written; while many separate stanzas are exceedingly, some hopelessly, obscure.

The *Nonconformist's* comparison with Wesley's poetry is not happy. Keble and Charles Wesley scarcely admit of comparison. The former has written very few hymns, properly so called; his poems are meditations, suggested by a history, or a hint, or a ceremony. Wesley's poems are often direct hymns of praise. At other times they are devout and fervid prayers for spiritual blessings. At other times they are the

expressions of personal Christian experience and attainment. Such hymns as these are altogether incommensurable with those of Keble. If the critic means that he can only tolerate such sacred poetry as Keble's; that hymns such as Watts' and Wesley's, and experimental poems such as those of Wesley and Toplady, are not to his taste; we can understand him, but do not envy him. The comparison of Wesley to Byron is as remarkable as the attempt to measure Keble with Wesley. Possibly, indeed, a few of Wesley's poems may be open to the charge of being coloured with "sensuous passion." But we rather think that the critic has not been able to distinguish between the fervour of "sensuous passion" and of *devotional rapture*. What he objects to is fervour; there is fervour, passion, even rapture—we suppose we may say—of one sort in Byron, of the *sensuous*, sometimes the *sensual*, kind; there is fervour, passion, rapture, of another sort, the *devotional*, in Wesley. The critic has failed to distinguish between the two; and hence his erroneous comparison. All fervour, all rapture, with him, is *Byronic*. If the *Nonconformist* critic will study the Moravian hymns, the hymns (often doggrel) of Wesley's highly-Calvinistic contemporaries, such as Berridge, or even some few of Watts', though in a much milder degree, he will really have unmistakeable specimens of devotional verse using the language of earthly passion, sometimes in a sadly coarse strain. Nor would we contend that Charles Wesley has never caught a touch of a prevailing fashion which, notwithstanding, he as well as his severe critic, John Wesley, altogether disapproved. But a glance at the Preface to Wesley's Hymns would have shown that the brothers set themselves to oppose this fashion of their day; and a careful study of the subject would further convince him that they have avoided it with wonderful success. Pure as Keble's poetry is, we could give even from him expressions which John Wesley's severe correctness of taste would have disallowed. In the matter of poetic taste the brothers Wesley did credit to their high Oxford training.*

But of fervour in Keble there certainly is little. Those who

* The only poem in Wesley's collection that we can think of which may fairly be compared with Keble's most characteristic productions is that on *Wrestling Jacob*, in which a fact of Bible history is dramatized and spiritualised. We suppose that poem, in its kind, may defy competition. How subtle, yet how firm and clear, are the transitions; how true and grand is the dramatic progress; how perfect the unity of that poem; which such judges as Watts and Montgomery, no mean hymn writers themselves, have pronounced to be unequalled in its kind. The obscure subtleties and vague connections of much of Keble's poetry would compare very unfavourably with this masterpiece of Charles Wesley.

object to that quality will not be offended in reading him. Refined, and pure, and sweet, and pre-eminently reverent, all tenderness and gentle devotion, Keble's poetry breathes throughout a "*mystical faint fragrance*"* of exquisite quality. We love him, as all love him. He will occupy his own niche; but it will be well not to attempt to cast down any others to make room for him.

Many poems, as expected, have been written to commemorate the decease of this well-beloved man, who, since this paper was begun, has been joined by the faithful companion whilst striving to save whom from death, by tender nursing, he sank himself. We have met with none so sweet, and so like Keble himself, as that by Helen Monro, with which we close this paper:—

"IN JESU OBDORMIVIT.

ST. JOHN XIII. 23.

"He is resting from his labours,
 He, the Church's faithful Son,
 Laying down the Cross, his standard,
 For the Crown which he hath won :
 Laying down the toil and burden
 Of this weary earthly strife,
 Pressing in the steps of Jesus,
 Through death's gate to endless life !
 Leaning on the Saviour's bosom,
 Gazing ever on His Face
 (Like *that other* loved Apostle),
 He has found his Easter place :
 To our Church through Lent's probation
 His sweet ministry was given,
 Now he keeps the Feast of Easter
 With the Church redeemed, of Heaven.
 Tears may fall from eyes that mourn him,
 But they are not tears of woe,
 And we still can sing his numbers
 As through earth's sad vale we go :
 'Soft as Memnon's harp at morning'
 Chant we through sad cypress groves
 Lovingly of our departed,
 'This is he whom Jesus loves.'

* We have borrowed this expression from Gerald Massey's lovely poem, "The Wee White Rose."

Gentle Pastor! valiant soldier!
Rest 'within the Church's shade,'
While we strew sweet spring-tide blossoms
O'er the turf above thy head:
Faint white pasque-flowers* from the coppice,
Primrose pale and violet,
With the dew upon their petals
Making all their leaves tear-wet.

As a rose, that fades at evening,
Dying, breathes out odours sweet,
As the hush that follows music
Doth the solemn swell repeat:
So thy memory leaves the fragrance
Of a well-spent life that's o'er,
Saintly deeds and holy teachings,
That must live for evermore.

White-winged spirit! from thy glory
We would hear thy voice aspire,
Chanting loud victorious anthems
With the shining seraph choir:
And we hush our mournful sighing,
And we check our falling tears,
Thinking on the peaceful closing
Of our Keble's '*Christian Years*.'"

* Wood anemone.

ART. VI.—1. *Report of the Capital Punishment Commission.* 1866.

2. *The Definition of Murder.* By JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN. Reprinted from Fraser's Magazine. Longmans: 1866.

It might well have been expected that a Commission instructed to enquire into the operation of the laws under which the punishment of death is inflicted would have deemed it their first duty to decide whether the punishment of death ought to be inflicted at all. The movement of opinion which has reduced our penal code from a sanguinary to an almost indulgent system, derived much of its force from the idea that the extreme penalty belongs only to the sword of the Divine Magistrate. That terror has little preventive influence; that lingering captivity is worse than death; that crime does not increase as punishment is mitigated; all these are subordinate arguments, and are brought only to support a radical principle, powerful because it appeals to sentiment, and to the sentiments of awe and of mercy. Two tribunals await the criminal. The mark which bounds their jurisdictions is the article of death. Who are we, that we should decline to deal with an offence of this world within this world's limits, and assume authority to remit the offender to the higher court? Is it not for the Judge of Appeal to choose what sentences He will reverse and what He will retain? And, again, if we cannot forget that the very act of remitting the criminal is itself the punishment—the most serious punishment within our power; that to neglect it is to leave few terrors in our hand: may we not turn to mercy for help; leave retribution to the eye which can discern the shades of guilt; strive, by kindness as well as by severity, to reform the ill-trained and strongly-tempted; tie, so long as necessary, the hands of the hardened; wear away the accidental causes of crime, ignorance, poverty, misfortune, vice, but confess our liability to err, and forbear to visit even an irreparable crime with an irrevocable sentence? These ideas have great influence, and can only be met, though in hardy and thoughtful minds we think they generally are not, by considerations which also lie mainly in the region of sentiment. For the cautious use, and not the timid neglect, of a power actually placed in our

hands we are responsible. Our magistracy is framed on the pattern of the eternal justice, and must not shrink from pronouncing a judgment which is not to be recalled. If we are not omniscient, neither is our doom everlasting. Mercy is strained when it singles out for compassion a conspicuous wrongdoer, and will not be at the pains to calculate consequences and be merciful beforehand to the possible victims of future injury.

Such views as these, lying at the roots of political thought, go further to determine the course of opinion on capital punishment than the scanty, ambiguous, and far-fetched arguments derivable from experience. But they are not likely to form the ground on which the question is fought. Dispute will be about slender files of criminal statistics, remote reasoning from the experiment in our own country of extreme penalties for small crimes, and in some few other countries of secondary penalties for high crimes; and guesses at the state of mind of an intending criminal drawn from doubtful observation of the feelings of a convicted one. And it would have been valuable that the whole mass of argument from observation which has been zealously accumulated by a particular sect and a special society should not only have been confronted, as is done in this Blue-book, with the deliberate opinions of the judges and a large number of other careful and well-informed witnesses, but should have been summed up in a report, to which the presence of such distinguished advocates of abolition as Dr. Lushington, Mr. Bright, Mr. Neate, and Mr. Ewart, and the authority of Lord Stanley, Sir John Coleridge, and Mr. Waddington of the Home Office would have given a convincing weight. As it is, while the four abolitionists named have appended to the general report a declaration of their opinion, in which Mr. Justice O'Hagan would concur if he thought the public would concur also; the report itself forbears from entering into the matter, on the unsatisfactory ground that the Commissioners do not agree, and, apparently considering the burden of proof to lie on those who seek change, assumes the continuance of the punishment, and takes up the question whether it may not be safely applied to a smaller circle of crimes than that which it now professes to hem in. It will be our course, in briefly reviewing the report, to make the same assumption and begin at the same point.

Some criminals, then, are to be hanged: but can we excuse any who are executed now? And can we devise any

better mode than exists at present for limiting the number of cases in which the Royal Prerogative has to be invoked to redress the balance of justice? Leaving out of sight a few obsolete Scotch laws, only two offences are now capital—treason and murder. Treason has already been dealt with by an Act of 1848, which allots penal servitude to minor offences of that kind; and, although the moral guilt of rebellion depends on considerations too wide for the cognizance of municipal statutes, few will be found to doubt that open and violent treason must be resented by the whole force of the State. So that the question of the further remission of capital punishment is reduced to a criticism of the present law of murder, and the title given to this article is a proper description of the main part of the Report of the Commission.

It is so serious a thing to take away life, that a revision of the laws by which it is taken requires no justification. This is not the case of a constitutional change, for which some crying grievance must be pleaded, some imminent danger threatened. The mere suspicion that by set rule, not accidental oversight, we incur the constant risk of shedding innocent blood, calls upon us to search afresh into the defects of our judicature, and allow no large stock of experience or criticism to accumulate before we apply it to reform of the law. But, if it were needed, there is no lack of proof that the execution is in fact allowed of criminals to whose offences natural justice refuses the name of murder. A few years ago a burglar was hanged at Lincoln for murder, in having killed an old lady, rather by fright than violence. He broke into the house where she was, and threw a pillow over her, not with the intention of killing or even of injuring her, but probably as a sort of threat. The effect upon her nerves was such that she immediately died. Three boys went out to pick pockets. One gave a blow to an old man to make him lean forward, snatched his watch from his pocket, and passed it to his accomplices. The old man was fat and weak, and the blow killed him, though it was not a severe or apparently dangerous one. All the three boys were convicted at Warwick of murder, and sentenced to death.*

In 1856 a man of the name of Murdoch was imprisoned for

* The two foregoing instances are taken from Mr. Stephen's very able pamphlet, which also has suggested not a small part of the criticism contained in these pages.

some slight offence in Hastings gaol. He and a little boy were the only prisoners. The gaoler was a very old man, and one morning when he came to the gaol, Murdoch rushed out of the door of his cell, seized him by the collar, held him while the boy got a ladder and climbed over the wall, threw him down, and escaped himself. All the facts went to show that escape was the sole object, and that there was no design to injure the gaoler; but, being very old, he died of the fall. Murdoch expressed great and apparently sincere sorrow for the unintended effect of his violence, and the jury recommended him to mercy; but he was hanged.* And although in recent times the regular interference of the Home Secretary has confined the proper consequences of legal murder to limits far narrower than its definition, yet it still remains only too possible that a poor and friendless prisoner may fail to secure that urgent and skilful appeal for the mercy of the Crown which saves the notorious or wealthy convict from the gallows. Even if we were to agree with Mr. Justice Willes, that, in practice, only such criminals are executed as under any state of the law must be left to the discretion of the Crown, it is quite scandal enough that the farce is gone through of a solemn sentence of death which no one expects to be carried into effect, and of a prayer for mercy which is in reality a criminal appeal. It is so far, however, true, that public opinion, acting through the Home Secretary, has gradually restricted the infliction of capital punishment, that the main portion of the work now to be done is to bring the law into harmony with the practice, and redress what are not so much grievances as anomalies. Although the scheme of the Commissioners, if it pass into law as it stands, may, as we shall show, produce consequences more grave; yet, substantially, it is proposed to hang just the kind of offenders who are hung now. So that the new reform does not properly compare with the signal remissions of punishment which have graced the Statute-book of this century. It rather seeks, whether by more accurate definition or by the employment of a more trustworthy tribunal, to reduce to law the customs which have grown up in practice, and to distinguish the moderation which may be claimed of right from the clemency which is reserved to discretion.

The causes of the confusion into which the English law about murder has fallen are not obscure; though, in point of time, they are remote. The word, murder, with those of us

* Mr. Denman's evidence, p. 94.

who support the continuance of capital punishment, would naturally be restricted to mean such homicide as is wicked enough to deserve that penalty. No precise agreement can be expected, covering all the cases which can be put, as to what degree of guilt should be murder and what should be considered more venial; but perhaps the best general definition of murder, in the popular sense, is that expressed by Mr. Justice Willes—namely, that it is the crime of a person who intentionally, without excuse or palliation, does an act which he must know, will endanger life, and which actually does kill. Homicide may be justifiable or accidental—that would be an excuse; it may be committed under grave provocation—that might be a palliation of the offence; but the essence of the crime lies in the intention to do what risks a life, and in the fatal result. Morally speaking, indeed, the last qualification is indefensible. Guilt lies purely in the intention. But human law never attempts to follow the thoughts of the heart alone. Other considerations of high expediency come in to screen from his natural deserts the plotter of an abortive crime. We have the right to withhold, for the sake of society, the just retribution. There is the chance that, at the critical moment, the murderer may stay his hand, and a life be saved. It is not wise to tempt a robber, who has gone so far as to stun his victim, to destroy dangerous evidence by giving the *coup-de-grâce*. And, besides, there is a certain instinct which, unless the mind is carried away with indignation, willingly gives the culprit the benefit of a sudden faltering or a fortunate incident, rejoices that things are not so bad as they might have been, would fain attribute a similar feeling of relief to the prisoner, and, perhaps, feels, most strongly of all, that no blood has been shed to demand the mysterious satisfaction of life for life.

Murder, then, is, or ought to be, destroying human life by an intentional act likely to destroy it, and without sufficient provocation. And we may at once notice a question which will arise as we proceed. Since a man is assumed to be innocent till he is proved to be guilty, and it is necessary for the prosecutor to make out against him, before he can be convicted, a perfect crime, to the full extent of its definition, on whom should fall the task of showing that there was or was not such provocation as would reduce murder to manslaughter? And if no clear evidence can be obtained of the circumstances under which the crime was committed, what conjecture is to be adopted? Supposing it proved that one man cherished a vindictive hatred against another, and

was determined to kill him at the first opportunity, and that he did kill him, but no one else was present at the deed, or can say that there was not a new quarrel, and a combat provoked by the dead man, and a mortal blow struck on sudden impulse—is the prisoner to escape on what is not a doubt suggested by any rational probability, but a mere possibility? It is a question of evidence, rather than of definition; but a dead point in evidence can only be passed over by the help of a presumption of law; and a presumption qualifies a definition. The answer is given by the principle that no one should be called upon to prove a negative. And the result is, that killing by an intentional and dangerous injury should be deemed murder unless the accused can extenuate his crime by a proof of provocation.

The English law of murder is far removed from this simplicity. Like other branches of our legal system, it has grown by the conservative process of maintaining old forms, and twisting them to meet new exigencies. There is a great deal to be said for the plan. As, in politics it has proved more successful than the root-and-branch method, so, in jurisprudence, fictions have often covered the introduction of reforms which could never have won an open way to favour. But in the criminal law violent misconstruction has rather tended to injustice than to amelioration; and fictitious rules have had to be checked by fictitious practice. The time always comes when the fictitious system may be swept away, and the state of the law acknowledged in plain terms; and that time has now, in our opinion, come for the law of murder.

The leading phrase of the definition now in force is "malice aforethought"—an expression of unknown origin, but, if plainly taken, of no difficult interpretation. It was a rough way of expressing the distinction, in simple cases, between the graver and inferior forms of homicide, to say that wilful killing with malice prepense was murder, and without malice prepense was manslaughter. "Malice" meant, obviously, a personal grudge; and "aforethought" meant "with premeditation." A good description of a typical case of murder: but a very short experience must have shown that it by no means included all the kinds of killing which were to be chastised—at least in the times of Queen Elizabeth—with the utmost severity. It made no provision for the wicked risking of life. If a robber, caring only to disable, but reckless of the life of his victim, killed him by a desperate blow; if a pursued criminal destroyed the officer of justice in a struggle; if a murderer fired at one man, but shot another in mistake—in none of these cases

would be found the proper elements of malice or premeditation—at least, not malice and premeditation directed to the particular crime and the particular person. The definition, if it can be called a definition, was too narrow: but, instead of mending it, the lawyers set to work to fit it to all proper hanging cases of murder by the extraordinary assumption that malice ought to be implied by the law where it did not exist in fact. Lord Coke says that malice is implied in three cases. “First, in respect of the manner of the deed. As if one kill another without any provocation, the law implieth malice.” So poisoning (which, he adds, may be done four ways—*gustu, anhelitu, contactu, and suppositu*—and by divers poisons, as the powder of diamonds, the powder of spiders, &c., &c.) implies malice.” Secondly, in respect of the person slain. If a magistrate or other known officer is slain in the execution of his duty, the law implies malice. Thirdly, in respect of the person killing. A tries to rob B, B resists, and A kills him. “This is murder by malice implied, albeit he never saw or knew him before.” “If a prisoner by the durance of his gaoler cometh to untimely death, this is murder in the gaoler, and the law implieth malice by reason of the cruelty.” “If the sheriff, where he ought to hang the party, burn or behead him, or *e converso*, the law implieth malice in him.” “If a lieutenant or other that hath commission of martial authority, in time of peace, hang or otherwise execute any man by colour of murder, this is against Magna Charta—and here the law implieth malice.” All this loose instancing reminds us of nothing but the grotesque absurdities which are told in jest of Irish defences. If the kettle never was borrowed at all, it is superfluous to plead that it was returned, was given as a present, was stolen from the borrower, or had a hole in it. If the law implies malice in all cases of killing, unless there be provocation, it cannot be necessary to imply any more malice, or to do anything but say what is provocation. And this is really the result of the theory of implied malice, as it now stands. By dint of successive refinements and endless precedents, it has been for some time established that all voluntary killing is legal murder unless the accused can prove provocation.

But the effect of the illogical method by which the modern doctrine has been arrived at has been, that, in refining upon a false principle, the true test of guilt has been lost sight of. Many perfectly accidental acts are classed with the highest crimes. If only a man is committing a felony, death caused

in committing it, intentionally or unintentionally, is murder. Now, if there be anything in the English law more technical than implied malice, it is the distinction between felonies and misdemeanours. Many felonies consist of mere small theft. It is murder if a man shoots at his neighbour's barn-door fowl, intending to steal it, and by pure misfortune kills the owner instead. It is not murder if he is firing at game, and by similar accident kills a man. The only reason is, that killing a fowl is stealing, and a felony, and killing game, which has no legal owner, is not. And if this extreme case be thought to have been only suggested by Lord Coke by way of paradox, it is quite otherwise with instances such as were mentioned a few pages back, where there is sufficient criminality to make it very possible that a careless judge or a foolish jury may allow their general impression of the wrong done to conceal from them the clear fact that no murder was ever intended, nor any act deliberately contemplated which was likely to involve so serious a consequence.

Again, however sacred we may deem human life to be, and however deeply responsible each man is for his own, there is so great a difference in guilt between taking life by fraud or violence, as in an ordinary murder, and taking it by consent, as in a duel, or merely being accessory to the voluntarily giving it up, as when two persons agree to commit suicide together, that it is a confusion of justice to put both kinds of offence in the same rank. It is a mere stretch of language to call suicide murder. Duelling, doubtless, is a graver offence; for the result of it, if established as a practice, is, really, to compel a man who is imbued with a false sense of honour to submit his life to the risk of a pistol-shot. But the law does not usually interfere to protect men from the pressure of bad social morality; and a death voluntarily suffered leaves the slayer still clear from that forcible robbery of another to gratify his own selfish avarice or passion which forms the principal ingredient in the wickedness of crime. But our law treats all voluntary killing as murder, unless there be provocation; and where there is consent there certainly is not provocation.

Nor, when we turn to the question of provocation, is there any less need of amendment. We are speaking of a legal definition of murder; and, no doubt, provocation is a difficult thing to define. It includes, in ordinary parlance, a wide range of facts which must elude all definitions, and can only be considered by the Crown as reasons for pardon. Indeed,

the bulk of the circumstances which affect our estimate of the moral guilt of a particular act are not cognisable by the law at all. A crime is the result of bad character; and bad character is mainly the result of bad actions: but the law must take the crime by itself. Faulty education, a violent temper, habitual vice, do not count at all. The law assumes every criminal to know his duty, to possess ordinary self-control, and deliberately, from determination at the time, to do ill for his own gratification. But, as there are particular persons who are afflicted with an insanity which makes them irresponsible, so there are particular situations in which any man may find himself, and in which ordinary self-control is hardly to be expected. Under a blow, or in the sudden discovery of his wife's infidelity, a man may well strike and not be construed in the same degree criminal as a deliberate murderer. This is the principle of provocation as an extenuation of crime; not that the injury is deserved, but that the injurer's blood is hot, and reasonably so. The full adoption of the principle might perhaps imply a knowledge of the criminal's temperament, and of the peculiar way in which he was affected at the moment of his crime; it would require a thermometer of passion, but in administering law, rules must be used, and the average standard of conduct taken as the rule of conduct; and provocation must therefore be tested by the effect which the prompting causes of the crime would have on the passions of ordinary men. Still the principle is vague. The combinations of circumstances are infinite; and either every case must be judged separately, which is done in France by the verdict of extenuating circumstances, or some attempt must be made to define the kinds of provocation which the law shall recognise as reducing murder to a less serious offence. The latter mode has been, we think wisely, adopted in English law; but the limits have been too tightly drawn. The freedom extended to the word "malice" has not been allowed to the doctrine of provocation. What does it matter whether the provoking act be seen or only heard of, if the revenge follow instantly upon its sudden discovery? Why is the insult of a slight blow to excuse conduct which is not palliated by exasperating words. Why is not a gross injury or insult to some other near relative under a man's protection to be thought sufficiently exciting, as well as an outrage on his wife? It is of the essence of the excuse of provocation that it should be sudden, that no time should elapse for the blood to cool between the offence and the retaliation;—that is necessary in order to exclude murders from jealousy or

other enduring passion. It must arise from some act of the murdered person ;—or else all passionate crimes must be extenuated. But, within these limits, what harm would there be in gathering together all the ordinary injuries which affect men too strongly for self-control, and bringing the legal excuse as nearly as possible to coincide with the moral excuse which is recognized by society ?

The result of all this is that the legal and the rational notions of murder are widely different ; that in dealing with the most awful of crimes and the most solemn of punishments there is more uncertainty, more fiction, more empty form, than with any others ; and that, owing to an adherence to antiquated terms of legal science, prosecutors, juries, judges, and Secretaries of State have to strain and suspend the law at all points, in order to ward off its natural effect of constant and gross injustice. The judicial statistics of the seven years from 1857 to 1863 inclusive show, that while, taking all crimes together, three men out of four committed for trial are pursued to conviction, if the committals for murder be taken alone, (and it will hardly be thought that a man is committed for murder on slighter than the average ground for suspicion) only one prisoner out of three is found guilty of the crime, and of those convicted only two out of three actually undergo the capital sentence. Perhaps these figures slightly exaggerate the facts. Statistics are notoriously misleading ; and there are two or three considerations which interfere to check the first inferences. A prosecution for murder always includes a count for manslaughter ; and of the two-thirds of committed prisoners, even assuming that all were actually tried for murder at all, a great many no doubt incurred the sentence and underwent the punishment for the lighter offence. It requires a higher degree of evidence to convict of murder than to prove crimes less disgraceful and less terrible in their consequences. On the other hand, these very qualifying circumstances indicate that causes are already at work, even before conviction, to mitigate the evils of the present state of the law. If the law, as it stands, were carried out in cases of murder with the same rigour with which it is enforced against petty theft, no civilised society would brook it. But apart from that reluctance to press so awful a charge without cogent proofs of guilt which is an honour to our administration of justice, there operates at every point of a case of palliable murder a vigorous effort to break through the natural chain of legal process, and by suppression, or sophistry, to reduce the punishment

to a less logical but more rational scale. Mr. Justice Willes says boldly :—

“ I have tried a great number of cases of alleged murder, and I certainly will own that if I think that the case is one in which the prisoner ought not to be convicted and executed, I rather express my opinion by an intimation to the prosecution that it is unnecessary to proceed for the capital offence, which I do not hesitate to resort to in a proper case, or by dwelling to the jury upon the circumstances which appear to me to make it a case in which they may properly find a verdict of manslaughter, which they are always very willing to do, and which a judge will direct them to do where there is any fair ground for it. I always endeavour to prevent people being convicted of murder, unless I think that, not only according to the law, but according to the established practice, it is the proper conviction.”—P. 268.

Not all judges allow themselves the same latitude : but, if the judge do not interfere, the jury, under a moderate summing-up, do ; and even if they cannot avoid the verdict of guilty, they can recommend to mercy, and a recommendation to mercy, backed by the judge, is practically a commutation of the punishment. And if the jury allow the formal law to prevail, the prisoner is only remitted to the hands of the judge, who always has it in his power to intimate to the Secretary of State that the sentence ought not to be carried out ; and, finally, failing judge, counsel, and jury, the Secretary himself can, on the ground of the undue severity of the code as well as of mercy, or of more probable innocence, protect the convict from suffering, and the law from imposing, an undeserved penalty.

The habitual use of these expedients, however, though it is a sign of vitality in the administration of justice, does not warrant us in neglecting the enquiry whether the evils which they do so much to check may not be more effectually dealt with by pruning the law once for all ; or, at least, putting the pruning-knife into authorised hands, and with definite instructions. At present, unless by such irregular connivance as is described by Mr. Justice Willes, the real onus of reprieving or executing a prisoner is thrown upon the Home Office. Hardly a murderer, of any degree of guilt, is sentenced, but the adviser of the Crown is besieged by appeals for the remission of the punishment. If his trial have attracted no public notoriety, or have drawn out nothing but public indignation ; if his relations are too poor or too ignorant to apply in his favour ; if he have no attorney to draw up a petition, and at least usher his client respectably out of the world with the consciousness that he has had,

besides justice, the last slender chance of mercy; at all events some broad-brimmed Friend, some energetic officer of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, will have sent in a formal statement of reasons why this particular criminal, above others, should be made an instance of his favourite principle. Of course, the Secretary of State does not act upon his own impression alone. He reads the evidence and weighs the facts and arguments pressed upon him; but he sends the memorial to the judge who tried the case, and discusses the matter with him, and with the Under Secretary. He has all the professional assistance that he cares to seek. If the judge thinks the sentence ought not to be executed, it is not executed. But, before the public, the Home Secretary is the conspicuous and responsible person appealed to. He constitutes a court, and so long as it is a mere court of mercy, it is right. In such a tribunal it is well that the arguments and reasons for decision should not be made public; that there should be no pleading and counter-pleading; and that the Prerogative should be exercised, not without caution and enquiry, but without set procedure, or such opportunity for dispute as would create a claim to be heard as of right, or tie it down to judicial rules.

With whatever refinement the law may be perfected, mercy will always have its place in tempering the law to exceptional cases; and there must always remain in the head of the State a correcting power so long as judge and jury are liable to err, or new facts to supersede the grounds of their decision. But when the proper functions of a grantor of mercy and a corrector of accidental abuses are passed, and the Crown undertakes, by its Prerogative, by the hand of a single minister, even with the assistance and on the advice of another executive officer—the judge, to treat a branch of law as in great part obsolete, and systematically to release whole classes of offenders from the legal consequence of their crimes, then the Constitution has been strained, and public opinion has used the power of the Crown to effect what it has not had the courage to do by directly changing the law of the land. Such methods, as we have said, are too useful to be loudly condemned; but their use is temporary. And if they are allowed too long a reign, before the form of law is brought up to the level of its practice, the administration seems perplexed and is in danger of discredit. At present the Home Secretary appears as constantly interfering with the authority of the Courts. It is generally a matter of speculation whether a sentence will be carried out or

not; and the most powerful quality of punishment—certainty—is lost upon those who know that, in addition to the chances of concealment or acquittal, there is in their favour the further calculation of the large proportion of convicts who do not, after all, come to the worst. Sitting thus as, practically, a court of appeal, the Home Office has for its faults just those habits which give it value as a mere court of grace. Only one side is heard; the reasons are not founded on fixed rule, nor made public; all is arbitrary; and instead of our free and civilised judicature, the life of the subject is placed in the hands of a judge who, in all but his uprightness, is an oriental Cadi. To quote the expression of Baron Bramwell—"Except that the Secretary of State is always so fit a man, and is always so ably advised, it is the worst court which there can possibly be."

It might perhaps be a better exercise of this extraordinary jurisdiction to leave power in the hands of the judge who conducts the trial to say, at the close, whether, after all, the verdict of guilty should lead to its strict result or not. Practically he has such a power already. If he write to the Secretary of State to say that it is not a case for execution, commutation follows as a matter of course. Indeed, down to the year 1861, this virtual authority almost assumed a regular shape; for it was competent to the judge to omit passing the sentence of death, and to direct it to be recorded; in which case it was never carried out. Nothing can be more painful to a judge, or more unfair to a prisoner, or more repugnant to the majesty of the law, than solemnly to affect to deliver over to the hangman a prisoner whose life every man present knows to be as safe as his own. The witnesses before the Commission are almost unanimous in their opinion, that, whether any changes be made in the definition of murder or not, the power of recording sentence of death should be restored. It is not only on the discovery of new facts that pardon ought to be granted; sometimes a verdict is unsatisfactory, or a witness is absent, or there are really extenuating circumstances which make it for the public interest that the criminal should escape; and in all such cases, where the judge thinks that there ought to be no execution, and feels sure that the Secretary of State will interfere, it is very hard on him to force him to assume a solemn mien and dress, and condemn an ignorant prisoner to die whom he intends and expects to save alive. But it is quite a different question whether the judges should have any discretion to interfere directly with the course of law; whether, as they may inflict a longer or a

shorter term of imprisonment for secondary crimes, so the power of life and death should be formally placed in their hands, by allowing them to adjudge a capital or a secondary punishment for the same legal offence, according to the circumstances under which it is committed. It is difficult to resist the feeling that such a regulation would be a degradation of the solemn act. If it have become a matter so little of course that a convicted murderer should be hung, that the question only lies between that and imprisonment, then surely it must be possible to make some distinction between murder and murder. Interference there must be with the capital sentence, but it ought to be as infrequent as justice will permit, and it ought to be interference, on special grounds, with a sentence which stands, and not a hesitation in every case between death and life. There are more obvious difficulties. We have sufficient reason for dissatisfaction with the variety of punishment which is now assigned to criminals of equal degrees of guilt. Fifteen men cannot be expected all to think alike of the same crime, or to be equally moved by similar mitigating circumstances. It is notorious that some judges have special aversions; and some are stern, and some mild; and that it makes a difference of many years' penal servitude to a convict whether the severe or the lenient justice or baron takes the circuit on which the trial occurs; whether he stand before the older or the newer ermine. Again, the discretion of the judge must be exercised without time for reconsideration—instantly on the return of the verdict. It is intolerable that the prisoner should wait for his sentence. At the close of an exhausting day, in the moment of excitement, when the decisive verdict, perhaps wholly unexpected, terminates a long suspense, the prisoner's life cannot again be put at the peril of a single man's quick opinion; nor ought that over-wrought man to be weighted at such a time with such a responsibility. If it were so, it would be no wonder if the judges sought refuge in excessive leniency, and declined to pass a hasty sentence of death at the risk of terrible after-thought. It is a sufficient strain upon their feelings to be the mouthpieces of a law which leaves them no option. No conscientious man would willingly take upon him to deal, in his single discretion, without advice or delay, with the life of his miserable fellow standing before him, and, judicially deaf to mercy, to cast the black stone. The pronouncer of such a sentence must be protected by the knowledge that he is minister and not master.

It is a matter of experience, and not of conjecture, that

the same consequence would follow much more certainly, from allowing to the jury the power of moderating punishment. It is their place to find facts strictly, and receiving from the judge a careful description of the crime charged, and a well-balanced summary of the evidence given, to say whether the theorem coincides with the result of the demonstration or not. A certain virtual power they have, besides, in that their strong recommendation to mercy on a proper ground is likely to carry some weight with the judge, and, through him, with the Secretary of State. But the manner in which this influence has been used by juries does not warrant us in giving to it any legal virtue. It is a great temptation to men who are not responsible for their conduct to adopt the less severe course. Unless in a shocking case, when indignation is strongly stirred, the necessity of carrying out law pales before the desire to deal more gently and safely with the particular culprit. He may possibly, after all, be innocent. What harm will it do to shut him up for life instead of hanging him? His crime is not so bad as that of some others. Let mercy have her way. At least if it turns out, in the long run, that he is innocent, let us not have his blood upon us. Under strong appeal to the feelings, a jury may think all manner of circumstances extenuating; and as it is impossible to define what ought to extenuate and what ought not, the judge would be powerless to control the license of the term. The result would be, in some measure, what we see on the other side of the Channel. There one crime is adopted as an excuse for another. Murders from passion find favour; and all the reckless selfishness which aggravates an injury becomes, if it satisfy a false notion of heroism, a ground for leniency. The example of the French juries is a sufficient warning for us. To allow an open verdict of extenuating circumstances would be to abandon law; and a finding of specified reasons, which the jury deemed grounds for mitigating the punishment would either leave the practice as it is now, or, if authority were given to the finding, would require a code of extenuation, by which the judge would take on himself to decide whether the grounds presented to him did or did not amount to legal extenuation;—that is, it would be tantamount to a classification of murder.

To this result, in some form, we seem to be driven, unless the present evils of the law be left entirely to the power of the Home Office. Indeed there are few of the witnesses whose evidence is appended to the report who do not desire

a new classification, if it were possible to frame satisfactory definitions of murder in the first and second degrees. And the report itself, in spite of the strong opinions of some of the best criminal lawyers, recommends that such a distinction should be attempted. The difficulty has been, as usual in questions of reform, to say whether the existing law should be cut down to a more just standard, or whether its radical defects should be acknowledged, and a new definition framed of murder as it is now understood. The former plan has prevailed in some of the American States, and has won the favour of the Commissioners: the latter has been tried, it seems with success, in India.

The Commissioners recommend—

(1.) That the punishment of death be retained for all murders deliberately committed with express malice aforethought, such malice to be found as a fact by the jury.

(2.) That the punishment of death be also retained for all murders committed in or with a view to the perpetration, or attempt at perpetration, of any of the following felonies:—murder, arson, rape, burglary, robbery or piracy.

(3.) That in all other cases of murder the punishment be penal servitude for life, or for any period not less than seven years, at the discretion of the court.

Now the law of Massachusetts defines murder of the first degree, punishable with death, to be murder committed with deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, or in the commission of, or attempt to commit, any crime punishable with death or imprisonment for life, or committed with extreme atrocity and cruelty—the degree of murder to be found by the jury. The liberty of the jury is thus a little larger by the American statute; but the principle of the definitions is nearly the same. “Premeditation” is the essence of murder in the first degree: but it may be fairly implied where an atrocious crime is planned, such as is likely to involve a murder. But the difficulty is to say what is premeditation. The appendix to the report contains letters from the Chief Justice and the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, from which it appears that the attempted distinction between deliberate and sudden murders—a distinction accepted by the French law also—does not work in practice. Mr. Bigelow says:—“The clause has been interpreted to mean any murder where an intent to take life is found to exist, however brief it may have been, before the commission of the act. Practically it puts all acts of homicide, which at common law would have been deemed to have been committed with implied

malice, into the second class." And Mr. Foster describes the distinction as being in practice that between "express and implied malice."

The words "deliberate," and "premeditated," have therefore been shown by experience improperly to express the crime of real murder. How is it with the phrase, "malice aforethought," which our Commissioners retain? "Aforethought" is the same as "premeditated." How long must the design be cherished? Is it the less necessary to make a signal example of a murderer, because, instead of harbouring a special hostility towards his victim, he has suddenly, from a savage nature, and without any provocation, killed the first person he met to wreak his vengeance upon? Mr. Baron Bramwell tells us of a man going out—no doubt a poacher. He had a bundle on his back. A policeman met him and said, "Halloa! what have you got there?"—nothing more. The man presented his gun to him, the muzzle of the gun touching him, and he fired and killed the policeman. No one would say that that crime was "aforethought," or that it was not a flagrant murder. The other expression, "malice," is no more definite. We have seen that it represented the first rude idea of a wicked killing; but that it proved so inadequate, as new cases arose, that, adhering to the term, the judges construed into malice "implied" all sorts of circumstances which seemed to make homicide into murder. In doing so, they erred on the other side, and treated as murder many acts which are, at most, acts of manslaughter. Now, what the Commissioners appear to propose is to return to the original simplicity of the word "malice," and require, for a capital case, proof of express—that is, actual—malice. That is, homicide is not to be murder in the first degree, unless the jury find evidence of an actual personal grudge against the man killed. Even this is a liberal interpretation of the proposed new law. By retaining the old formula "express malice" the commissioners let in all the confused law about the contrasted expression of "implied malice." Poisoning, according to Coke, is with implied malice, unless a special motive is proved; is it express malice also? The knot has been cut in practice by a general disuse of the strict definitions, and a habit of putting broadly to the jury the question whether the man knew that what he did was likely to kill, or laying it down that homicide in the commission of a felony is murder, or adopting plain statements of the law, as it has got to be settled by a long course of decisions. Now the

old subtleties are, apparently, to be revived. Or rather, as public opinion will not tolerate any substantial departure, on the severe side, from its general sense of justice, the legal distinctions are to be neglected, and a jury, instructed that capital murder requires express malice aforethought, are to be at liberty, under that description, to let off any man whose crime they may think is extenuated by circumstances.

One set of cases is added, in which express malice need not be found as a fact. Desiring to cut away the doctrine of constructive malice, which assumes homicide in the perpetration of any felony to be fully murder, the Commissioners recommend us to continue that technical construction with respect to certain grave felonies, abolishing it in all other cases. It can only be on the principle that a man who commits one of these heinous crimes must know that he is likely to kill some one, either as a natural consequence of the other crime, or by exposing himself to the risk of a sudden impulse to kill; and, knowing this, still perseveres in his design. That principle, at least, would be intelligible and reasonable; although it might be much better to announce it at once, and leave the actual intention to take the risk of destroying life to be judged of in each case. A man in committing a felony may kill another by pure accident—his own comrade for instance. But if a rational principle were intended, it has certainly not been adopted. We may quote from Mr. Stephen's criticism on this point:—

“In the first place, the list of crimes to which the rule applies appears to be far too small. Murder committed in, or with a view to, the perpetration of high treason, is surely as bad as murder committed in, or with a view to, robbery. A Fenian deliberately shoots or poisons the sentries at Dublin Castle, in order to prepare the way for an attack on it. According to the Commissioners, this is murder in the second degree only. There is no ‘express malice aforethought,’ for the prisoner had no personal ill-will to any particular man; and the object of the murder was neither to perpetrate nor to escape after perpetrating murder, arson, rape, burglary, robbery, or piracy. The object was to commit high treason, and therefore the prisoner, if tried on a capital charge at all, must be tried for high treason, with all the cumbrous incidents attached to such a prosecution, and the murder must be laid as an overt act of treason. To vary the illustration, let us suppose that the victims are officers of a gaol, and the object to rescue a powerful leader of a rebellion from lawful custody. A more atrocious crime could scarcely be conceived; yet the same remark would apply, unless by some quibble the breaking into the prison were viewed as burglary.

This, however, would not be the case if the victims were the judges on the bench, the counsel, and the officers in court. A general massacre of all these persons, for the sake of rescuing a prisoner, would only be murder in the second degree."

Again :—

"It would be murder in the first degree to kill a man by a slight blow or push given for the purpose of taking his watch by force, or for the purpose of preventing him from apprehending the robber as he ran away. It would be murder in the second degree to kill a child by setting a ferocious dog at it for sport; or to kill a woman by the most brutal kicks in the stomach and blows on the head, given, not with the intention of killing, but with the intention of doing grievous bodily harm, and with utter indifference whether death was inflicted or not. By way of compensation for this leniency, if a pirate were to fire a gun to bring a vessel to in order to rob her, and if the gun were to burst and kill some of his companions, this would be murder in the first degree."

It seems very questionable whether a classification which leaves many irrational distinctions standing, is any improvement at all. We may add that, on the difficult subject of provocation, the Commissioners have no assistance to offer. And it is no slight blot upon their scheme that it leaves the name of murder, with all its awful associations, still applied to crimes little more than accidental, and proposes a difference between murder of the second degree and manslaughter which has no foundation in the degrees either of guilt or of punishment. The evils of the present law are of two kinds—first, that it is clumsy and illogical; secondly, that it administers justice under the mask of mercy. Of the first, nothing will be removed; the proposed new description is as far removed from a just and consistent statement of what constitutes the offence of murder as its predecessor. The second mischief will be abated; it depends more upon quantity than upon quality; if fewer condemned criminals than before have to be pardoned because the law is bad, it is so much the better, however heterogeneous and arbitrarily selected may be the band of those who will thus escape the ordeal of an empty sentence. Some of the main deformed growths of our law will have been lopped off, and the feelings of the judges will be to some extent spared. But if the subject be comprehensively considered, the proposals of the Commission are at once seen to be mere patchwork. Under any system, the Home Secretary will take care that a sort of substantial justice is done; there is no haste necessary; and the altera-

tions may not improbably retard rather than accelerate the reform which the advancing science of jurisprudence demands.

The grounds put forward in the Report for the preference of this mode of changing the law are these: It involves no disturbance of the present distinction between murder and manslaughter; but then it abolishes the difference with respect to murder of the second degree, and leaves what was a real distinction only a sham one. It does not make it necessary to remodel the statutes relating to attempt to murder; but if they as well as the other statutes concerning murder are ill-founded, it can hardly be an advantage that a particular mode of amendment leaves a large portion of the badly constructed law untouched. Lastly, it does not interfere with extradition treaties. But if those treaties require the extradition of offenders as murderers whose crimes can only be called murder by mere technicality, is there anything in an international treaty which can prevent us from reducing our definition to a standard which in both countries alike would be considered a just description of the crime? Murder is not a merely technical word; it has a broad popular meaning; and the careful endeavour to make its technical and popular meanings coincide is hardly likely to bring down any serious trouble upon our own international relations—even if they involve a rigid adherence to the current definitions at all.

The Commissioners who, with Lord Macaulay at their head, some years ago, drew up a criminal code for our Indian dependencies, took a much bolder course. They cast away the whole mass of English precedent, and set themselves to define murder a fresh. Expressed, though in a rather cumbrous form, the Indian scheme is to call a wrongful killing murder; (1) if there be the intention to cause death, or (2) such injury as the offender knows to be likely to cause the person's death (which, if the victim were, to the murderer's knowledge, weakly, might be a very slight injury). A third case is, if the intention be to inflict such an injury to any one as in the ordinary course of nature would be likely to kill. This covers the instance of a man shooting at another, and unintentionally killing a third man instead. Fourthly, if the criminal knows that what he does is very dangerous to life, and has no excuse for incurring the risk. (We are citing the rules freely and not verbally.) In general, in those four cases a culpable homicide is murder. But there are five exceptions. First, "If the offender, whilst deprived of the power of self-control by

grave and sudden provocation, causes the death of the person who gave the provocation, or causes the death of any person by mistake or accident." The sufficiency of the provocation is a question of fact; but provocation itself provoked or sought, or given by an officer on duty or in self-defence, does not count as provocation at all. The second and third exceptions protect killing in defence of person or property, though in excess of legal authority, by either a private person or a public servant, if there be no intention to use unnecessary violence. The fourth is more complicated:—"Culpable homicide is not murder if it is committed without premeditation, in a sudden fight, in the heat of passion, upon a sudden quarrel, and without the offender's having taken undue advantage, or acted in a cruel or unusual manner," and that, whichever party was responsible for the quarrel. The fifth excepts the case of an adult who suffers or takes the risk of death with his own consent. It would include the crimes of duelling and abetting suicide; but it was of course peculiarly applicable to a country where suttee was still very prevalent, and could hardly be treated as murder.

Such is the outline of a code of law on murder, which is pronounced to have made the task of the Indian judges far more simple than that of the English. It may be open to improvement; and, in particular, it may well be doubted whether it is safe to trust a jury simply with the large question, whether provocation has been grave and sudden enough to reduce the crime to manslaughter; but its successful working seems to prove that the danger of unsettling the law and introducing a new definition, to be variously interpreted by fifteen judges, might be passed by a simple and natural attempt to say in plain language what are the murderous acts which we all think to be of the highest degree of guilt. Perhaps, as the scheme of first digesting and then codifying the statute law of this country wins its slow way, we may grow more bold, and bring into the criminal law also some of the scientific skill, which will be more heavily taxed in other departments of our complicated jurisprudence. In the meanwhile, the judges and trials will go on much as before; convictions for manslaughter, formerly irregular, will now be according to statute; still, though more rarely, sentences recorded will, of course, be commuted by the Crown; in some few cases juries will usurp a large power of negating malice, and satisfy the public sentiment by treating as extenuated a murder provoked by jealousy or deep injury to the feelings; on the whole the

course of justice will not be largely affected, and the groans of scientific jurists will remain unheeded. Executions will take place in private; and a fresh commission will have, ere long, to take up the questions of a court of criminal appeal, of the practice and of the Home Office, of the law of insanity—even if it escape, by the evasion by which the present Commissioners have escaped, the responsibility of a formal opinion on the propriety of capital punishment in general.

We have postponed to the close of this article some few remarks on the particular class of murders which show the greatest discrepancy between the theory and the practice of our law. If there is one crime to which successive Secretaries of State apply a uniform rule of commutation, it is that of infanticide. Since the year 1849, out of thirty-nine women who have been convicted of it, not one has been executed. The crime, if we may take the strong opinion of so good a judge as "S. G. O.," is fearfully on the increase, and its character exceedingly criminal:—

"The popular view of the matter," he says, "is that the mother of a bastard child has been seduced, deserted, and being driven to despair by shame, and the prospect of the burden which a child's support will be to her out of the workhouse, and her dread of the confinement which life within it will entail, urged by these motives, in a condition little short of insanity, she destroys it. I cannot admit the general truth of this view. I believe that, as the rule, there is very little of what is called seduction. . . . I do not believe that the child is always killed to save the mother's character. I hold rather that it is to avoid the burden of its support. A large proportion of these cases are those of young women out at service: they come home to be confined, leaving their situations frequently unsuspected; they have lived so well in service, that the cottage home, very often a very wretched and a very poor one, is a scene of misery to them; they are there at all grudgingly on the part of their parents; they know that if their child be born alive, and live, they must go to rough work to sustain it, or must go with it to the workhouse; they either attempt to prevent its being born alive, or they try to conceal their state, and then murder the child; or failing this, they nurse it grudgingly for a while, and then return to service, leaving it to be brought up by those whose neglect of it often brings it to an early grave."—*Evidence*, p. 423.

A very shocking state of things for the contemplation of the social philosopher but no argument on the wickedness of child-murder will change our common sentiment that it differs widely from ordinary murder, and cannot, unless in very aggravated cases, be punished with death. It may be impossible to reason out this feeling. If the sacredness of

human life be the justification for capital punishment, breath makes the living soul, and every human being which has once enjoyed a separate existence is in principle within the protection of the same penalty. If it be less criminal to kill a child than an adult, what is a child? and at what age does the killing of it become murder? By the French law infanticide is among the greatest of homicides, because infants, not being registered as citizens, are in need of more special protection than others. If there be a strong temptation to any crime, does it not call for a strong deterrent remedy? Crime is defined by the intent, not the motive. What law could distinguish between the victim of a mere impulse of half-insane distress and the children of a mother who systematically poisons them as soon as they are born? But there are several instincts which prompt us to extenuate the murder of a new-born illegitimate child by its mother in order to conceal its birth. The mother, whether more or less guilty, is often in extreme distress, and in excitement which may almost amount to temporary madness. Her motive is certainly not malignant; her crime lies rather in declining a special duty cast upon her than in violently invading the independent rights of another. Nor is it possible to consider the destruction of a newly-born infant as quite so serious a matter as that of a grown man. It is human life, no doubt; it is valuable—at least as valuable as the life of an idiot or an imbecile old man; and we are not prepared to extend mercy to parricides. But our horror of murder depends mainly upon two things—the selfish malice of the criminal and the suffering undergone by the victim; and while, on the one hand, the feeling is softened towards a person who kills, for the sake of escaping from a position of great distress, a being in whom she has almost a special property, on the other, the actual suffering inflicted on a creature which has scarcely begun to live, and whose existence is merely physical, cannot move the compassion which is excited towards a man whose mind is alive to the terror and his frame to the agony of a sudden death, whose schemes, interests, affections, prospects, are rudely violated, and whose removal leaves an empty and sore place among family, friends, and dependants. We make the same difference in respect to the lower animals. A sensitive person would drown a kitten with much less pain than he would feel in putting a full-grown animal to death. There is one more ground for leniency. The most guilty participants in the vice which leads to infanticide escape scot free. Mankind

have too much conscience to deal harshly with the miserable mothers.

The fair result seems that while it is quite impossible to separate a class of child-murders from the definition of murder, and assign to it a secondary punishment, it is equally impossible to punish infanticides capitally. Juries will not convict. There is an established legal contrivance, by which, if the birth have been concealed, the mother is found guilty of that minor offence, and is imprisoned for eighteen months; and if it have not, she escapes altogether. It is generally impossible to prove that the injuries were inflicted on the child after its complete birth. Medical witnesses, being scientific and careful men, will always confess to some shadow of doubt; and through this opening, too narrow to avail any other prisoner, a way is made to avoid a verdict which would entail even the mere form of a capital sentence. So the law, through attempting to be more severe than the popular sentiment will allow, is in reality far too lenient.

To remedy it, two courses have been suggested. One is, to allow a jury, in the case of the murder of a child under a fortnight or three weeks old, to find extenuating circumstances. The public belief in juries is not strong enough, just now, to allow of their receiving any increase of authority. The other is the plan recommended by the Commissioners, and which seems to meet the substantial justice of the case. Leaving infanticide murder, they propose to constitute it a new offence, and to visit the offence with penal servitude or imprisonment, to do any mortal injury to a child either during its birth or within seven days after. It will thus not be necessary to prove that a child was born alive, in order to secure that foul play, with respect to it, will be avenged by a sentence heavy enough to be dreaded, but light enough to be enforced.

It may perhaps be said, in conclusion, of this Report, that it exhibits in what it decides some of the weakness which has led its framers to evade the main question raised by their labours. The opinion for or against capital punishment pervades almost every page of the evidence, and has affected almost every sentence of the Report. If murder ceased to be capital, need it be classified, and would not the discretion of the judge rightly attemper the punishment? If murder remain capital, can it be accurately classified, or will not some more innocent suffer death while others more guilty get off with imprisonment? If you do away with the gallows

you obviate half the objections to the present law: infanticides might be justly punished; and the judge might do, in ordinary course, without scruple or cavil, what is now done by a stoop of the Prerogative. Such thoughts as these have affected the evidence of many leading witnesses under the close examination of the four members of the Commission who are mainly intent upon sweeping away the extreme penalty. And though the Commissioners, as a body, assume its retention, we cannot but think that they would have more firmly based their recommendations upon a distinct expression of the opinion of the majority of them, that the supreme jurisdiction over life and death should be still kept in the hand of the State, ready for rare but unshrinking use.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Channel Islands*. By DAVID THOMAS ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., and ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. With Illustrations by PAUL J. NAFTEL. Second Edition. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1865.
- 2. *The History of Guernsey and its Bailiwicks, with Occasional Notices of Jersey*. By FERDINAND BROCK TUPPER. Guernsey: Barbet. 1854.
3. *The Channel Islands. A Guide to Jersey and Guernsey*. By FRANK FETHER DALBY. With Maps. Third Edition. London: Stanford.
4. *History of Guernsey, with Occasional Notices of Jersey, Alderney, and Sark, and Biographical Sketches*. By JONATHAN DUNCAN, B.A. Longmans. 1841.
5. *An Account of the Island of Jersey*. By the Rev. PHILIP FALLE, with Notes and Illustrations by the Rev. EDWARD DURELL, Rector of St. Saviour's, Jersey. 1837.
6. *A Plea for Peasant Proprietors*. By WM. THOS. THORNTON. London: Murray. 1855.
7. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society for 1859*. London: Murray.
8. *The Life of Sir William Napier, K.C.B.* Edited by HENRY AUSTIN BRUCE, M.P. London: Murray. 1864.

THE emigrant, who cherishes with love and pride the remembrance of the mother country, does not reflect that "old England" is not the oldest part of the British dominions. Small as are the British Islands when compared with the empire that lies between the tropics of Asia, beneath the arctic circle in America, and in the continent at the antipodes, they are domains of imperial dimension when contrasted with the most ancient possessions of Queen Victoria. The predecessor of our Sovereign was duke of Normandy before he was King of England, and as Duke he ruled that little archipelago off the Norman coast, which alone of all their once fair French provinces has been retained by the monarchs who were so long styled the rulers of "Great Britain, France, and Ireland." England's Queen, we all know, rules over more nations, and is obeyed by subjects speaking more languages, than any other sovereign that ever wore crown; but we rarely remember that the language which claims precedence for antiquity in our history is not English

but French. In the Canadian Parliament we may even now hear the members debating in French; but Canada is only a recent acquisition of Great Britain. Far nearer home, close to our very shores, there are fellow-subjects speaking the language which they spoke before that day eight centuries ago this very year, when the last of the Saxon kings lay dead upon the field of Hastings. In our own Parliament the words in which the Royal assent to any measure is given remind us that we still owe allegiance to the Duchess of Normandy, and recall to us our subjugation. Thus while our Spanish fellow-subjects in Gibraltar, and our Italian fellow-subjects in Malta, bear witness to the conquests which England has won, our fellow-subjects of the Channel Islands remind us that we ourselves have been conquered. Our island stronghold in the Mediterranean may tell of England's valour; our island empire in the Pacific may tell of England's enterprise; but the little island of Jethou, whose name not one of twenty of our readers may have heard, can tell us far more than they of England's history.

There is no portion of the British empire which offers more attraction, within such narrow limits, than the Channel Islands. Situated close to France, lying, in fact, within the shelter of a French bay, they seem by their geographical position to belong to the country whose sandy coasts, whose very houses can be discerned. The doctrine of nationalities would assign these islands to Napoleon, not Victoria. But history has set at nought both geography and ethnology. These French-speaking fellow-subjects of ours have clung to England and abhorred France through long centuries of war between the two countries. They have fought against the men using their own tongue, and in behalf of a people of another speech. Let us be accurate. They fought in behalf of their own independence. The sovereigns of England have been their sovereigns, but the islanders have ruled themselves. They have maintained their own constitution, laws, language, currency, and army. They have contributed nothing to our revenue, and taxation is to them almost unknown. The representatives of the Sovereign who have been sent to dwell amongst them and be at the head of their Government, have been welcomed so long as they have been contented with the *otium cum dignitate* of vice-royalty. But let them once assume active power, let them once attempt to alter old customs or to correct hoary abuses, and they will find, as the historian of the Peninsular War found, that the loyalty of these islanders is conditional, and that the condition is, that the Queen of

England may reign, but must not rule. This immoveable adherence to old customs and old privileges makes the history and the present constitution of the islands full of interest to the antiquarian. For the naturalist and the artist they have an even richer store of enchantments. The seas, the sands, the rocks, abound with fish and weed, and the creatures that hold a middle place between these two. The lanes are full of treasures for the botanist. The coasts present every variety of sea scenery—granite cliffs which, even at the lowest tide, stand fathoms deep in ever-heaving water; long reaches of sand that, when the tide is out, stretch away for nearly a mile below high-water mark; little creeks where the sand is dotted with black serrated reefs half covered by seaweed at the ebb, and all but covered by the foam of the waves as they fret themselves into yeast like spray at the flow. Most of the islands are so near together that they can be seen from each other, and the outline, dim and soft through the summer haze, clear and sharp before the coming rain, blurred and broken in the storm, gives a beauty to the scene which is always wanting when the horizon in every direction is bounded by the sea. To add to the picturesqueness of the scenes, the sea that lies between the chief islands is interspersed by innumerable small islets, some few the abode of perhaps a single family, with Crusoe-like proclivities; some covered entirely by a fort; some the resort only of the sea-bird; but all alike the dread of the sailor strange to these seas. Beyond these is the line of the French coast, yellow with the harvest or brown with the dun sands. All around is a sea of indescribably brilliant azure. It does not present to the seafarer the wonderful gem-like sparkle of the Lago di Garda—probably the finest sheet of water in the world—but it has the hue of that water, the hue of the turquoise.

The tourist in the Channel Islands who makes Southampton his port of departure will find himself gliding down the Water and past the Needles soon after midnight, and about six hours later, if wind and sea have favoured him, he will come in sight of a group of rocks of which the highest is crowned with a strange-looking structure. Those rocks are the Casquets. That structure is a light-house which, with its three separate towers and lanterns, forming the angles of a triangle, warns the sailor that he is near one of the most dreaded spots in the Channel. The Casquets cover a space of water a mile and a half in one direction, and half a mile in the other, and upon them many a ship has been dashed to pieces. If darkness or fog hide the rocks, they are not to be

discovered by the lead, for all around them is water so deep that a line-of-battle ship may pass within oar's length of them. Until 1723, no beacon existed to warn off mariners. In that year a rude attempt was made to supply the deficiency, and at first coals were burnt, and afterwards oil lights were set in a copper frame. In 1790 the present lighthouse was erected, but in 1823, exactly a century after they were first branded as dangerous, a storm of unusual violence destroyed the lanterns and extinguished the lights. Two landing-places give access to the lighthouse, but so great is the swell of the sea, that many weeks sometimes pass without permitting the visitor to land, and it is customary to keep not less than three months' supply of food for the inhabitants of the storm-battered stronghold. Formerly there was a spring of water on the main rock, but it has long since disappeared, and the keepers have to rely upon the supply which is sent to them every month, and on the rain which they collect in a cistern. More fortunate than their brethren on the still more famous rocks of Eddystone, they are able to communicate constantly with their fellow-creatures, for a telegraph is laid between the Casquets and Alderney. A line drawn from the Casquets to Cape de la Hogue, in Normandy, would pass over one of the most dangerous portions of the Channel. First, it would stretch to the Ortach rock, an islet that rises sixty feet out of the water. Between Ortach and the Casquets the tide rushes with great velocity. On the other and eastern side of Ortach is a shoal known as Burhou, and between that and Alderney is the perilous *Passe au Singe*, which English sailors have converted into the *Swinge*. Still going east, we trace the *Race of Alderney*, which separates that island from the French coast about eight miles off. The bed of the sea is here very much elevated, and were it raised but 120 feet higher, the Casquets, Ortach, and Alderney would form one island. As it is, the line which we have described covers a mole for the most part submerged, about twelve miles in length, and forming a natural breakwater to the north of the bay which contains the Channel Islands. As the steamer passes to the west of the Casquets, Alderney with its somewhat too rounded outline is clearly visible on the left. Soon afterwards land is seen on the bow, and somewhere about eight in the morning the tourist steams into the noble harbour of St. Peter's Port, the capital of Guernsey.

Guernsey has not the reputation of Jersey. Its acreage is smaller, its population less numerous; its wealth is more limited. But it has scenery at least equal, and, for boldness,

superior to that of the rival island. The tourist who does not disembark at St. Peter's Port, but passes on to St. Helier's, makes a greivous mistake. For not only is Guernsey different from Jersey, not only is it well worth seeing for its own sake, but it is the centre of radiating excursions. Alderney must be reached by a Guernsey sailing boat, and even with this it is not always possible to return on the same day. Far nearer and smaller than Alderney is Sark, which can be reached during fair weather in two hours. Nearer and smaller still are the twin islands Herm and Jethou, which are half the distance of Sark. Its situation, therefore, gives Guernsey the first place in this article.

Topographically Guernsey is a right-angled triangle whose acute angles have been chipped off. Its hypotenuse, inclines from S.W. to N.E., its base is nearly due east and west, its perpendicular nearly due north and south. Its superficies contains 15,560 English acres, of which about 10,000 acres are under cultivation. Geologically Guernsey is a wedge of granite, sloping upwards with tolerable regularity; so that while the northern extremity is on the level of the sea, the southern rises to a height of 349 feet. Transversely the island slopes down from east to west, and while the ground above St. Peter's Port rises precipitously over the harbour, the other coast slopes away gently for the most part. Close to the northern end the sea runs into so deep a bay as to nearly sever the little village of Val from the rest of Guernsey. Midway along the eastern coast lies the capital of the island. As seen by a passenger from England, St. Peter's Port, or, as it is commonly called, Peter Port, is both conspicuous and picturesque. Its principal buildings are not fine; on the contrary, the most prominent, Elizabeth College, is in the worst form of debased Gothic. Nevertheless the way in which the town climbs the steep hill, and in which the houses lie scattered among the trees, give an imposing air to the *toute ensemble* which certainly the details do not possess. Especially picturesque is Castle Cornet, of old historic fame. This fortress would stand but a short time against modern heavy artillery, but it serves as an appendage to Fort George upon the hill, a more modern and a stronger work, but by no means contributing to the adornment of the landscape. By far the most important work of construction in the island is the splendid harbour, which is still unfinished. This work shows that though the Guernseymen are as yet without a railway, it is not from want of enterprise that the deficiency arises. In a land where the population is scanty, and the

engineering difficulties would be very great, a railroad is not required, and the cost of it would be enormous. A good harbour can be turned to account, and, accordingly, one is nearly finished on a scale which seems to be far beyond the present or the probable future requirements of the place. It took two centuries to make the old dock, though only four and a-half acres in extent. But so sensitive have the islanders proved to what is called the progress of the age, that a little more than a dozen years will have sufficed to make docks covering seventy-three acres. The works include a harbour and a floating dock protected by two breakwaters, the one connecting Castle Cornet with the mainland, the other stretching out from the shore eastwards 1,300 feet. The masonry is of granite, and has an appearance of solidity and massiveness not often seen even in the largest ports, and will be a flattering memorial to the engineer who planned, and the contractors who carried out the work. The cost has been defrayed by an export duty levied upon granite, a not very commendable form of taxation. Its imposition was stoutly resisted by the inhabitants of St. Sampson's, the only other town in the island, who contended that as the granite exported from Guernsey came almost entirely from their parish, while the money thus raised was expended upon the rival town, they were not fairly treated. The quarrel became somewhat bitter, and it was carried before the law courts in England. They refused to recognise any distinction of interests among the inhabitants of so small an island, and confirmed the tax. The quays are worthy of the harbour. They are broad, and in some parts adorned with trees, and form an admirable promenade. Unfortunately the houses are for the most part mean, and the site of what might be a fine esplanade is too often occupied by warehouses and the backs of inferior dwellings. The main street is steep and narrow, and affords no view of the sea. The only public building of any architectural merit is the "Town Church," as it is called, of St. Peter, a cruciform structure with central tower, and in the flamboyant style. Toiling up the main street the high ground is reached, which is covered by small villas, but so arranged that very few of them can enjoy the fine sea view which the height affords. The smaller port of St. Sampson's is reached by a coast road of about two miles. The places are, in fact, nearly connected by successive links of houses. St. Sampson's is purely a port, chiefly for the exportation of granite; while St. Peter's Port is a capital and a market, as well as the chief place for the import trade. The roads have for many years

been very good; but half-a-century ago the then Governor was compelled to use every argument he could devise to make the islanders submit to the taxation necessary for the construction of passable routes. The Guernseymen were both shamed and persuaded into the work, and now the island is surrounded and intersected by highways, which have been judiciously laid out, as well with regard to commercial as military purposes. Well might the grateful Guernseymen erect a tower in honour of Sir John Doyle, who has been the most popular of all their Governors.

It would be difficult to spend a more enjoyable day than in making the round of the island. Starting from St. Peter's Port, the tourist visits a succession of little bays, each in its way the perfection of marine landscape. In one a garden, full of rare plants, slopes downwards to the sea, and all but touches the sands of dazzling whiteness. In another, the cliffs form a precipitous arc, bounding some far retreating inlet. In a third, the most famous of all, Moulin Huet, every charm of Nature is combined. Sharp needles of rocks stand out as the advanced posts against the sea in its aggressive moods; then the land runs inward with bosky clusters of wood here, with bluff rocks there, covered with lichens of such glorious orange, that they vie with the most brilliant autumn tints of the trees. Deep down below the winding path, through heath and wild thyme and gorse, is the creamy white sand, up which the turquoise water runs, and then retreating, leaves a moist dun patch. Passing westwards along the south coast, the luxuriant loveliness of Moulin Huet gives place to sterner features. The rocks stand up uncompromisingly against the sea, and refusing to yield, allow little room for those nooks where beauty dwells sheltered from the storm. The umbrageous wealth is gone which reaches its full perfection in Water Lane, a leafy tunnel, through which scarcely a stray sunbeam can find its way to cast a shadow upon the moist fern-bordered path, and where there is twilight even at high noon. Copse and grove disappear and give place to the open common, which even the adventurous Guernseymen have not attempted to cultivate. We round the south-western angle and see before us at a short distance seawards, cruel reefs of rock, guilty of the fate of many a gallant ship, but now made conspicuous by a warning lighthouse, the Hanois, erected but a few years ago, and after long contention between the local authorities and the corporation of the Trinity House. Then again the ever shifting scene changes. We have no longer inlets of

graceful curve, nor bluff rampart of cliffs, but a wide bay, whose waters are scattered over with innumerable low rocks. Sometimes a line of reef; sometimes an islet; and between them, even in summer's calm, the sea frets and surges. One rock may claim the title of island; Lihou Island it is called. Monks dwelt there in the old days, and their chanted prayers must often have been drowned by the thunder of the billows. Now there dwells here a Frenchman, whose heart is set on profit rather than on prayer, for he has the right to all the seaweed in his island; and seaweed, as we shall presently find, is a most important produce, whose harvesting is restricted by stringent laws. Mr. Ansted, in his admirable volume on the Channel Islands, a book to be read before and after, rather than during a tour, compares Lihou on the west with Castle Cornet on the east side of the island. But Lihou is much the larger island. It is connected with the main land by a rough causeway 700 yards long, that is covered by the sea for at least half of every tide. Beyond Lihou is a series of sandy bogs, still interspersed with rocks. The high ground of the south-west angle slopes away until, as the north-west angle is reached, there is a wide open space of country, but little above the sea level. Here are some of the most productive farms in the island. The northern extremity is for the most part barren and sandy, and the village of Val is situated in a wild and desolate district. The tourist who has but little time to spare should, after reaching Cobo Bay, strike inwards, and climbing the high ground, pass through the richly wooded country about Câtel, and bisect the island by descending to St. Peter's Port, his point of departure.

In perambulating Guernsey, it is impossible not to be struck with the apparent absence of inhabitants. The population is, as every one knows, really far denser than in England. Yet at midday, one may traverse mile after mile of the leafy lanes in the centre of the island, or the open roads on the coast, without meeting a single person. Proofs of habitation there are indeed; for everywhere there are picturesque cottages, where the fuchsia attains the height of a tree, where the camellia is a shrub wide spread and taller than a man, where the hydrangea is as prodigal of blossom as in the Bay of Glengariffe, which the visitor of the Irish Lakes knows so well, and where even the aloe and the myrtle flourish and flower. But if you try to enter one of those dwellings in order to ask your way, you will find the door fast, and the house empty. But the household are not

far off. You may not see them, but you can hear the tinkle of sharpening scythes or a murmur of human voices. They are all workers here; father, mother, son, and daughter, alike, till the ground, for that ground is their own. Spade husbandry is carried to perfection here, where labour costs but little, and, to use Arthur Young's famous saying, "the magic of ownership turns the very rocks into gold." So all day long they toil in the field, and at eventide they divert themselves by toiling in their gardens. Their farms are little more than gardens. They are usually of from ten to twenty acres. Fifty acres is an exceptionally large holding. Thus every inch of ground is made productive; thanks to the climate, and to the implement which has made the sands of Flanders a veritable Pactolus, and concerning which the Italian proverb says, that while "the plough has a share of iron, the spade has an edge of gold."

We shall have to speak hereafter of the peasant farming of the Channel Islands, a favourite theme with political economists of the Mill school. There is one particular crop which we must notice here—since it is in Guernsey that the gathering in of it is seen to greatest advantage. It is a portion of that great "harvest of the sea" which we are too apt to undervalue. Locally the crop is called *vraic*, we should call it seaweed. Though a weed, the picking of it is restricted by very stringent laws. It is only at two seasons of the year that *vraic* may be gathered, in July and in February. The summer crop is stacked in ricks and left to dry beneath the sun, and is used for fuel. The winter crop is spread upon the land as manure, and is a most valuable fertiliser, especially when mixed with stable refuse. The ashes of the summer crop also are applied with good effect to the soil. The cottagers get sixpence a bushel for this. The seaweed is of two kinds—that which adheres to the rocks, *vraic scié*, and the drift, *vraic venant*. The gathering of the latter is allowed to all persons throughout the year from sunrise to eight p.m. Sometimes after a gale a very busy scene is presented, especially in Rocquaine Bay, at the south-west angle of Guernsey. A long row of peasants will be seen standing upon the beach armed with rakes, and by the side of them a mound of weed which they have gathered together, but which they must not take away until the sunrise gun announces the beginning of the day. No sooner has the distant boom been heard than they set to work with astonishing vigour, and carry off their treasure in carts, if they are fortunate enough to possess any, or more often in panniers

carried by horses or asses. The regulations which provide for the cutting of the *vraic scié* are still more strict. The first harvest begins at the first new or full moon after February 1st, and lasts five weeks. The second begins in the middle of June and ends on August 31st. The summer cutting is limited for the first month to the poor, or people who have no cattle. They are not allowed to carry it by barrow to a cart, but must transport it above high spring tide, and from thence it is carted away. "The cutting of the *vraic*," says Mr. Ansted, "is the occasion of a general holiday. The rocks having been examined the day before by the men, large parties grouped into sets of two or three families, resort to the most promising places where the weed is thickest and longest, and cut it with a small kind of reaping hook, throwing it into heaps until the tide flows. It is then carried out of reach of the advancing tide as fast as possible. The evening after the day's work, the parties meet at some neighbouring house of refreshment, where the *lit de fouaille* is fitted up for the occasion and lighted up. The evening closes with a dance." The total amount of *vraic* collected yearly around Guernsey is about 30,000 loads, and as the value of a load is reckoned to be two shillings on the beach here at once is a source of wealth equal to £3,000 a year. Jersey probably supplies an even larger amount. On an average about one acre in five in the larger islands, and nearly as much in Alderney and Sark, is manured with litter and seaweed to the amount of ten loads to the acre, or with the ashes of the weed that has already done duty as fuel. In potato culture this application has been remarkably successful, land so treated yielding on an average twenty tons of potatoes to the acre. But it is not only for agricultural and domestic purposes that the *vraic* is available. It is used in the manufacture of barilla, especially in the Chaussey Islands, and also in that of iodine. The Guernsey sea weed is particularly rich in the latter salt, and for the last twenty years iodine has been manufactured and exported to England. The development of photography has increased the demand for that salt, and at the present time over 20,000 ounces are sent yearly to this country. The seaweed is capable of yielding paraffin oil, naphtha, and sulphate of ammonia, which, however, are not manufactured on the islands. There is room here for much greater enterprise than has yet been shown. The annual yield of seaweed is about 200,000 tons of which a very small quantity is turned to the profitable use to which it might be put.

As we have said, Guernsey is the most convenient starting point for visiting the smaller islands. The most important excursion is that to Alderney. As at first seen the lofty cliffs are masked by a number of detached rocks lying at a short distance from the south-western extremity of the island. In that island, as in Guernsey, the coast presents a great variety of attractions. On the north the ground slopes towards a series of bogs more or less tame. To the south-east is a succession of rock scenery of the very grandest description. One may look sheer down two hundred feet into the sea, and through the clear water discern the rocky bottom fathoms deep. Mr. Ansted has so well described this coast, that we cannot do better than quote from his elaborate and beautiful volume.

"Continuing to work our way round the various inlets, we come after a time to the sandstone, of which there is a second small patch, quarried near the top of the cliff, and seen reaching the sea. Afterwards there is nothing but naked and rough granite and porphyry. Wonderfully broken and precipitous are the cliffs thus formed. Many of them are quite vertical, either to the sea, or to the very small bays, where the water is seen boiling and foaming in the most extraordinary manner. From one headland to another, round great hollow depressions, where the granite is soft and decomposing, along parts of the cliff where wide cracks at the surface shew the possibility of the ground sinking under his feet, the visitor may pick his way, rewarded occasionally by bursts of unexpected grandeur and beauty. The cliffs are often so vertical that one may look down to the sea rolling in at one's feet, and across a narrow inlet perceive clearly the geological structure of an opposite cliff. There is one spot in particular, where a wall of rock a couple of hundred feet deep, displays a beautiful olive-coloured porphyry, crossed by great horizontal veins of flesh-coloured felspar, succeeding one another at intervals down to the sea line. The scenery of the cliff varies a good deal, and much of it is almost peculiar to Alderney. In many places depressions of the surface are observable, and one is obliged either to make a wide circuit, or to descend a deep hollow. Two or three such scoopings out of the surface are passed on the south east coast. They correspond to the presence of a peculiarly decomposing rotten material that alternates with the harder parts of the rock. As there are generally hard walls to these softer hollows they are often in the highest degree picturesque, for the action of the sea having worn away a deep inlet, the wall of rock on each side allows of the inlet being approached pretty nearly without inconvenience. . . . Towards the south western extremity of the island there is a succession of very bold and grand cliffs, beyond which is a reef of picturesque rocks, some of them of large size. . . . It is the fashion, and has become almost a tradition, to speak of Alderney as a desolate station, offering no single object of interest, and nothing to occupy any rational person

for many hours. But those who are capable of appreciating grand rocky scenery, and who are able to look at it; persons who would regard Wales, Scotland, and Switzerland as worth visiting for themselves, their wild beauty, and for the sublimity of their scenery, ought not to complain of this remarkable island. Such persons may, beyond a doubt, find along the coast we have been describing, quite as much grandeur and beauty as they have anywhere seen in a day's ramble."

There are in Alderney objects of special interest, such as the Roche Pendante, a magnificent pinnacle of sand-stone rock; and there are beaches to be visited, by no means an easy feat. The town is not remarkable, and there are scarcely any buildings of importance, still less of beauty, except the new parish church in the early English style, with chancel, apse, and choir-arch of great beauty. Two mistakes unhappily detract from the perfection of Mr. Gilbert Scott's otherwise successful work. The church, which should have been placed on high ground, is buried in a hollow, and the soft stone of Normandy has been used for the dressings, and is already, after about twenty years of exposure, falling into decay. Alderney owes its importance to military rather than to ecclesiastical constructions. It is well called by Mr. Ansted the Ehrenbreitstein of the Channel; only it is to France what the Rhine fortress would be to the Prussians if it were in the hands of the French. Alderney seems destined by nature to be an outwork of Cherbourg. We have endeavoured to make it a counter-work. It was Sir William Napier who urged that the island should be made a fortified naval station. When Governor of Guernsey he wrote to the Home Secretary of that time, Sir James Graham, and pointed out the necessity of converting Alderney into a stronghold which should be both a haven of refuge for our own fleet, and a point of attack upon the enemy's. He said that of all the islands, Alderney was the most important, and that so long as it was unprotected, one hour and two large steamers would suffice to place France in possession of it, and then it would not be possible to dispossess her. Having established herself there she would be able to reduce the other islands at leisure; while England, engaged as she would then be in a struggle for very existence, would not have the strength to undertake so major an operation of warfare as the recovery of the islands. On the other hand, if strongly secured, Alderney would serve as an effectual check upon Cherbourg. By raising a tower on the Touraille Hill, or Essex-heights, it would be possible to look into the French stronghold. From La Hogue to the Bill of Portland is fifty-seven miles, and as the Swinge and the Race cannot be

blockaded, fifteen miles of the distance would be in the possession of the French, with a harbour for any number of vessels. The sun rises at the back of the position, and therefore French ships of war would see an English ship two or three hours before she could be observed from Portland, and they would pounce upon her before help from England could reach her. Seven years later, in 1852, Napier again wrote to urge the fortification of Alderney. He said a defended harbour would form the rendezvous of a squadron blockading Cherbourg. If the Cherbourg fleet came out the Alderney fleet would send expresses to the Channel squadron, and a general engagement would take place between Dover and Portland. These representations produced their effect, and one of the most costly even of government jobs was soon afterwards begun. Three large forts and a breakwater have been constructed, and the anchorage has been cleared of several rocks. Mr. Ansted writing in 1865, says :—

“To enlarge the original design (which was either too much or too little), it was determined to alter the direction of the west breakwater to east north-east. This has involved a large quantity of work done in water upwards of twenty fathoms deep, and has completely cut across the excellent anchorage that might have been procured by carrying the breakwater from rock to rock. Had the latter work been decided on, a magnificent harbour would have been secured at a comparatively small expense. Nearly a million sterling has now been expended on the 1,200 yards of the west breakwater at present carried out. The east breakwater is not yet commenced. . . . Great as has been the error in the construction of the harbour, and although, beyond doubt, the accommodation when completed will be far less and far worse than it ought to have been, no policy could be more absurd or suicidal than to stop or check the works in their present state. The shelter that will be afforded when the works are completed is an object of great importance. To obtain this, vast sums have been expended in constructing a long series of forts to command efficiently some five miles of coast. It is in this harbour that our merchant ships would look for safety in the event of war. It is here that gunboats and other ships of war would collect; to this place they would repair for coals and stores; here they might refit; and hence they might issue to cut off and destroy an enemy stationed at Cherbourg. If the Channel Islands are to be preserved, and that the possession of these islands means the possession of the Channel is more than ever the case now, it can be only by rendering Alderney useful as well as strong; and much of this usefulness consists in there being a harbour of refuge. It is not now time to consider what might have been done better: but it is a very serious question indeed, what can be done best with the materials still at our command.”

Our naval and military authorities seem to have been peculiarly unfortunate in the Channel Islands. Alderney is quite a byword and a reproach, and a few years ago the yearly vote for carrying on the works was made the subject of a sharp Parliamentary struggle. A more disastrous undertaking, because wholly useless, was commenced some years ago in St. Catherine's Bay, Jersey. One day, in hot haste the Admiralty bought for £80,000, a piece of ground worth £3,000, with the idea of erecting a fortress. This has not been commenced, nor is it likely to be. The harbour which the fort was to protect, was however begun, and after a magnificent pier about a third of a mile long, and constructed in the most substantial and costly manner, had been completed, and a second arm of rough rock work had been partly made, it was discovered that the water was not deep enough to hold ships; and now after that half-a-million sterling has been squandered, the works have been abandoned, the pier is covered with weeds, and the lighthouse that was erected to guide storm-tost ships into a fair haven, has to be lighted every night to warn them from coming near. Even had the harbour been successful as regards its capabilities, it would have been wrongly placed. It overlooks the sandy portless coast of Normandy, south of Cape La Hogue, instead of towards that point and Cherbourg, as it would have done on the other side of the island.

Reculer pour mieux sauter. We go back to Guernsey in order to make a better start for the other islands. Exactly opposite St. Peter's Port lie Herm and Jethou, two islands that bear to each other the same relations as a frigate and her tender gunboat. They form part of a reef of granite, most picturesque but most dangerous, which stretches towards Guernsey, and which makes the "Little Russell" the most difficult of all the many perilous passages in these waters. The first of them presents every variety of coast scenery, and is much after the same type as Guernsey. Like that island it is steep towards the south, and stretches along in long sandy flats northwards. The rocks being a softer granite than in Guernsey, it is more cleft by the action of the sea. Herm abounds in caverns, wherein the brilliant green of luxuriant ferns is vividly set off by the background of swarthy cliff. Little bays lie surrounded by steep slopes, full of wild flowers, down the side of which the tourist has worn a winding path. Here the sand is as smooth as velvet, as firm as marble to the foot, and the intense brilliancy and clearness of the water irresistibly invite to bathe. The sur-

face of the island is remarkably irregular. Here there is a steep hill with flanking valleys, bounding to the sea. Here there are steep cliffs, at the foot of which it is possible to walk only at low water. Here there is a flat table land covered with coarse grass and margined by a long reach of sand. An enterprising gentleman has undertaken to cultivate the island, and he has a comfortable house and convenient farm buildings. The soil is good, consisting of decomposed granite, which in Cornwall yields such wonderful crops of early vegetables for Covent Garden. But the great deficiency of the island is the want of water. Through this it became necessary for the Lord of Herm to sell off his fine herd of Alderney cattle during a recent dry summer. The aborigines are as troublesome to him in their way as the Maories have proved to the New Zealand settlers. These foes are the rabbits, and not only do they work havoc among the crops, but they are undermining the island, and are the cause of the frequent landslips, which are diminishing its area. Herm is not given up wholly to agriculture. There are granite quarries, which of late have been worked with considerable vigour on account of extensive orders for the Thames Embankment. The chief glory of Herm is its shell beach. The sands of Whitesand Bay, near the Land's End, are prolific in shells, but they cannot bear comparison with this wonderful shore. Here the sand is made up entirely of shells whole or in fragments. Every handful contains myriad tenantless abodes of animal life. Exquisite in form, glorious in colour, they quite overpower the imagination with a reality so far beyond conception. Lying there at length, far away from the turmoil of life in London, the wearied holiday-taker is startled by the apparent waste of creative power. It seems wonderful that so little account of life should be taken by the Great Life-giver. He is humiliated to think that year after year fresh stores of structural beauty are added, to be washed away again, without being beheld by a human eye. To what purpose, he asks, was this waste? He cannot solve the "riddle of the painful earth," and if he leaves the sands, and when the water is out, will wade barefooted among the pools that the sea has left between sharp ridges of rock and rounded slopes of sand, and watch the fairy forms of life, half animal and half vegetable, the flesh-like, flower-like petals of the sea anemone, pale pink, bright orange, deep crimson, he will be still more overcome by the vastness of that universe, whose very puddles are kingdoms.

Jethou lies to the south of Herm, and is separated from it by a narrow but deep channel. Strictly speaking, it consists of a group of three islands, being itself by far the largest. It is steeper and higher than Herm, and it has one house, occupied by the tenant who farms the island. Southwards there is a series of dangerous rocks. In spite of the difficulties of navigation, visitors to Herm and Jethou are numerous. Thousands of excursionists brave an hour's seasickness, and a possible wreck, in order to visit spots that are indeed worth a heavier sacrifice.

He who has not seen Sark has not seen the Channel Islands. The geography books that we used to learn when we were young told us that this was a barren and rocky island, and that was all they told us. We were left to infer that it was uninhabited and desolate, a place little favoured by God and forsaken by man. Rocky it is, but not barren. It is so rocky that the Lords of the Admiralty once steamed round and round the island, and finding no landing place gave up their intended visit in despair. But the interior is fertile enough. The island is a bowl, and the concavity of it abounds with tree and flower and fern, and there are nooks of luxuriant greenery and leafy lanes such as Devonshire would not be ashamed to own. So far is it from being uninhabited, that the only fear of the islanders is that they will be over-populated. The navigation thither is intricate and not a little perilous, so that the Sark pilots who have learnt to thread the watery maze, and to encounter the dangers of rock and shoal, have a reputation for skill and hardihood. A steamer goes from Guernsey to Sark about once a week in summer, and luggers go every day. But in winter when the wind is tempestuous, still more when there is a calm accompanied by a fog, it is often impossible to hold communication for more than a week. Twelve days have been known to elapse before the Sarkites could learn anything of what was going on in the great world of Guernsey. If the weather be fine, the most pleasant way of crossing is to embark in one of the luggers. With a breeze sufficient to freshen the sea and to swell the sails one goes bounding along past bold groups of rocks and islets tenanted by sea fowl, until the southern extremity of Sark is reached. Then the tack is altered, and the little vessel glides along more slowly in smooth water, sheltered by the high cliffs that rise up precipitously from the shore, and are here and there pierced with caverns, until it reaches the pier which their naval lordships thought too insignificant to

notice. Landing here is not an easy matter, for one has to walk the plank under the most favourable circumstances, and if the sea be at all fresh one must be prepared for a wade. Even when this has been done it is by no means easy to discover where the portal is which is to give us an outlet from this rock-bound bay and entrance into the island. Advantage has been taken of a soft cliff which the sea had partly excavated to pierce a tunnel, and this is the gateway into the domain of the Lord of Sark. That passed the adventurer toils up a steep road, at first between turfy hills, but presently through a tree-shaded lane, past cottages that tell of human inhabitants, past a church, a post-office, and an inn, which reveal a certain degree of civilization, and then downwards through meadows and "happy orchard lawns" to a charming rustic hotel lying at the head of a luxuriant glen that slopes down to the lower sands and the blue sea. It happened to the writer to spend a Sunday here not long since, and anything more truly Sabbatical than that day he never experienced. It was absolute rest, most welcome to one wearied by eleven months' toil in the greatest of cities. The ripple ran softly up the sand, and then glided back with scarce a sound. Far out at sea there was the soft haze of summer, hiding the glare of the French coast that would otherwise have been visible, to tell of the great world of Europe. Close at hand there was no sound save the humming of the bee and the crisp rustle of the cattle as they cropped the short grass. Then, as the morning wore on, the people gathered from the scattered cottages and wended their way to the unadorned church, wherein no sign of cope or chasuble, crucifix or thurible is likely to intrude for centuries to come. There the old familiar prayers sounded strangely in another tongue, and the psalter was sung to grand chorales worthy to be included in Sebastian Bach's *Gesangbuch*. Then, to wander slowly over the downs, with the sea visible almost all around the island; to sit upon the farthest point of some giddy height and gaze at the heaving water almost steel blue, as seen far below and between the peaks and altars of rock that storms had severed from the island and left standing apart—to think, by way of deepening the deep repose, of hot churches crowded with worshippers in gorgeous attire, not to read, but simply to "muse and brood and live again in memory" old and cherished words or scenes well nigh forgotten—that was delight keen enough to render that summer Sabbath for ever a red-letter day in the writer's calendar.

There is one peculiarity which cannot but heighten the strange dreamy thoughts that the visitor must feel at finding himself on such a spot as this. The Sarkites walk about in sable garments. In Guernsey there seemed to be an unusually large number of mourners going about the streets; but in Sark the whole population are clad in the gloomy costume of death. One is tempted to suppose that some great pestilence has swept over the people, and left one-half of them lamenting for the other half laid in their graves. You cannot learn that any such calamity has befallen them. Their weeds appear to be due to other causes. The island is small and the inhabitants intermarry so much that they are like one large family, of which if one member suffers all the other members grieve. That is one reason; but there is another. The Sarkites are an economical race, and having bought a good black stuff gown, or a good black cloth coat, they will wear it until it is worn out. They don't adopt the modern London fashion of wearing mourning for three weeks. Tenderness and thriftiness alike forbid. They are not only tender and thrifty, they are independent. They pass their own laws and no one has the right of veto save the Seigneur. Their Parliament of forty meets in the school-house, and there the island budget, about £80 a year, is voted. They have a prison and tradition tells that there was once a prisoner, and that when she was about to be locked up for the night she begged that the door might be left open as she was nervous if left alone. The request was complied with, and the prisoner made no attempt to escape, thinking probably that concealment would be impossible in a country of such narrow limits as Sark. Once upon a time there was nearly a rebellion in the island. It was the introduction of the penny post which caused it. Before that event the islanders used to go down to the little bay we have spoken of, and meet the boat which brought their mail and seize their letters without asking leave. The necessity of seeing them carried away to the Post-office, and of waiting until the eagerly expected missives were delivered, irritated them in the highest degree, and their anger was not quickly appeased. The chief authority in the island is a clergyman, who is not only Seigneur, but High Sheriff, President of the Legislative Assembly, and Commander of the Forces, which number about a dozen men, of whom about ten would be officers. His is a very mild despotism. The land tenure is regulated by the strictest primogeniture. The Sarkites are so careful that their island shall not be over-

populated, that the younger sons are not permitted to inherit their father's estate, but are expected to leave the island and push their fortunes in Guernsey or in the great world beyond. Notwithstanding these precautions, land attains the very high price of £300 an acre. French is the language almost universally spoken; by no means Parisian French, but a *patois* to which the people cling so tenaciously, that although taught English at the schools they speedily forget it. The Seignory is the chief sight of the island, and very charming is it. A quaint castellated building with terraces on which peacocks display their fans, with velvet lawns in front and hollyhocks of many colours growing ten feet high, and a brilliant blaze of flowers such as are not often seen north of Italy, and luscious fruits that crowd the walls, and bosky glens through which one descends to a precipitous rock, that looks across a narrow gulf of sea upon an island which to those who know Cornwall, will at once suggest Tintagel—such is the Seignory.

We must not forget Little Sark. It is joined to Sark by the narrowest neck of land that ever saved peninsula from becoming island. A pathway, eight feet broad, with cliffs sheer down 200 feet on either side, and with no protection for the dizzy traveller, such is the highway from Great to Little Sark. It may be perhaps on account of the tenuity of this *coupé*, so suggestive of the bridge that leads to the Mahometan's Paradise, that the inhabitants of one part of the island will pass months without visiting the other part. Tradition tells that one Little Sarkite who used, on his visit to the Sarkite metropolis, to take more liquor than was good for him, would pause on his way homewards before passing the *coupé*, and would balance himself upon an old cannon to see if he were in a condition to traverse the perilous path. If he could maintain his balance, he would go on; if he fell off, he would remain for the night on the northern side, and sleep himself sober. Formerly there were mines worked in Little Sark; but though productive, they did not pay their expenses, and they are now abandoned, together with many of the cottages. The population of the entire island is almost entirely given up to agriculture and fishing—to the harvest of the fields and the harvest of the sea. The first are so little venturesome that many of them have never set foot out of their island, and seem to think it so wide a world that they tie up all their fowls by one leg lest they should stray. The second must be bold, for the coast is dangerous, and the storms are sometimes terrible.

To go from Sark to Jersey is to return from almost eremite seclusion to the turmoil of the world. St. Helier's, the capital, is a place of 30,000 inhabitants, a population nearly equal to that of all the islands, save Jersey, put together. Your first contact with the Jerseymen does not give you a favourable impression of them. The porters that beset you as you land at the quay are most obtrusive in their offers of service; but though competition is keen there is no abatement of price, and the pertinacity with which they follow you is equalled by the largeness of their expectations if you engage them. The cabmen are less numerous, and are therefore more extortionate. The fares which they demand would astound even the most audacious of their *confrères* in London; and they have this advantage, that their extortion is legalised. The Jerseymen are so lightly taxed that they can enjoy the use of a well-built carriage, two horses, and a driver for the whole day on paying fourteen shillings; but they know how to tax strangers, and these accordingly have to pay some three or four shillings for the use of a cab over the mile that lies between the pier and the centre of the town. The antipathy which these first specimens of Jerseymen excite is softened by the sight of the Jersey women. These are as remarkable for beauty as their sisters in Devonshire, and both have the same style of beauty. St. Helier's is a town that does not improve on acquaintance. The public buildings are poor; the streets are narrow, though the shops are good. The market is capacious, but that which used to be the chief charm of it, the picturesque costume of the market women, is every year more rarely seen. Here, as at Guernsey, the visitor gets undeceived as to the supposed exceeding cheapness of living in the Channel Islands. True, the taxes are light, and thus one item of expenditure is saved, and there being few duties, whether excise or customs, it is possible to get all kinds of spirits, from *eau de Cologne* to brandy, at a little more than the cost of manufacture. But, after all, men cannot live upon brandy or *eau de Cologne*. The other and purely legitimate articles of household expenditure are not apparently lower in price than in many of the smaller towns of England. House rent, moreover, is by no means low, so that the popular belief about the small expenditure required in the Channel Islands, if it were true some years ago, is no longer so.

Between Guernsey and Jersey there is more of rivalry than of intercourse. The two are jealous of each other. They are, however, alike in many respects. Among others, they both have a rock fortress guarding the harbour, with a distinguished

history attached to it, but are picturesque rather than useful. Modern works of defence upon the hills above overlook and supersede the island stronghold. Fort George overshadows Castle Cornet; Fort Regent overshadows Castle Elizabeth. The two castles were alike in holding out for the King when the islands had declared for the Parliament. Both were reduced at last; Castle Cornet after a gallant resistance of nine years, Elizabeth Castle after a resistance of about six weeks; capitulation being induced less by the strength of the enemy than by the accidental explosion of powder which caused the deaths of a large number of the garrison. Of more recent interest is the Royal Square, where the gallant Major Pierson fell at the very moment that he had succeeded in repulsing the French some eighty-five years ago.

The tourist who has been living in towns all the year will be glad enough to escape from St. Helier's, and he cannot do better than make Gouray or Gorey, as it is indifferently called, his head quarters. It is situated among some of the best scenery in the island, and possesses a noble lion in the Castle of Mont Orgueil. At the foot of this rocky fortress are sands stretching away for two miles on the right, and on the left a series of picturesque bays full of studies for the artist and the geologist. Its eastern aspect renders Gouray less relaxing than St. Brelade's Bay, which is more frequented by visitors, but which, in the height of summer, is intolerably hot. Though but a little town, and since the failure of the oyster fishery, a decaying town, Gouray possesses ample accommodation. In fact, every other house on the quay is an hotel; but it will be better to find a lodging on the hill which overlooks the bay, the castle, and the town, and from which there is a view of the coast of France so extensive that at night half-a-dozen lighthouses may be counted. The first object which strikes the traveller coming from St. Helier's is Mont Orgueil Castle, which is built upon a prominent rock standing isolated and precipitous on three sides. The fortress is of ancient date, and is supposed to have had existence in the time of King John. The greater part of the present building must, however, be more modern than this, and many of the rooms are in a good state of preservation and habitable. Within this ivy-covered stronghold two historic personages spent some time during the civil war. Prynne passed three years here, and liked his prison so well that he composed a poem entitled "A poetic description of Mont Orgueil Castle, in the Isle of Jersey, interlaced with some brief meditations upon its rocky, steep, and lofty situation." The illustrious

Roundhead seems to have been softened by his confinement. Not only did he woo the muse, but his Puritanism was so far undermined that he was induced to play cards with Lady Carteret and her daughters, among whom he found one partner so admirable that he dedicated his poem to her. The other occupant of the castle was a voluntary one, Charles II., who remained here several months.

The next object which attracts the visitor is at first sight a very puzzling one. As he drives along the coast of Grouville Bay, he sees high up on the hill, far above even lofty Mont Orgueil, a ship. The fly in the amber is not a more puzzling phenomenon at first sight. A visit to the vessel explains the mystery very satisfactorily. It consists of the upper deck and masts of a man-of-war erected on the ground and used as a training ship for lads entering the naval service. A most admirable institution it is. Here boys are taught everything connected with the working of a ship; they learn the names and use of every spar and rope, and how to rig and steer. They live within these wooden walls just as though they were afloat, and all the order and discipline of a man-of-war are observed. Connected with the ship are boats in which the lads learn to row practically. Beside their special training they receive a good general education. They are well fed and clothed, and seem as happy as the day is long. Mont Orgueil, no longer available as a fortress, is used as an infirmary in case of infectious diseases on board the training ship. Altogether the experiment has been most successful, and it has induced a large number of the poorer Jersey men to send their sons into the navy.

We have already spoken of the splendid but useless pier that has been built in St. Catherine's Bay. This is about two miles to the north of Gouray, and on the way thither another pier, but partly built, is passed. This is constructed of a very remarkable conglomerate stone that has been quarried out of the rocks close to the finished pier, and conveyed by a tram-road to the point where it was required. The quarry is one of the most interesting spots that ever gave work to the geologist's hammer. Beyond this is a succession of small bays, strewn with great boulders of this rock, and abounding with rounded pebbles of granite, jasper, a peculiar green stone, cornelian, agate and common black flint, which, as Mr. Ansted says, "in any English watering-place would be collected and polished for sale." In one of these bays is a tower from which the submarine telegraph is laid to the coast of France, which is here most closely approximated. Proceeding

northwards, Rozel Bay with its little hamlet is reached. It is in this part of the Channel Islands that the sea attains its most brilliant blue. From this point to the north-western point of Jersey the coast is very fine, and if the tourist has stout limbs and a steady brain, he will find the walk by the cliffs fully repay him for the fatigue. We have not space to describe at any length the separate points of interest, but must make special mention only of Plemont or Pleinmont Point. There are here some caves of remarkable size and beauty. They are to be visited only at low water, but are well worth the trouble which it costs to inspect them. Mr. Ansted thus describes the rock scenery at this point:—

“The great peculiarity of the bay is the succession of noble and picturesque caverns, and deep narrow fiords alternating with rocky reefs projecting for some distance into the sea. These are continued far beyond the lowest tide, extending, indeed, to the extremity of Cape Grosnez, under which is the last cavern. It is difficult to state the number of caverns in the bay with precision. Six may be visited in succession at all times except near highwater, and all are strikingly picturesque. Some are connected one with another by low natural arches, but most of them are detached. The first enters by an open inlet forty or fifty yards wide, and more than sixty yards in length before narrowing. The inlet continues in the same direction. On one side, however, to the right, it is open for another fifty yards, and to the left becomes a magnificent natural hall, perfectly straight, entering about 120 feet, with a width of nearly 50 at the entrance, and gradually narrowing. The height of the roof is some twenty feet or more, and the floor is strewn with large perfectly rounded pebbles, and large rocks of extremely white granites, although the walls are pinkish and dark grey stone. Some distance beyond the first opening is a group of three caverns connected by a low natural arch, and having in the foreground a remarkable group of detached rocky pinnacles and boulders. A cascade, the water falling exactly over the entry of one of the caves which is situated between two others, all visible from the same point, produces a variety of rocky scenery to be met with only in the Channel Islands in this remarkable bay.”

A little farther than these caves is Grosnez Point, the north-western angle of Jersey. Turning southward the scenery shortly changes with that abruptness which constitutes one of the chief charms of these islands. In the place of the bold cliffs and fiords and broken islets of rock, we come upon a reach of sand occupying the whole western side of Jersey, and on which, when the west wind blows, the white horses of Neptune come striding on with a noise like thunder. This Bay of Ouen or St. Owen is one

of the finest expanses of sand in the British dominions. It stretches southward for more than five miles, and receding to a range of hills forming a semi-elliptical background; it has a shorter diameter of nearly four miles. The sands are prevented from becoming monotonous by the cropping up of several rocks, especially of the Corbières, a grand and picturesque group, connected with the mainland at low water by a broad causeway of boulders and jagged ends of granite. Facing east and skirting the southern shore of Jersey, we come to St. Brelade's Bay, beautiful, but oppressively hot. Beyond this is fair and large St. Aubin's Bay scattered with villas, and rising out of it Elizabeth Castle and the busy island capital, St. Helier's. We have thus skirted the island, for it is the coast, with its infinite variety of perpendicular cliffs, rounded grassy downs, far-reaching sands, and rocky fiords that constitutes the chief charm of Jersey. The interior is pretty, but will seem tame to those who know Devonshire or even only the less romantic Isle of Wight. There is little interesting to the archæologist throughout Jersey. The agriculturist and the botanist will find more to interest them.

The climate of the Channel Islands is singularly agreeable. The mean daily range of temperature in Guernsey, is but $8^{\circ} 1'$, just one-half of that at Greenwich, and during November, January, and February, is but $6^{\circ} 2'$. The mean temperature of the year is $51^{\circ} 5'$, which is $2^{\circ} 5'$ higher than at Greenwich. In the winter months the mean temperature is no less than six degrees higher than at Greenwich. The consequence is that snow and frost are almost unknown phenomena; the geranium, the fuchsia, the myrtle, and the camellia grow out of doors through the year; and the last, especially, attains to the dimensions of a tree. The highest recorded reading of the thermometer is 83° , the lowest $24^{\circ} 5'$, the two extremes having been reached within six months of each other—namely, in the summer of 1846, and in the January of 1847. The mean rainfall is under 35 inches. Dense fogs are somewhat frequent, especially in November. In Jersey the range of temperature is somewhat greater than in Guernsey. It seems strange that there should be any difference of climate between two islands so closely adjoining as Guernsey and Sark. Yet there is so great a difference that Guernseymen, languid from the want of change of air, go to Sark to be braced. The bracing nature of Sark air is quite proverbial, and this quality may be partly due to the fact that the ground in that island is higher than in Guernsey.

Peculiar interest attaches to the agriculture of Guernsey

and Jersey on account of the tenure of the land. Mill, Kay, Fawcett,—and especially Thornton, in his *Plea for Peasant Proprietors*,—look upon these islands as an illustrious example of the advantage of small freeholds. And to a certain extent they are justified in doing so. The population is about twice as dense in England. Mendicancy and pauperism are almost unknown. The two so-called hospitals which exist in Guernsey, as much for the poor as for the sick, contain no inmates who have been compelled to go there for want of work, but only the drunken and the dissolute, who have impoverished themselves by vice. The cottages are palaces compared with the hovels in which our farm labourers too often live. They are beautiful without, in their covering of creeping flowering plants, and surrounded by their fragrant fruitful gardens. Within there is comfort and more than comfort. They nearly all have two storeys. In every room there are pulley windows, with large square panes of glass, instead of the leaded casements and small diamond-shaped panes of our own cottages. The crockery and kitchen utensils are abundant, and there is generally a good-sized fitch of bacon hanging from the kitchen ceiling. The inmates are well-clad, and are never seen ragged or disreputable. On the week days they wear a blue blouse, like that worn by the Breton peasants; on the Sundays they are clad in broad cloth. In Jersey the houses are not so well built, nor are they so well furnished, but there is always an ample accommodation for the maintenance of decency, which is so sorely outraged in English cottages. In both islands gavelkind prevails. Each child inherits an equal share of the father's property, save that the eldest son is entitled to the house and sixteen perches of land surrounding, in Guernsey, and thirty perches in Jersey. The consequence is that the estates are very small, and are worked by the owners, with the unfailing industry, the unwearying toil, already referred to. It does not appear that the estates are becoming smaller and more numerous. In some cases, as in France, the younger sons, when they find that they cannot profitably work their inheritance on account of its restricted limits, sell it to their elder brother. Marriage also tends to keep the estates pretty much as they were. As to the effect of the law of inheritance upon the practical agriculture of the islands, there is very strong and conclusive testimony that it has acted advantageously. The crops are large, and the land as a whole is well-cultivated, though here and there one may see patches of nettles and weeds, where

they ought not to be. As a rule, cultivation is carried to the utmost pitch of perfection. The owners know that they cannot afford to lose any portion of their small estates. Of course in farms that rarely exceed ten acres, there is no demand for the costly implements which the owners of large estates love to use. This absence is, in fact, the main objection which the owners of large estates have to the petty freeholds of the Channel Islands. Such occupations must ever stand as the one great obstacle to the general introduction of implements. The subject is one in which there is much to be said on either side; but it does not follow that because in England, labour being dear and machinery cheap, it is better to have large farms where machinery can be used than small ones where they cannot, that the same rule applies to a country where human labour is cheapest of all commodities.

Although the foundation rock of the Channel Islands is granite, the soil is often very fertile. In Jersey especially, there is a large quantity of rich loam. This island is well studded with trees of many kinds, but of late years a large number of apple-trees have been cut down, and the orchards turned into arable land. The land is held on various tenures, but chiefly on leases which must not exceed nine years, or as freehold. The latter tenure may be acquired in a manner which is, so far as we know, unique. A portion of the purchase-money is paid down, and the rest is paid in rent, being, in fact, a permanent mortgage, with the difference that the mortgagee has no power to foreclose. So long as the rent is paid, so long is the owner left in undisputed possession; should he fail to pay, the land returns to the original proprietor. This practice often works well, by enabling persons of restricted means to become landowners; but it sometimes tempts men without any resources to purchase land, and to commence building houses which they are unable to finish for want of funds, and they are frequently compelled to surrender their incompleted work, simply because they have not resources sufficient to pay their rent. Rent used formerly to be paid partly in kind, but now instead of wheat being offered, a sum of money in lieu of it is usual; a quarter of wheat being commuted into a cash payment of 15s. 5d. No landholder has the power to devise land by will, but it must follow the law of succession, by which two-thirds are divided among the sons, and one-third among the daughters. This law leads to a great sub-division of land, and in Jersey there are no estates exceeding sixty acres, and in Guernsey few so high as forty. The rent of land is high. Near St. Helier's

it reaches £9 an acre, and at a distance varies from £4 10s. to £7 10s. In Guernsey the price is not so high, and land may be obtained within a mile of the town at £5 an acre. The rotation of crops is very much the same in both islands. In the first year are grown turnips, mangold, parsnips, &c.; in the second, potatoes, carrots, and parsnips; in the third, wheat, in which are sown clover and rye-grass; in the fourth and fifth years, hay. A farm of twenty acres will have ten acres of hay and pasture, four and three-quarters of roots, two acres of potatoes, and of wheat, three and a quarter acres. The stock would generally consist of two horses, six heifers, six cows, and eight pigs. The manure from these animals is carefully collected for use on the land. Such a farm would require the services of two men and two women. As a rule the farmer would not go beyond his own household for labour, since every member of it would work upon the farm. Where hired labour is necessary, the wages would be 2s. a day for men, and 1s. a day for women without food; where food is given, half those amounts. In a few instances, servants are boarded and lodged, and they then get £12 to £14 a year if men, £8 to £10 if women. The cattle of the Channel Islands are famous all the world over. They are called Alderney because they originally came thence, but that island supplies very few now. In Jersey and Guernsey they abound; and so proud are the islanders of them, that very stringent laws are in force to prevent the introduction of other breeds. The Alderney cattle are small and beautifully shaped. The cows are very docile, but the bulls generally get wild after two years of age, and are sold. The colours most prized are red and white, and grey and fawn; the brindled are rare and are little valued. The farmer generally arranges that his cows shall calve during the first three months of the year. In the winter they are housed at night. They are always tethered, and it is usual to shift the stake every three hours. There are some cows milked three times a day. An average yield is fourteen quarts per day, and from eight to nine pounds of butter a week. A two years old in-calf heifer will sell for £12, a first-class cow at four years will fetch £25. Bulls generally fetch £12. Sheep are scarcely to be seen throughout the islands. Fertile as the islands are, they cannot supply entirely their own wants, and it is necessary to import meat, eggs, and cereals from England, France, and America.

Few countries so restricted in extent, and of such small importance to the rest of the world, are so fortunate as to

possess histories so full and minute as do the Channel Islands. Guernsey has been particularly happy in this respect. Not to mention the works of Dicey, Berry, Jacob, and the better known work of Duncan, Mr. Tupper has published two elaborate volumes bearing upon the history of the island: the one a monograph devoted to the chronicle of Castle Cornet, the other a consecutive narrative of events in Guernsey from the earliest time. Jersey has not fared quite so well. The well-known work of the Rev. Richard Falle, written 150 years ago, is a somewhat dry book, and its modern editor, Mr. Durell, has not made it lively. Two octavo volumes have been written by Mr. Elliott Hoskins on the residence of Charles II. in the islands. There are other works, too numerous to mention, and unless the reader should have an especial interest in the Channel Islands he will find Mr. Tupper's history, and the historical chapters which Dr. Latham has contributed to Mr. Ansted's book, so frequently referred to in this paper, quite sufficient.

The early history of the island is lost in myth and ecclesiastical legend. There are earlier and yet more trustworthy records than these. These are the Druidical remains which are scattered throughout the islands. Sometimes in the form of a *maenhir* or a monolith, similar, though not equal to, the famous stone at Dol in Brittany; sometimes in the shape of cromlechs, or upright stones supporting a superincumbent stone. Flint-knives are found in abundance. Passing from early and trustworthy relics to later and untrustworthy legends, there is every reason to believe that the islands were first peopled from the neighbouring Gaul, and that the inhabitants were converted to Christianity by some of the Irish saints and missionaries of St. Columba. Magloire, from whom the town of St. Malo in Britany derives its name, was an historical person, and was an Irishman. He did much for the conversion of Britany, but there are two saints who claim precedence of him so far as regards the islands. The most famous name on the Guernseyan calendar is St. Sampson. He was not an Irishman, though he was a Celt. He was Bishop of St. David's, in Wales, and taking refuge in Britany from the Saxon persecution, he subsequently visited Guernsey, and about the year 520 left among the islanders an imperishable name. He caused a chapel to be erected in the spot where he landed, and it was afterwards dedicated to him. There seem to have been two Sampsons, and it is not easy to assign to them their respective shares in the miracles which are plentifully ascribed to them. It appears that the

most famous of them became Bishop of Dol, to which diocese the islands were formerly attached previously to their connection with the diocese of Coutance, which was itself prior to the connection with the diocese of Winchester, of which they now form a part. St. Helerius, the patron saint of Jersey, and especially of the capital, which owes its name to him, came not from England, but from Germany. Helerius was the child of a couple that had long been childless, and who were promised offspring by a monk, Ennibert, on condition that the infant should be dedicated to Ennibert and the service of God. The parents were loth to fulfil their promise, and so all at once their son, who had been unusually strong and healthy, was stricken with paralysis. When the suffering child was on the point of death, Ennibert once more came forth, and claimed him. This time there was no delay, and Helerius was healed so soon as he was surrendered. The catalogue of this saint's miracles is so long that we will not even abridge it. He inflicted great tortures upon himself, after the fashion of those days. He went to Jersey as a missionary, and eventually suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Vandals, who cut off his head. Before this Jersey had been called *Cæsarea*. Falle derives the modern from the ancient name. The suffix *ey*, found also in Guernsey and Alderney, is undoubtedly the German for island. Falle finds no difficulty in converting *Cæsar* into *Jer*, and believes that *Jerbouurg*, one of the points in Guernsey, is really *Cæsar's burg*. Philology was but a rude science in the days of William III. and the historian of Jersey, and it is more probable that Dr. Latham is right in interpreting Jersey to mean the grass isle, and Guernsey the green isle.

In the ninth century the islands received unwelcome visitors, the Danes and Norwegians, who—according to the twelfth-century *Roman de Rou* of Wace, the Jersey poet—landed—

“En Auremen, en Guernesî,
En Saire, en Erm, en Gersi.”

Somewhat previous to this it is supposed occurred a great convulsion of nature which, among other effects, separated the Hanois from the mainland of Guernsey, and swallowed up the woods that now lie submerged beneath the sands of Vazon Bay and of Mont St. Michel.

The Channel Islands were Breton before they were Norman, but at the time of the Conquest they formed part of the possession of the Dukes of Normandy. Subsequently to that event their position varied. They were English under

William I., Norman under Rufus, English under Henry I., Norman again under Stephen. With Henry II. the islands reverted to the English kings. In the reign of John, Normandy returned to the kings of France, but the adjacent islands remained, as they have ever since remained, connected with England. Only politically, however; ecclesiastically they were still a part of Normandy, and subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Coutances, and continued so for four hundred years. John transferred them to Exeter for a short time, and Henry VI. transferred them to Salisbury with the consent of Pope Alexander VI.; but these changes were but temporary, and it was not until after the establishment of the Reformation that the Bishop of Coutances acted for the last time as Metropolitan of the Islands. King John has, so far as the Channel Islands are concerned, obtained greater credit than he deserves. It has been said of him that he granted to them willingly that which was extorted from him by England. It seems nearly certain that the Constitution of the islands, by which they were independent of the laws of England, was in existence prior to the reign of the conceder of Magna Charta.

Sark was captured by the French in the year 1549. Its recapture was brought about in a romantic manner well told by Sir Walter Raleigh, and later and less illustrious chroniclers. The place is by nature so strong that to capture it in the face of an armed garrison was impossible. The ingenuity of a Netherlands gentleman accomplished what force could not have done. Anchoring off the island with a ship, he pretended that the merchant who had freighted it had died on board; and besought permission of the French to land his body and bury it, offering them a present of commodities by way of payment. The French consented on the condition that the Flemings landed without arms. As the latter one by one stepped out of the boat which brought them from the ship to the island, each was examined so rigidly that it would have been impossible to conceal a pen-knife. Satisfied that their visitors were harmless, some of the French in their turn got into the boat and pulled off to the ship, in order to receive their promised reward. No sooner had they set foot on board than they were made prisoners. Meanwhile the funeral party bearing the coffin toiled slowly up the steep cliffs until they came to the chapel. Here they were allowed to be alone in order that no stranger might intermeddle with their sorrow. Quickly then did they open the coffin, which proved to be another Trojan horse, full,

if not of armed men, at least of arms. With these the sham mourners equipped themselves, and sallying forth rushed upon the French. They ran down to the beach and called to their companions to return. A boat that put off from the ship promised a prompt response to their summons, but when it reached the shore it was found to be full of Flemings, who, with their comrades, soon completed their stratagem, and delivered Sark from the rule of France. Such is the story. A less romantic narrative ascribes the reconquest of Sark to the Dutch, who, landing in the night, surprised the French in their beds.

The Anglo-Norman islands were not so isolated but that they felt the influence of the great politico-religious movement of Tudor times. Edward VI. abolished the mass in the islands, and the English liturgy was translated into French and ordered to be used. With Mary the Roman religion became once more the established faith, and terrible were the persecutions to which the Protestants were exposed. The Dean of Guernsey, James Amy, was pre-eminent in cruelty. His name is associated with that atrocious case of cruelty recorded by Foxe the martyrologist, in which a poor woman having been condemned to death for holding the Protestant faith in spite of her protest that she was quite willing to adopt the religion which was most pleasing to the Queen, gave birth to a child in the flames.

During the reign of Elizabeth, religious persecutions continued, the Romanists being now the subjects of them. Nor was religion the only cause of martyrdom. Witchcraft found believers there as devout as in Scotland or in Spain; and the supposed witches met with the fate common at that time. The reformation in the Channel Islands did not tend towards prelacy. Presbyterianism was the favourite form of Church government until James I. made prelacy compulsory. The ordinances of the Royal Court of Jersey about this time were singularly arbitrary. Not only was the exportation of corn and cattle forbidden, and the right of the chase confined to a few of "the upper ten," but no person was allowed to keep more than one dog without special permission, nor to lodge strangers. The owners of ships were not permitted to leave the port until other ships had returned. The inhabitants were compelled to attend church not only on Sunday twice a day, under a penalty, but one person at least from each house on Wednesdays. Adulterers were to be imprisoned three weeks, and on each Saturday exposed to the public gaze, and flogged until the blood flowed.

It might have been thought that as the islands enjoyed their own institutions, and had no practical concern in the quarrel between Charles I. and the Parliament, they would have kept out of it. They did so for a time; but as the struggle went on, and grew more embittered, they were drawn into it. The two chief islands took different sides, Jersey was for the King, Guernsey for the Parliament. The acting governors were both devoted Royalists, and took frequent counsel of each other. In Guernsey, Castle Cornet was held for the King, and defied the assaults of the townspeople for nine years.

In 1650 the inhabitants of Guernsey were so dissatisfied at the length of the siege, that they addressed a remonstrant letter to the then Governor of the Island, Major Harrison, complaining of the inefficiency of the Parliamentary officers, and offering to storm the place for themselves. The attempt failed signally, albeit the defenders do not seem to have been more than fourscore in number at the utmost. It required the exertions of one of England's greatest heroes to subdue this stronghold. On October 20, 1651, about eighty vessels, which were only a part of the force commanded by Blake, appeared off Jersey, captured St. Aubin Fort on the 23rd, and Mont Orgueil on the 27th. Sir George Carteret, the Governor, retired to Elizabeth Castle with 340 men. He refused the summons to surrender. The place was then regularly bombarded. For seven weeks Carteret held out; but being unable to restore the losses caused by wounds and disease, being moreover depressed by the tidings of the defeat at Worcester, he surrendered with favourable terms on December 15th. On the same day Castle Cornet capitulated; but so gallant had been the defence of the little garrison, that, having to do with brave foes, they were allowed conditions unusually honourable. The garrison were permitted to walk out with colours flying, and with their arms. They were the last persons, and Castle Cornet was the last place, in all the British European dominions, to acknowledge the rule of Cromwell.

In the reign of William and Mary occurred the cessation of the privilege of neutrality. That was patiently borne, inasmuch as it enabled the islanders to profit largely by privateering. In 1692 was fought the celebrated naval engagement of Cape La Hogue. It was brought about by a Guernseyman, Mr. Tupper, who, at the risk of capture passed through or in sight of the French fleet, and conveyed to Colonel Russell, commanding the combined English and

Dutch fleets, intelligence that the French Admiral Tourville, the victor in the engagement off Beechy Head, was in the Channel. A battle followed, which inflicted a fatal and irremediable blow upon the naval power of France. From that time the history of Guernsey, until within a very recent period, offers no incidents of particular interest. Although constantly threatened by the French during the long wars of the eighteenth century, it escaped even an assault. Jersey was not so fortunate. In 1779 and 1781 two attempts were made to capture the town. Baron de Rullecourt, having been steered by a local pilot, landed at night in Grouville, and by dawn had marched into the market place of St. Helier's, surprised the guard, captured the lieutenant-governor, Major Corbet, and extorted his signature of surrender. He was prevailed upon to address an order to the royal troops, confining them to their barracks, and was placed in front of the French troops as they marched to Elizabeth Castle, which was summoned to surrender. The officers who held it refused, and soon the regiments of the line and the local militia came up. Rullecourt demanded that these should lay down their arms in accordance with the lieutenant-governor's capitulation. Major Pierson replied in their behalf that unless within twenty minutes the French surrendered as prisoners of war they would be attacked. Rullecourt refused to yield; and placing the unhappy lieutenant-governor in the front, awaited the attack, which no doubt he hoped would not be made out of regard to the prisoner. He deceived himself; a charge was made. Rullecourt held the governor by the arm, in order that the latter might share the fate of the former. Rullecourt fell, and at the same time Pierson unhappily received his death-wound. His death is the subject of one of Copley's best paintings. Corbet escaped, was tried by court-martial, and deprived of his lieutenant-governorship. Subsequently he was dealt leniently with, thus negating the idea that he had been guilty of treachery.

The event of greatest interest in the contemporary history of the Channel Islands is the unfortunate dispute between Sir William Napier and the local authorities of Guernsey twenty-two years ago. The historian of the Peninsular War was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the island in 1842, and was at that time broken in health and an acute sufferer from the wound that he had received during the famous campaign which he afterwards chronicled. This trial, no doubt, to some extent affected his temper and rendered him unfit to remove

asperities or to smooth down difficulties, in case any arose, between the islanders and the representative of the Sovereign. He soon discovered abuses in the local government, and attacked them with perhaps more vigour than discretion. The Royal Court and the officials whom it appointed he found to be almost invariably relatives, and as there was no representative government worthy of the name, the people were at the mercy of a very small oligarchy. The mode of administering justice was particularly objectionable. The Royal Court sat first as magistrates with closed doors to receive accusations; then as a grand jury in secret to decide if there was any case for trial; then as petty jury to try the case, and on the trial they took the practice of the English or the French courts for precedents as suited their convenience. Having acted as jurymen to condemn, they subsequently acted as judge to pass sentence. They had the power to pass what sentences they chose, and although there was a nominal appeal to the crown, practically there was none. The advocates who pleaded before them were restricted to six, and were generally near relatives of members of the Court. In 1836 the Court ordered a man to a severe flogging and transportation. The then Governor thought the punishment excessive, and appealed to the Home Secretary (Lord John Russell). The latter ordered the punishment to be stayed. The reply which he received was that the Court never suffered any delay, and that the sentence had already been executed. Lord John Russell then ordered that no such punishment should be inflicted in future without the consent of the Secretary of State. To this order no attention was paid. Sir William Napier was far too advanced a radical to witness with complacency or toleration the despotism of the island oligarchy. Circumstances soon arose which brought the two parties into violent collision. They are too long to detail here. Suffice it to say that the quarrel was carried to such an extremity that a plot was alleged to have been laid to take the Governor's life, and one morning, greatly to the surprise of the Guernsey men, a detachment of 400 troops from England was landed. The islanders were very indignant at the imputation upon their loyalty, and strenuously denied the existence of a plot. Eventually a Royal Commission was appointed, which effected great reforms in the administration of the laws in Guernsey.

The constitution of the Channel Islands is so peculiar that it might be the subject of an entire article. It can be only briefly dealt with in these pages. Those of our readers who

desire fuller information cannot do better than consult the twenty-third chapter of Mr. Ansted's and Dr. Latham's joint volume. From this work we learn that for all constitutional, political, ecclesiastical, and law purposes, the Channel Islands are divided into two groups. Jersey alone constitutes one of these, and Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark together with Herm, and the adjacent smaller islands, composing what is called the "Bailiwick of Guernsey," make up the other. Alderney and Sark, have, however, separate legal existence, and the Seigneur of Sark, at present an English clergyman, owns no authority out of the island, save that of the Queen. In Jersey and Guernsey the governing bodies are termed States, which are composed partly of officials appointed by the Crown, partly of representatives elected by the people. The officials in Jersey consist of the lieutenant-governor, the bailiffs, the rectors of the twelve parishes. The elected members are the twelve jurats of the Royal Court, who are elected for life by the ratepayers; the constables of the twelve parishes, and fourteen deputies making fifty-two members in all. In Guernsey there are two bodies, the one styled the Elective States, and consisting of 222 members, the other the States of Deliberation, consisting of 37 members. Of the first, 200 are directly elective, while in twelve of the rest the popular element is mixed up. The duty of the Elective States is confined to the election of the jurats and the sheriff. The States of Deliberation hold a far more important position, and contain the bailiff, the twelve jurats of the Royal Court, the rectors, the Queen's Procureur, the six deputies from the town parish, and the nine deputies from the country parishes. The States of Jersey are not convenable without the consent of the governor. The bailiff presides, but the governor has a veto on all questions deliberated, which he sometimes exercises. The States may pass *ordonnances* which have force for three years and may then be renewed. Laws intended to be permanent must be submitted to the Sovereign in Council. If approved, they are registered, and become binding without further action. The public business is largely conducted by standing committees. The States of Deliberation in Guernsey are summoned by a *billet d'état* issued by the bailiff a week beforehand, and mentioning the projects of law to be brought forward and the arguments of the bailiff. He presides *ex-officio*, and the sheriff gives notice of the meeting to the lieutenant-governor, who, if he attends, sits on the right hand of the bailiff, and may speak, but must not vote. Formerly the States were allowed only to accept or reject the

measures proposed by the bailiff, but the reforms of 1844 permitted the members of the States to move amendments. With this body rest the levying and the appropriation of taxes. In each island there is a Royal Court; that in Jersey possesses judicial functions alone; its former power of passing ordinances without the consent of the States, having been abolished in 1771. In Guernsey the Royal Court still retains legislative power. It may form *ordonnances* which take effect without the consent of the lieutenant-governor or the concurrence of the people, but if intended to be lasting are laid before the States for approval. The Court has the power of enforcing obedience to its laws by the infliction of fines, and there is no appeal from its decisions. In both islands the Royal Courts are courts of justice, distributed into several branches. The law of the islands is derived from five sources; the Customary Law, Royal Charters, Orders of the Sovereign in Council, the Ordinances of the States, and certain statutes of the realm. The forms of proceeding in criminal cases in Guernsey were, until lately, very objectionable; but since the reforms set on foot by Sir William Napier and Sir James Graham, they have been assimilated to the forms of the English courts. In Jersey there is still great room for improvement. The advocates practising in the Jersey courts are not limited as to number, and must be either members of the English bar, or have obtained a law degree at Oxford or Cambridge, or have passed an examination on the island. In Guernsey the number is limited to six. As a rule the advocates study law not at the Temple nor the other Inns of Court in England, but at Caen in Normandy, or Rennes in Britany. Parochial affairs are managed by bodies whom the ratepayers elect. In Guernsey these representatives are called *vingteniers*, in Jersey *douzainiers*; the latter are elected for life, and sit in the States of election which choose the jurats and the sheriffs.

The Channel Islands are eminently prosperous communities. Taxation is light, the public debt small, there is no want of enterprise in carrying out improvements, as the harbours of St. Helier's and St. Peter's Port prove. The confidence of the islanders in the stability of their own credit is proved by the readiness with which they will take up the bonds issued by the local government, when it is necessary to raise a loan. A military spirit is encouraged by the militia. Every male between the ages of seventeen and sixty-five in Jersey, and between sixteen and sixty in Guernsey, is bound to provide arms and ammunition, to attend drill, to help maintain the

numerous fortifications in repair, and to keep watch and guard around the island by day and by night. That the islanders are too wedded to old customs, when proved to be bad, cannot be doubted; and the obstinate resistance which the Guernseymen offered to political reforms that were sorely needed, is one of the least creditable facts in their history. In both islands there is a good deal of class feeling. The old families are too apt to look down upon those who are not owners of territory, but have made money in trade and commerce, although in so doing the latter have greatly contributed to the prosperity of the whole community. In Guernsey, not long since, society was divided into two sets—the families who prided themselves on ancient descent and landed estates, and who called themselves the “Sixties,” from the number of families admitted within the upper ranks at the time of building the present Assembly Rooms; and the families who had gained fortunes in business, and during the great war with France, and who were called the “Forties.” In Jersey the rival factions were known respectively as the “Laurel” and the “Rose.” The same degree of insularity does not prevail now. The increase in the number of tourists has, to a considerable degree, corrected it. This change has not been wholly advantageous. Jersey especially has suffered in manners and morals by the influx of a class of residents best described as *mauvais sujets*. These are chiefly Irish, Scotch, and French. Many political refugees, especially from France, have taken up their abode here, among them is M. Victor Hugo, whom the Jersey men refused to shelter, and who thereupon betook himself to the more hospitable Guernsey. By way of acknowledgement for its hospitality, he has made the island the scene of his latest, and one of his ablest tales, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. In the Channel Islands, drunkenness is somewhat prevalent, but not so much as might be expected, when it is remembered that an additional temptation to this vice exists in the low price at which, from lightness of taxation, alcoholic drinks can be obtained. On the other hand, fortunately, there are no drink-shops in the country parishes. In three respects Guernsey is superior to Jersey; in the first island the population are longer lived than in the second, they are more religious, and they are better educated. These three advantages are probably closely connected. Good morals and religion are the result of good education, and tend to longevity. The schools being better attended, and vice being less prevalent, many diseases are avoided, and so the words of the wise man of old are verified,

that wisdom hath length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. The religiousness of the Guernsey men is worthy of special remark. Methodism early took root among them, and at the present time has a strong hold of the population. In the town there are to be found the usual variety of religious communities; but in the country parishes the inhabitants—who almost universally attend Divine worship—are with few exceptions either Churchmen or Wesleyans. In the town churches it is customary to hold the services in two languages, generally in French in the morning, and in English in the evening. In the country churches French is for the most part exclusively used. The Wesleyans have two distinct organizations. They have chapels and circuits in which English alone is used, and others in which French is exclusively resorted to. The latter are more numerous, and in all but about two country parishes in each of the principal islands, the French chapels stand alone. Crimes of violence are exceedingly rare in all the islands, although unhappily two closely consecutive murders have just been perpetrated in Jersey. Property is respected in a community where beggars are unknown, and every one possesses something that he can call his own. Altogether the English tourist, and indeed the Englishman in search of a comfortable home, may go farther and fare worse, than he will fare in the Anglo-Norman Archipelago.

ART. VIII.—*Les Apôtres.* Par M. ERNEST RENAN. Paris : M. Lévy. 1866.

M. RENAN has made haste to issue a second instalment of his learned and brilliant, but shallow and sceptical, version of the origin of Christianity. Having in his first volume conducted the beautiful Enthusiast who founded it to the Cross, where He expiated, not the sins of mankind, but His own revolutionary fanaticism, he here proceeds to show how, in the hands of His disciples, the work of Jesus, which seemed to have collapsed through His defeat, rose again, and became a living force in the history of the world. His subject is now "The Apostles;" and the fragment before us reaches to the first Apostolic Mission, when the servants of Jesus, more sanguine and more bold than their Master, conceived the sublime idea of traversing the world with their new doctrine. It embraces, therefore, that portion of his work which taxes most severely both his philosophy and his criticism; and it is evident that he has felt the necessity of putting forth all his strength, both as a critic of the original text and as a philosophical interpreter of its meaning.

As it regards the sacred documents of our religion, M. *Rénan* is, or seems to be, more conservative than many of his fellow-labourers in the cause of infidelity: at least, his views of their genuineness are much more in accordance with the sound conclusions of orthodox criticism. His theory knows nothing of forgery in a later age; and generally his treatment of the writers is always very respectful to their character as men of honesty and goodness. But, after all, this tribute, however satisfactory as coming from such a quarter, is not of much weight; for it is more than neutralised by an arbitrary theory of interpretations which involve a loose estimate of their historical value. For instance, after elaborately arguing for the sole authorship and unity of the Acts, as written by the third evangelist, he awakens our suspicion and destroys our confidence by the following most baseless observations on St. Luke:—

"We see that a man who on system placed himself in such a disposition of mind is least of all capable of representing things as they actually passed. Historical fidelity is matter of indifference; edification is all that concerns him. Luke hardly disguises: he writes that

Theophilus may know the truth of what his catechists taught him. There was then already a conventional system of ecclesiastical history, which was officially taught, and the frame of which, as well as that of the evangelical history itself, was probably already fixed. The predominant character of the Acts, like that of the third gospel, is a tender piety; a lively sympathy with the Gentiles; a conciliatory spirit; an extreme prejudice in favour of the supernatural; love for the low and the humble; a strong democratic sentiment, or rather a persuasion that the people were naturally Christians, that the great ones only hindered them from following their good instincts; an exalted idea of the power of the church and its heads; a distinctive taste for life in community. The process of composition is the same in the two works, so that we are in respect to the history of the apostles just what we should be in respect to the evangelical history if, in sketching this latter, we had only one text, the gospel of Luke. We feel the disadvantages of such a situation. The life of Jesus presented according to the third gospel would be extremely defective and incomplete. A fundamental distinction, however, must here be made. In point of historical value, the book of Acts is divided into two parts: one, containing the first twelve chapters and narrating the principal facts in the history of the primitive church; the other, containing the sixteen remaining chapters, dedicated to the missions of St. Paul. This second part itself contains two kinds of narration: that in which the narrator is an eyewitness, and that in which he reports what he had heard. It is clear that, even in the latter case, his authority is great. Often the conversation of Paul gave him his information. Towards the end especially his record has a surprising air of precision. The last pages of the Acts are the only thoroughly historical pages which we have on the origin of Christianity. The first, on the contrary, are the most assailable in the entire New Testament. It is in relation to these first years especially that the author is subject to that view which governed him in the composition of his gospel; and now in a still more deceptive form. His system of the forty days, his account of the ascension, closing by a kind of final rapture of theatrical solemnity the fantastic life of Jesus, his manner of describing the descent of the Holy Ghost and the miraculous preaching, his mode of understanding the gift of tongues, is different from that of St. Paul, betray the prepossessions of an apostle relatively low, when the legend is very dry and rounded as it were in all its parts. All passes before him with a strange *mise en scène*, and a great display of the marvellous. We must remember that the author writes half a century after the events, far from the land in which they took place, on facts which he did not see, which his master had not seen any more than himself, according to traditions partly fabulous or transfigured. Not only is Luke of a different generation from the first founders of Christianity; he is of another world; he is a Hellenist, with very little of the Jew, almost a stranger to Jerusalem and the secrets of the Jewish life; he was never in contact with the primitive Christian society; he was scarcely acquainted with

its first representatives. The Acts, in a word, are a dogmatic history, arranged as a basis for the orthodox doctrines of the time, or to inculcate ideas which more pleased the piety of the author. We may add that it could not have been otherwise. We know the origin of every religion only by the narratives of its believers. It is only the sceptic who writes history *ad narrandum*."—P. xxvii.

We have translated this extract for its value as foreshadowing the spirit and style of the book; and as exhibiting most clearly the arbitrary style of criticism on which it is based. The author betrays the weakness of his cause in the elaborate endeavours he makes to show that when we can collate the Acts with the Epistles of St. Paul, St. Luke is often in error. Much stress is laid, for instance, on the difference between St. Luke's account of the events in the Apostle's life that followed his conversion, and the Apostle's own account in the Epistle to the Galatians,—an epistle which M. Rénan holds to be "absolutely authentic, older than the Acts, perfectly sincere, and without any legends." But, apart from the easy reconciliation with which every devout reader of the New Testament is familiar, is it at all conceivable that these two writers could have written, one of them legend and the other history, on a point which must have constantly been the subject of conversation; that St. Luke could have deliberately falsified a narrative that lay before him in his master's own handwriting, and in a point that had no essential bearing upon any Christian doctrine? The last clause of our quotation points epigrammatically its own condemnation. If any document extant in literature is history written *ad narrandum*, it is the Acts of the Apostles. But we must not pause longer on this subject. M. Rénan forces once more on our attention, and in the most cold and ruthless manner, that positivist philosophy which underlies his critical scepticism; and we cannot do the cause of truth better service, or more effectually expose the vanity of modern unbelief, than by letting him speak the secrets of the prison-house in which his better nature lies bound:—

"How, moreover, can we pretend to follow literally documents in which impossibilities are found? The first twelve chapters of the Acts are a tissue of miracles. Now it is an absolute canon of criticism to allow no place in historical narration for miraculous circumstances. And this is not the consequence of a metaphysical system. It is simply a fact of observation. Facts of this kind have never been established. All pretended miracles when studied near resolve themselves into illusion or imposture. If one single miracle were proved, we could not reject in mass all those of the ancient histories; for, after all, while admitting that a great number of these might be false,

we might believe that some of them were true. But it is not so. All miracles that are open to discussion vanish. Are we not therefore warranted in believing that the miracles which are removed from us by centuries, and as to which we have not the means of establishing contradictory discussion, are also without reality? In other words, there is no miracle but when it is believed; what makes the supernatural is faith; a miracle at Paris, before competent *savants*, would put an end to all doubts. But, alas! this is just what never takes place before the public whom it was needful to convert, I mean before the incredulous."—P. xliii.

This style of argument, which exults in its flippancy, overreaches itself. It seems, but only seems, to be ignorant that the only miracles concerned in the present subject—the tokens of God's presence among His creatures as a Saviour—are related by their historians as having been wrought before those who believed not, but who through their instrumentality were brought by the Holy Spirit to a living faith. The wonderful works of God in the Acts of the Apostles, like those which fill the Gospel history, were not performed within closed doors, and did not spring from the credulity of those who record them. It is a reckless perversion of truth to insinuate that the New Testament narrations of miracles are careless of evidence. They make vast multitudes of men and women their witnesses; and those who appealed to them never failed to appeal also to the eyes, and ears, and judgments of those whom they addressed. They had the only authentication they could have; and the testimonies of myriads transmitted in sober documents should not be lightly mocked. M. Rénan proceeds to discuss the question on physical grounds; but adds nothing new to the *non possumus* of the materialists. There is something, however, very affecting in his anxiety to invalidate the force of the moral argument that the Christian faith itself urges. Admitting that Christianity is the greatest fact in the religious history of the world, he denies that on that account there is anything miraculous in it. Buddhism, he asserts, has had its martyrs, equally numerous, equally exalted, and equally resigned. Not admiring the miracles alleged at the foundation of Islamism, he nevertheless points, and triumphantly, to the arguments for the "finger of God," which his followers have pleaded in favour of Mahomet. Allowing, he goes on to say, that Christianity is a unique fact, so also, he retorts, is Hellenism, meaning that ideal in literature, art, and philosophy that Greece realised. Hellenism he regards as being the same prodigy of beauty that Christianity is of sanctity; but a thing unique is

not a thing miraculous. God is, in different degrees, in all that is beautiful, good and true. "But He never operates in any of His manifestations in a manner so exclusive that the presence of His breath in a movement religious or philosophical, should be considered as a privilege or an exception."

Hence it will be the endeavour of M. Rénan to explain by natural causes all the wonderful phenomena of Christianity, and its success in imposing its "prodigy of holiness" upon the word. *Miracle*, that is, the intervention of a personal will in human affairs, is entirely excluded; and as compensation, we are allowed to any extent to draw upon the resources of *mystery*. Our author is not a hard materialist; he delights in vague imaginations that disport themselves with the loftiest terms, and deal with the infinities and the eternities. No terms are more familiar to him than those of God and religion; but no definition of either ever escapes his pen that will bear the examination of his reader. All is a dreary negation; God is not a person visiting His creatures; religion has no immortal soul detached from earth. There is a boundless mystery in the capacity of the human spirit for delusion in spiritual matters; this is part of the constitution of his nature; and it is the province of the philosopher to watch and record the vagaries of this beautiful enthusiasm, and to speculate upon its influence upon the final destinies—if final they may be called—of a race that must be eternal. The most remarkable of all those grand rhapsodies of the spirit of man took place in the days of Tiberius, and the most lasting hallucination that ever this strange instinct gave birth to was Christianity. It burst out in the person of Jesus. But it died not with Him; for He found men and women predisposed to catch the flame. They who followed Him in life and mourned His death, retained a passionate enthusiasm for His memory that His martyrdom could not chill. They would not let Him die; to them at least He lived for ever. They were honest men. The narratives which they compiled contained accounts of words and actions which they firmly believed to be the words and actions of a superior Being. Their mistake was to interpret their own dreams with realities. The basis of truth would have been enough to have founded the best religion the world ever had; it was a needless, though a varied and even beautiful, conceit on their part to throw the supernatural element so abundantly into their narrations. Under M. Rénan's process of philosophical criticism the fantastic atmosphere will be purged of its vapour; and the pure and true residuum will appear. And if in the course of

his disenchantment the early writers of Christianity should be considered of some slight importance, or should be shown to have had some few legends incorporated with their true history, the great authentic whole will not be found to have suffered much.

We will now take a brief glance at the result of M. *Rénan's* investigation of the sacred documents which link the history of post-Pentecostal Christianity with the Gospel narrative. And the first thing that strikes us, is the singular and almost unique effect produced by the author's close and faithful adherence to records which his theory holds to be half history, half legend. It is as if a healthier instinct within him pleaded irresistibly for the truth of the holy narrative. There is never a word of impatience or contempt bestowed upon the strange accounts that tax his ingenuity to the uttermost; they are, for the most part, taken as they stand, and simply made to yield up to M. *Rénan's* subtle discernment the secret of their origin. Again and again we expect the sneer of so cold a philosopher. But we never meet with it: the documents exercise a charm upon his imagination, and are shielded from disdain by their artless beauty. The fact is, M. *Rénan* has a theory of boundless elasticity; however absolutely dead his faith may be towards a world above sense, he has an infinite faith in the energy of enthusiasm and love in the soul of man, and especially in the soul of woman.

It was this love "stronger than death," that wrought the miracle of Christ's resurrection. In the fruitful leisure of the first Sabbath, the warm imagination of the disciples, stimulated by the rhapsodies of the women, rose to the daring conception that their Master should live again. As before His death they had recoiled from the thought of His dying, so now they determined that He should not remain as dead. The absence of the body on the next morning gave shape and direction to the thought of the previous day: the accident of the empty sepulchre settled for all eternity the dogma of the resurrection; and Christianity, without a foundation before, was now founded by the enthusiasm of disciples more successful than their Master. But to Mary Magdalene belongs the glory of this grand solution of all difficulties. The idea which was in the common heart of the apostles and disciples, she developed in its perfection. In her paroxysm of love, she gave the realisation of a living form and a well-known voice to what before was a fleeting image. Queen and patroness of idealists, she was able to impose on all the

sacred vision of her passionate soul. Her grand affirmation *He is risen* became the basis of the faith of mankind, The shade evoked by her "fine organisation," still rules the world; and—we shrink from quoting the words—"after Jesus, Mary did most for the foundation of Christianity." What *enthusiasm* began, *contagion* carried on and perfected.

It were a task as painful as tedious to show how all the abundant records of the resurrection-history are made to square with this wild hypothesis. Mary's bold expedient ought to have produced numberless other visions, and produced they were accordingly. The two sad disciples going to Emmaus were seized by the same hallucination. In the exciting evening hour the company of the apostles, strangely susceptible of sounds and sights, were overpowered by their phantasy; they heard His power; they felt His very breath; and some of them even marked the traces of His wounds. The doubt of Thomas had no other effect than to establish a very useful dictum, "Happy they who believe without seeing," and the *credo quia absurdum* had its beginning. Meanwhile, a kind of home-sickness, encouraged by the women, who invented the order to seek Jesus in Galilee, led the disciples to the old and beloved scenes of the lake and the mountains. Released from the odious associations of the great city, their imagination had free play. It made Jesus live again in an almost continuous reproduction of His former self. Weeks and months they fed on this ethereal food: sometimes the frenzy assumed a lower character, as when they imagined the form of Jesus by the lake and seated by a fire, and eating with them; sometimes it rose to grandeur, as when they prostrated themselves before His image on the mountains. But the marvellous hallucination, which died soon in the cold atmosphere of Jerusalem, lived long and spread swiftly in the more genial north. More than five hundred persons at length were marshalled around the remembrance of Jesus; and these fanatics, according to the delirious notion of M. Rénan, were so certainly persuaded that Jesus had consigned to them the conversion of the human race, that five and twenty years afterwards St. Paul found some of them as vividly possessed with the idea as they were on the first day. By degrees, however, the fever was allayed in Galilee, to be rekindled in Jerusalem. The leaders of the sect gave the order to return to the capital. Galilee, after this year of enthusiasm, was abandoned for ever. The apostles waited at Jerusalem for the accomplishment of a strange promise that their Master had given

them; and, as His appearances grew less frequent to their imagination, the watchword arose that He had ascended. This idea also in time was connected with a particular scene and special circumstances. But how slight was its hold on historical reality may be gathered from the fact that St. Paul places the appearance of Jesus to himself in the same range with His earlier appearances to the eleven.

Where during this long interval of ecstasy was the body of Him whose disembodied image exercised such bewitchment? To use the words of M. Rénan—whose calm philosophy fears not God nor regards man—"in what place did the worms consume the inanimate body that had been deposited, on that Saturday, in the sepulchre?" This answer is a remarkable one; and shows how hard the task is which honest scepticism sets itself. After declaring that the matter can never be known, that "it is the spirit that questioneth, the flesh profiteth nothing," that the Resurrection was the triumph of idea over reality," he goes on to consider the various solutions of the difficulty. While he assigns to pure invention the guardians set over the sepulchre, he is scarcely able to reconcile himself to the idea that the disciples stole the body away: "it can hardly be thought that those who were so strong in the persuasion that Jesus was risen, were the same who removed His body." The theory that it was the act of the Jews—aiming to prevent any indecent honours being paid to the Crucified—finds but little more favour. Then it is suggested that the proprietor of the garden, whose property had been invaded simply because it was near to Golgotha, and time pressed, took this method of resenting the intrusion. But the decorous arrangement of the garments forbids such a supposition; and it remains only that M. Rénan should have recourse to his never failing female agency. What hands but woman's would have so carefully folded the linen? And who among the women could be pitched upon but Mary of Bethany, whose part in the drama of Sunday morning is not indicated by the evangelist.

We must quote the words, with which M. Rénan closes the earthly history of Christ: they will give the reader a fair specimen of the author's style, and show that the honest English mind will never be hurt by anything that this sentimental Frenchman may say, charm he never so beautifully:—

"The legend has it that the disciples, after this marvellous scene, returned to Jerusalem 'with joy.' For ourselves, it is with sorrow that we shall bid our last adieu to Jesus. To find him again in his

shadowy life has been to us a great consolation. This second life of Jesus, pale image of the first, retains still much of its charm. But now all its perfume is gone. Raised on his cloud at the right hand of the Father, he leaves us alone with men, and, O heaven! how sad the fall! The reign of poetry is past. Mary of Magdala, retired to her village, buries her remembrances there. As an instance of that eternal injustice by which man appropriates to himself the work on which woman has had as much part as himself, Cephas eclipses her and causes her to be forgotten! No more sermons on the mount; no more healed demoniacs; no more softened courtesans; no more strange female co-operants in the work of redemption, whom Jesus rejected not. The god has in very deed disappeared. Henceforward the history of the church will be most frequently the history of the treacheries that will surround the idea of Jesus. But, whatever it may be, this history is ever a hymn to his glory. The words and the image of the illustrious Nazarene will remain, in the midst of boundless miseries, like a sublime ideal. We shall apprehend all the better how grand he was when we shall have seen how little his disciples were."—P. 55.

To us it seems a strange thing that this writer should speak of the disciples as "little" in comparison of their Master. Nothing is more repulsive to our reverence than the way in which, on the contrary, those men and women are elevated to a level with their Master, and made sharers with Him in the work which was His alone. On M. Rénan's theory the disciples were really above their Lord. He only gave them a body, which they inspired with a soul. The great conception of Christianity, as a religion for the world, was rather theirs than His. The character of St. Paul, as it is sketched in this volume, and will be made the hero of the next, is much more forcible than that of his Master. It is hard to write such things as these; but it is the necessity of our subject. M. Rénan, and all who, like him, make Jesus the human founder of a new religion, must needs be inconsistent. On one page, words falter under the task of expressing admiration and reverence for the gentle Saviour. On the next, He is represented as little foreseeing what was to come to pass, and as owing His immortality among men to the sublime and daring conceptions of His followers. Again, these followers are, when it suits M. Rénan's purpose, degraded to the level of the most abject and childish of dreamers; but, when the "situation" demands it, and the picture requires, they are painted as the subjects of an inspiration and the agents of a work transcending all human experience.

The descent of the Holy Spirit, with all its attendant

wonders, offers no difficulty to M. *Rénan*. The disciples of Jesus suddenly underwent a great change in the current of their thoughts. The mystery of their enthusiasm made them the sport of a new and strange caprice. Formerly it fastened itself on the invisible form of their Master, and reproduced Him in a thousand ways. The imaginary presence, the imaginary acts, the imaginary words, of Jesus, were the spring of a perpetual joy and of a never failing strength. Suddenly there is an entire cessation of that spell. Their illimitable fancy transferred its magical power from the person of their Lord to the idea of a breath from heaven. M. *Rénan* does not trouble himself to reconcile this monstrous change with his own theory. He does not explain how it was that the memory of love suffered so sudden a paralysis. He does not account for the fact that the idea of a breath gave them so much more power than he idea of a living presence ; suffice it for him that it was so. The caprices of human credulity are boundless. All the phenomena of Pentecost are constantly being re-enacted in the vagaries of religious revivals. In the case of the Apostles it was simply a hurricane of nervous excitement responding to an external hurricane. On other days they had been left to the mild stimulants of gentle noises and airs from heaven. But on this particular day they were gathered together, during the occurrence of a storm of wind, and thunder, and lightning. Their imagination rose to the appeal. God was in their midst. They were suddenly capable—these ignorant, childish, inexperienced men and women—of interpreting the light around them into the beautiful symbols. Swiftly they seized upon the idea of tongues of fire, rebuking the bigotry of Judaism, and predicting the Gospel of all languages. From this sublime height they descend to the most commonplace and unintelligible rhapsody ; and finally the glories of the scene dissolve in tears. “Tears, especially, were held as a celestial favour. This charming gift, privilege of every good and every true soul alone, was produced with its infinite sweetnesses. We know what strength delicate natures, especially women, derive from the divine faculty of being able to weep much. It is their prayer, and surely the most holy of prayer. We must descend to the middle ages, to the piety bathed in tears of St. Bruno, St. Bernard, St. Francis of Assisi, to recover the chaste melancholies of those first days, when they truly sowed in tears to reap in joy. Weeping became a pious act ; those who knew not how to preach, nor speak tongues, nor perform miracles, could weep. They

wept in prayer, in preaching, in exhorting and warning; it was the advent of the reign of tears."

The miracle of tongues, or, as M. Rénan prefers to call it, glossolaly, taxes his ingenuity to the utmost. He finds in it a grand symbol of the idea that the Word of God has no proper tongue; that it is free from all shackles of idioms; and that the Gospel was to detach itself speedily from the Shemitic dialect that Jesus spake. But he has no theory to account for so grand a conception in the minds of men so simple as the apostles. Moreover, as there was nothing miraculous in it, the whole matter is resolved into ecstasy resulting from nervous excitement. So the "Pythonesse used by preference those strange words, or words fallen into desuetude, which were called *glosses*." And many of the terms of primitive Christianity, formed as it were by anagrams, such as *Abba pater*, *Anathema Maranatha*, probably were the fruit of those strange feverish fits—ejaculated in the midst of sighs and groans that were held as springing from the spirit of prophecy. History is not without examples of such eloquent and rhapsodical excitement, in which the soul pours forth its vague music to auditors who seek to translate into determinate words. In fact, as M. Rénan goes on and warms with his theme, all Christianity might be resolved into a new language forced upon the lips of these fanatics. They had to begin with their alphabet. They broke or disdained the old tongues; they had to invent their own. "They knew not how to speak. The Greek and the Shemitic equally betrayed them. Hence the enormous violence done to language by Christianity on its birth; like, one might say, a dumb man in the mouth of whom sounds are stifled, and issue in a pantomime confused but sovereignly expressive. All this was far from the sentiment of Jesus; but for minds penetrated with a faith in the supernatural, these phenomena had a great importance." This kind of jargon needs no comment. But we may ask how it came to pass that a fit of enthusiasm should create a new religious language, and one which adapts itself perfectly to the sentiments, feelings, and devotional tastes of men everywhere in the most sober state of mind. According to our author these mystic forefathers of Christianity lived lives of severe austerity, and their asceticism kept them in a perpetual state of fever and nervous sensibility. "This cerebral and muscular debility induces, without apparent cause, vivid alternations of sadness and of joy, which place the soul in continual *rapport* with God." They lived in a strange state of permanent excitement, living and acting only in visions;

their dreams and the most insignificant circumstances seemed to them like intimations from heaven. All their most precious emotions of soul were regarded as gifts from above; and in the new language of Christianity soon were ascribed to something called the Holy Spirit. We cannot but ask, once more, how it was, that men living in this state of somnambulism, in this midway region, between waking and sleeping, could invent a whole system of new experiences which are responded to by plain and simple men throughout the world who are in their calm senses. Nothing can be more frivolous and despicable than the analogies or parallels which M. Rénan timidly brings forward from the oracles of Greece, and the occasional paroxysms of the illuminati in the Middle Ages, and the modern frenzies of the same kind. The whole birth and first utterances of Christianity were the phantasmagoria of an excited dream; but the results were profound reality. M. Rénan must surely—if he writes seriously—be classed amongst the most advanced illustrations of the capacity the human mind has for being deceived and deceiving itself.

The Christian Church of the first few years is very carefully depicted in these pages. But here, again, we mark the presence of two almost contradictory elements. The state of the new community is, on the one hand, described as a new Paradise which Christianity should for ever remember in its dreams, but can never attain; an ideal which the monastic life would strive to realize, although the Church Universal must needs renounce it. Among much that is true, and faithfully portrayed, there reigns a spirit of gross exaggeration in this part of the work. M. Rénan detects in the author of the Acts a strong tendency to Ebionitism, the religion of absolute poverty; and supposes that his exhibition of the Jerusalem community is tinctured with that fault. But, by a strange inconsistency, while charging St. Luke with this kind of exaggeration, he accepts his account as true, and proceeds to ascribe the weakness and decline of that Church to its Communism, which was enforced by severe laws, the retention of any goods being, as in the case of Ananias, punished with death. But it is not true that the evangelist Luke wrote a cenobitic gospel; his parable of the mammon of unrighteousness, with its application, is sufficient of itself to refute this most arbitrary and superficial notion. Nor does the historian of the Acts of the Apostles give us the picture of a church constituted on the principle of a separation from the world; a seclusion, of which the monastic institute of later times is the faint and perverted reflection. No one can bring an unbiassed

mind to the early chapters of the Acts without perceiving that Christianity is exhibited as in contact with exceptional circumstances, and bearing a temporary relation to a peculiar state of things; that, in short, it was straitened and waiting for that freer development which the same historian in the same document goes on to describe. Akin to this baseless assumption of M. Rénan is another sparkling platitude, viz., that Christianity was in some sort a reaction against "the too narrow constitution of the Aryan race, something analogous to the English household; a narrow, closed, stifling circle, with its multiplied egotism, as withering to the soul as the egotism of the individual." We need not pause to vindicate our English family life against this Parisian's satire: nor, indeed, does Christianity need any defence. Sanctified household relations of the strictest kind were transmitted from the ancient religion, and never relaxed in the new. Our Lord Himself began His life with their most gracious illustration; made them the basis of His most impressive teaching; gave them the most sacred sanction with His dying breath; and left them in all their sacredness to His infant Church. The history of the progress of Christianity in the Acts, as interpreted by the Apostles, is the history of the sanctification of the household, baptised and governed by Christian laws, and aggregated, not fused, in the community of the Church. Finally, there is a profound misconception in the view of the design of Christianity represented in the following words:—"Primitive Christianity may be defined as a great association of the poor, an heroic effort against egoism, founded on the idea that no one has a right to more than he needs, and the surplus belongs to those who have not enough. We can easily see that between such a spirit and the spirit of Rome there must ensue a deadly struggle, and that Christianity, on its side, would not arrive at the government of the world but on condition of fundamentally modifying its native tendencies and its original programme" (p. 131). According to M. Rénan the spiritual authority lodged in the Church, which found its severest expression in the sentence of excommunication or death (for he strangely confounds the two), contained another germ of an eternal conflict between Christianity and the government of the world. But here, as in a multitude of other instances, the author has no faculty to distinguish things that differ, and is utterly unable to grasp the idea of a special presence of the Spirit in the special prerogative of the first administrators of the Church. Throughout the whole of his seemingly profound philosophical dis-

quisitions we may perceive that he has yet to learn the simplest elements of the authentic teaching of the Founder of Christianity as to the development of a regenerating principle through all the widening circles of human society till *the whole is leavened*.

According to M. Rénan, the first persecution, due not to Rome, but to the Jews, did good service in breaking up the stifling communism of the Jerusalem Church, and that before its greatest evils had time to unfold themselves. Stephen was not the first martyr, but his martyrdom exercised a specific influence on the history of the human mind. "It introduced into the Western world an element which was wanting before; exclusive and absolute faith, the idea that there is one only religion good and true. In this sense, the martyrs commenced the era of intolerance. We may say with much probability, that he who gives his life for his faith, would be intolerant if he became master. Christianity, which traversed three centuries of persecution, become ruler in its turn, was more persecuting than any religion had been. When men have shed their blood for a cause, they are much disposed to shed the blood of others to preserve the treasure they have won." Here, for the sake of a startling antithesis, the truth is wilfully outraged. Such sublime devotion as that of the first martyr to his Master and his Master's doctrine, could never wrong that Master so much as to persecute in His name and for His sake. Not in the cause of its pure and simple faith has Christianity ever hurt the hair of any man's head. The very faith the Christian dies for, teaches the opposite spirit. The entire paragraph is a tissue of unworthy insinuations. If it has any element of sincerity in it, it is an insult to human nature. Supposing this principle to be a sound one, the world would owe its safety to the absence of profound religious convictions. A strong devotion to the sense of religion, so strong as to defy death, would be perilous to society if shared by a large number of votaries. This may, indeed, be something like M. Rénan's secret thought: the concluding words of his introduction, in which he deprecates any personal emotion on such subjects, and intrenches himself in his fortress of ice, seem to look that way. But it is not in the Christian faith that we are to seek principles that require rancour and malice to be their propagating instruments. The persecutions and martyrdoms that have, in the really dark ages of Christianity, stained its annals, had nothing to do with the maintenance or propagation of the faith that the great martyrs died for. And

M. Rénan ought to be honest enough to look for Christianity in the words of Christ Himself, and in the Church His Spirit formed; not in the words and acts of a persecuting hierarchy.

Wherever we have to do with the simple narrative of events in the early Church, nothing can be more clear and beautiful than M. Rénan's narrative. His historical learning is sound, and his dramatic instinct is never at fault. We are taken by his pages into the very midst of the scenes of the Church's early missions, and find a flood of light thrown upon them from all sources. Points on which it might have been thought no new illustration was possible, are placed in new aspects. But the pleasure with which we read these pages of luminous French is altogether marred by the hard tone of criticism which the author's philosophy relentlessly requires. Whatever shows evidence of a higher hand than man's is systematically set aside as of "weak authority." Moreover, the determination to find for everything a merely human explanation, gives his exposition of facts that never can admit it an almost grotesque air. To interpret the Acts of the Apostles on his peculiar theory is a task that defies even M. Rénan's subtle skill. Besides conducting his own historical narrative he is embarrassed by the continual necessity of fencing against the miracles that incessantly confront him.

These remarks apply particularly to his account of the conversion of St. Paul—a very elaborate study in this volume. The author has evidently spent much pains upon it, and the result is a picture that we read with deep interest, hardly knowing whether to wonder most at the skill which arranges the entire tableau, or the daring dexterity that takes everything in it out of the region of the miraculous. The sketch of St. Paul's character that precedes is drawn with a very free hand. The Apostle's mental and moral character becomes a strange and almost impossible composite of strength and weakness, refinement and harshness. His writings undergo a trenchant and unsparing criticism, which again and again reminds us, by the tone of thought and beauty of style, of our own Mr. Jowett. "No writer was ever more unequal. We might seek in vain in all literatures for so singular a phenomenon as the combination of a page so sublime as 1 Cor. xiii., with so much feeble argumentation, painful repetition, and fastidious subtlety." But we must hasten to the great crisis of his life, when, under the licence permitted by the relaxation of Roman authority, following the death of Tiberius, Saul urged his persecution of the Christian

community. The starting point of M. Rénan's version of this crisis is the old solution that explained the Resurrection and Pentecost—the feverish exaltation of Saul's brain. Like all strong spirits he was not far from loving what he had deeply hated. On his journey to Damascus a marvellous revulsion of feeling befell the persecutor. Amidst the scene of this earthly "Paradise," he is overwhelmed by fever, confused by ophthalmia, and recoils as it were before an invisible goad. In an instant, under the hot midday sun, he is smitten as by a thunderstroke, and results ensue such as M. Rénan can well appreciate, having himself "experienced an attack of this kind at Byblos, when, *with other principles*, he would certainly have taken his hallucinations for visions." The Mormon and American "revivals" here, as often elsewhere in this book, help by their welcome illustration to solve the difficulty. Moreover, we have the testimony of Paul himself that he was subject to "visions." No scene was more likely to excite such visions than a region upon which thunderstorms, engendered on the flanks of Hermon, were wont to descend with unequalled violence. The internal storm co-operated with his eternal remorse to effect his conversion from the great object of his life, and to give Christianity its most ardent apostle. In his hallucination—this is the favourite term—he saw the dread figure that had haunted his mind for several days. The rest we will give in the author's words:—

"He saw Jesus himself, saying to him in Hebrew, *Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?* Impetuous natures pass at once from one extreme to another [Omar, to wit]. They have, what colder natures know not, supreme moments, minutes that decide the rest of life. Men of reflection change not: they are transformed. Ardent men, on the contrary, change and are not transformed. Dogmatism is like the robe of Jesus, which they cannot tear off. They need only a pretext to love and to hate. Our accidental races alone have produced large spirits, delicate, strong and flexible, whom no momentary illusion misleads, no vain affirmative induces. The East has never produced men of this stamp. In a few seconds all his profoundest thoughts tumultuated in the soul of Paul. The horror of his conduct was painted more vividly to his mind. He beheld himself covered with the blood of Stephen; this martyr seemed to him his father, his initiator. He was touched to the quick, and utterly overturned. But, in effect, he had only changed his fanaticism. His sincerity, his need of absolute faith, denied to him all middle terms. It was clear that he would one day display on behalf of Jesus the same fiery zeal that he had shown in persecuting him." — P. 182.

As hallucination converted his soul, so hallucination healed his body. During his feverish and fasting visions, he heard the name of Ananias mentioned; recalled the stories of Christian healing, and believed he saw the familiar symbolical action of the Christians performed by Ananias upon himself. Ananias, being informed of the part he had played in the vision, came at once in his own proper person, and called Paul brother. "Calmness entered the soul of Paul. He thought himself cured, and, his manner being specifically nervous, he *was* cured. It was said that scales fell from his eyes; he ate and grew strong again." Becoming a Christian, he is altogether a Christian, and his pride was ever after that he had been taught all he knew by Christ Himself, "who had quitted the right hand of the Father to convert and teach him." His advent among the feeble leaders of the faith saved everything.

"If Christianity had remained in the hands of these good people, shut in a conventicle of illuminated ones leading a cenobite life, it would have become extinct like Essenism without leaving a trace. It is the indocile Paul who will make its fortune, and who, at all risks, will guide it boldly into the open sea. By the side of the obedient faithful, receiving his faith without word of his superior, there will be the Christian disengaged from all authority, who will not believe but on personal conviction. Protestantism exists already, five years after the death of Jesus; St. Paul is its illustrious founder. Jesus doubtless did not anticipate such disciples: such as they will perhaps contribute most to make his work live, and assure him eternity."—P. 186.

M. Rénan has yet to favour the world with his complete view of the great Apostle, the second founder of Christianity. We will wait, therefore, until the sketch is finished; and expect with some curiosity the grand philosophical effort that shall reconcile the amazing anomalies that this theory of St. Paul's life involves. There we have at the very outset the same bewildering inconsistency that gives so grotesque an air to Rénan's former solution of the mystery of the Christian facts. Saul is turned from the strong purpose of his life by a fever of the brain; his own words are appealed to in support of this hypothesis; but not a word is said of his lifelong protestation, that in his narrative of his conversion, he spoke "the words of truth and soberness." It is admitted that he had no human teacher; it is assumed that he had no Divine instruction, save in the imagination of his still disordered mind; and yet he preaches, teaches, and writes the same doctrines that the original apostles everywhere

proclaimed. His new being is the fruit of rhapsody ; and yet the current of his life and teaching is described as uniform, clearer-minded and practical. Can such things be?

M. Rénan has shown good taste and much skill in all the historical disquisitions ; and his account of Antioch, the mother of Christian missions, leaves nothing to be desired ; but we have only to do with the event that has rendered it memorable for ever. There seemed to be concentrated the living and creative force of Christianity. Barnabas, the patron of liberal ideas and progress in the dull church of Jerusalem, transferred his energies to Antioch, as more in harmony with his expansive thoughts ; such is the account of the Holy Spirit's election as recorded in the Acts. Once more thinking of the new convert who had formerly fascinated him, the "magnificent idea germinated in his great heart" of summoning to the service of the Church, Saul, now undergoing the punishment of inactivity in Tarsus ; a thing the "old obstinates of Jerusalem would never have done." Christianity flourished as it never flourished before ; and here she gained her name, a name that dated the Church's severance from Judaism. "When we reflect that ten years after the death of Jesus, his religion has already a name in the Greek and Latin tongues in the capital of Syria, we are astonished at the progress made in so short a time. Christianity is now completely detached from the bosom of her mother ; the true thought of Jesus has triumphed over the indecision of the first disciples ; the Church of Jerusalem is passed ; the Aramæan, the language of Jesus, is unknown to one party of his school ; Christianity speaks Greek ; it is definitively launched into the great whirlpool of the Greek and Roman world, whence it will go no more out."

The Antioch Church became the centre of a feverish circle of ideas. "Spiritual" manifestations became abundant. Inspiration became a mania. Prophets and doctors and speakers with tongues and gentle fanatics of all kinds diffused a marvellous life through the assembly. Paul, in the midst of this "fascinating society," went along with them. Glossolaly, the speaking with tongues, he certainly did not like or practice. But it was probably here, in this enthusiastic time, that he had his abundant visions, especially the grand ecstasy of the man in Christ. Sober and practical in general, Paul was not above the ideas of his time as to the supernatural. Like everyone else, he thought he could perform miracles. But the hearts of all turned towards more direct action. All minds were seized by the idea of vast missions destined to

convert the Gentiles, commencing with Asia Minor. Antioch became a second capital, and as it were a second heart. Even if Jerusalem had been capable of conceiving the idea so wretched, Ebionism would have rendered it incapable of realising it. Communism had created there an irremediable misery and a complete incapacity for any great enterprise. Antioch furnished the capitals of the foundation of Christianity.

"Jerusalem remained the city of God's poor, of the *Ebionism*, of the good Galilean dreamers, intoxicated and as it were stupified by the promises of the kingdom of heaven. Antioch, almost a stranger to the word of Jesus, which she had not heard, was the church of action, of progress. Antioch was the city of Paul; Jerusalem, the city of the old apostolical college, buried in dreams, impotent in the presence of the new problems that opened, but dazzled with its incomparable privilege, and rich in its inestimable remembrances.—It is easy to foresee that from this time the second capital will prevail over the first. The decay of the church of Jerusalem indeed was rapid."—P. 242.

The intimation of the Holy Spirit's will to the Church at Antioch is resolved into the strange delusion of the time, which was wont to assign everything momentous to such a lucid communication from heaven. "The Holy Ghost" is here and everywhere only a style of speaking. Perhaps one of the prophets of the Church; Manaen or Lucius, in one of his fits of glossolaly, pronounced words which were interpreted to mean that Paul and Barnabas were predestined to this mission. Paul was not hard of persuasion: he was already convinced that God had chosen him from his mother's womb for the work to which he was henceforward to devote himself. The first missions were directed to the West: two great causes, the Mediterranean and the Roman Empire, determined this capital fact. The will and direction of the Holy Spirit, the expression of which pervades the early history, is not attended to—is not indeed thought worthy of notice. The following remarks are striking in themselves; although they throw an air of philosophical profundity around a matter which the slightest glance at the zones of population in the first centuries of the Christian era would make plain at once.

"The Mediterranean had been for a thousand years the great route where all civilisations and all ideas intersected each other. The Romans, having delivered it from piracy, had made it an unrivalled highway of communication. A numerous marine of coasting vessels rendered easy the skirting of the edges of this great lake. The relative security of the great roads of the empire, the guarantees which were found in the

public authorities, the diffusion of the Jews along the seaboard of the Mediterranean, the use of the Greek tongue in the eastern portion of that sea, the unity of civilisation which the Greeks first, and then the Romans, had created there, made the chart of the empire, the chart of the countries reserved for Christian missions and destined to become Christian. The Roman *orbis* became the Christian orbis; and in this sense, it may be said that the founders of the empire were the founders of the christian monarchy or at least that they sketched the outline of it. Every province conquered by the Roman empire was a province conquered for Christianity. When we picture the apostles in the presence of an Asia Minor, of a Greece, of an Italy, divided into a hundred little republics, of a Gaul, of a Spain, of an Africa, of an Egypt in possession of ancient national institutions, we no longer imagine their success, or rather we cannot imagine their project having been conceived. The unity of the empire was the preliminary condition of every great religious proselytism, placing itself above nationalities. Thus, the empire perceived in the fourth century, it became Christian; it saw that Christianity was the religion which it made without knowing it, the religion coterminous with its frontiers, identified with itself, capable of securing for it a second life. The church on its side became altogether Roman and has remained to our day as a wreck of the empire. It might have been said to Paul, that Claudius was his first co-operator; it might have been said to Claudius that this Jew who leaves Antioch is going to found the most solid part. Both would have been astonished: it would have been true nevertheless."—P. 181.

The growth of the missionary principle occupies a large space in this volume. While assigning to Barnabas and Paul the origination of the great idea, M. Rénan admits that Philip and Peter had, as early as the year 70, foreseen the true future of Christianity and baptized the Gentiles. But he is loth to allow anything to mar the dramatic effect with which the curtain will rise on Antioch in due time; hence the usual violence is done to St. Luke's earlier narrative. That Jesus had expressly opened the world to the vision of His disciples, that the Christian Church had from the beginning waited for the set time to send forth its messengers on their universal mission, that the faithful had been brought to consent to the will of God by some preliminary tokens, and that the great Apostle of the Gentiles only expressed the mind and will of the whole Church, are facts plainly declared by the sacred historian, but denied or explained away by M. Rénan. He thinks it probable that there was a considerable party who did not accept the account of St. Peter; that St. Luke says otherwise goes for nothing. He supposes that the Ethiopian and the Centurion were held by the Church to be exceptional cases, justified by

an express revelation of God. But the enthusiastic cry, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life," rings in his ears. Then comes in the Tübingen hypothesis. It is difficult not to discern in the accounts of the Acts a systematic purpose. Its author belonged to a party of conciliation, favourable to the introduction of the Gentiles, and anxious to hide the fact of internal dissensions. We feel at once—that is M. Rénan and his fellows feel—that in writing the episodes of the Eunuch, the Centurion, and even the conversion of the Samaritans, the writer does not aim to relate facts simply, but to find precedents for an opinion. Not that he invented those facts; he only presented and transformed them to meet the necessity of a theory in view of which the Acts of the Apostles was composed. It is impossible to imagine a more gratuitous injustice to the spirit of historical writing.

M. Rénan's views of the relation between St. Paul and the Twelve, are those which the Tübingen school of critics have vainly endeavoured to establish. In this, however, as in everything else, he preserves his own individuality, and strives, not without a certain success, to give an original cast to his speculations. To Barnabas he ascribes the merit of having understood Paul from the beginning, and of having thus, by his profound intuition and generous sympathy, contributed no small element to the faith and destiny of the world. He mediated between the new Apostle and the veterans of Galilee; although the barrier between them could never be altogether removed. M. Rénan exaggerates the hints of early difference, and forgets the abundant proofs furnished throughout the Epistles of the New Testament, of their essential oneness in the Spirit of Christ. He draws a lively picture of the disparagement which St. Paul's lack of personal intercourse with Jesus entailed upon him; and favours us with an arbitrary account, which outrages all common sense and Scriptural fact, of the process by which he kindled his own pride of prerogative.

"Capital error! the echo of the voice of Jesus was reproduced in the discourse of the most humble of His disciples. With all his Jewish science, Paul could not make good the immense disadvantage which resulted from his late initiation. The Christ whom he had seen on the way to Damascus was not, whatever he might say, the Christ of Galilee: it was the Christ of his imagination, of his own senses. Although he was careful to gather up the words of the Master, it is clear that he was in this matter a disciple only at second hand. If Paul had met the

living Christ, we may doubt whether he would have attached himself to Him. His doctrine will be his own, not that of Jesus: the resolutions of which he is so proud are the fruit of his own brain."—P. 210.

As the difference between St. Paul and the Twelve must be maintained at all costs, those very clear and express declarations in the narrative that contradict are ruthlessly set aside. They were invented to draw a veil over the fact. And St. Paul himself soothed his own wounded pride by attributing his abrupt departure, not to the right cause,—his embarrassed position,—but to a revelation from heaven. "At a later date he reported" that Jesus in a vision had commanded him to leave Jerusalem, promising him, as a compensation for his indignities, that he should have the apostolate of distant nations and an auditory more tractable to his voice. It is hard to comment with patience on such systematic perversions of the truth, such resolute sacrifice of ancient and holy reputations to the caprices of modern theory. The Apostle whom M. *Rénan* takes such pains to depict is an impossible being. The Paul of the New Testament we know: but of the distortion here given us we can only say, Who is this? A man of utterly irreconcilable attributes: an epitome of all strange and incongruous elements. A keen and deep thinker, and yet a mere quibbler with words; a genial man of genius, and yet a rude savage; a shrewd and practical man of action, and yet a mad enthusiast; carrying on in the most systematic and methodical manner the greatest work ever attempted by man, and yet living in the clouds; uttering the most pure morality and teaching the strictest veracity, and yet reporting himself to have been favoured with the most astounding familiarity with heaven, with visions and commissions the very mention of which would have been blasphemy had not hallucination saved it. Such a Paul as this we cannot recognise. The Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, would have been very different records from those which we now possess, if the Apostles of reality had at all resembled M. *Rénan's* portraits. Indeed, there could then have been no documents, no Christianity, no Church. Apart from the stupendous imposture which must have prevented their acceptance, the writings of men so diametrically opposed in their views of Christ and His design could never have presented the very semblance of unity. The men themselves could never have carried on a common cause; the one party must have undone the work of the other, and the whole must have collapsed and exploded within a generation. One would

think that those theorists in their account of the origin of Christianity would have been anxious to strive at least to efface all traces of division among the first agents in this wonderful work, and to make the conspirators against the world's faith one in heart and one in act.

In describing the early progress of Christianity, M. Rénan's fancy disports itself at ease. The light bursting from Syria illuminated almost at the same moment the three great peninsulas of Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy; and was followed by a reflection that fell upon all the Mediterranean coasts. The apostolical ships took the same course. The Christian preaching followed in the track of previous Jewish furrows. Like a contagion the religious influence broke out, as by secret correspondence, in places predestined for it. The synagogue preceded everywhere the Church. A train of powder, or an electric chain, along which the new idea ran with instantaneous speed, are the images which we find used again and again to describe the early progress of the faith. Passing, however, from these most illusive figures, M. Rénan gives a lively, learned, and interesting sketch of the Jew and the Syrian dispersed throughout the West; and shows, though in an exaggerated and sometimes contradictory manner, to what extent they paved the way for the reception of Christian doctrine. In his anxiety to prove that Christianity produced its harvest only in Jewish furrows—being, in fact, only a refined Jewish Propaganda—M. Rénan points to Egypt as a land which the new faith was incompetent to touch. He is never at a loss to account for every phenomenon; he writes like one who has a master-key for all the mysteries of history. He asserts that there was but little relation between the Jew of Egypt and the Jew of Palestine; and seems to think that his assertion, contradicted as it is by Apollos and many other instances, is sufficient for so startling a statement. Feeling, however, on second thoughts, the need of some other hypothesis, it soon springs up at his wand. Egypt had its own Christianity: it possessed Philo and the Therapeutæ; and was, therefore, indisposed to lend an attentive ear to the other form of the new faith. As to pagan Egypt, its religion was in full strength, and far better able to resist the new preaching than the paganism of Greece and Rome. It was the palmy time when the enormous temples of Saneh and Ombos were built; Egypt was sighing for its own national messiah in the little Cesarion, and preparing for his advent by the sanctuaries of Denderah and Hermonthis, buildings comparable with the finest works of the Pharaohs. Chris-

tianity everywhere established itself on the ruins of national sentiment and local worship. Moreover, the spiritual degradation of Egypt rendered rare those aspirations which elsewhere opened so easy an access to Christianity. In all these fancies of our author, there are as many fallacies as sentences; and it needs scarcely a second glance to detect their glaring inconsistencies. Egypt is at once too high and too low for the assault of the new faith. Christianity flashes everywhere from post to post of the electric chain that Judaism had pre-established; but in Egypt, where the line would seem to be perfect, the current is, by a strange anomaly, arrested. The degenerate descendants of the ancient builders of the Pyramids, almost ready to crumble out of history, are stronger than Greece and Rome in their full strength. And Christianity, that never shrank from any form of heathenism since it came into the world, postpones in fear the attack upon one of its most effete forms. These are the unphilosophical attempts at the philosophy of history that will effectually neutralize the influence of M. *Rénan's* works.

The chapter on "the state of the world towards the middle of the first century" is one of the most unsatisfactory in the volume. The writer masses a large collection of facts, arranged in a picturesque manner, to depict the real state of the world into which the missionary apostles carried their revolutionary doctrine. But his philosophic indifference places him at a great disadvantage. Sometimes he is on the verge of a warm defence of the morals of the first centuries, especially of the virtue of the middle classes. Then again he oscillates towards the other extreme, and sums up that "the middle of the first age is one of the worst epochs in ancient history." But at length he settles into the position that it was a period of fearful decline as it regards the past, and of great inferiority to the heathenism of the next age. It was a time of the most severe conflict between good and evil. The evil in it was a fearful despotism, placing the world in the hands of cruel and imbecile men; a corruption of manners, resulting from the introduction of Eastern vices into Rome—the utter absence of a sound religion, and of any serious public instruction. The good in it was, on the one hand, philosophy fighting against tyrants, defying the monsters who proscribed it; and, on the other, the efforts of popular virtue—legitimate aspirations towards a better religious life, a bias towards brotherhoods and monotheistic worships, and a higher regard to the poor, introduced under cover of Judaism and Christianity. Meanwhile, Christianity and philosophy

were not friends, although in some sort co-operators. The Stoics reformed the empire, and gave it a hundred years of the finest history of mankind. Christians, masters of the empire, ruined it. According to M. Rénan, Christianity was unjust to the virtues of paganism. St. Paul, for instance, wrote in the spirit of exaggeration; his famous impeachment of the whole world in Rome was written in ignorance of better Roman society; in the declamatory style of a preacher, or in the spirit of modern abuse of the aristocracy. Hence the author resents the treatment of the philosophic martyrs, quite as worthy as those of Christianity. The Christian confessor who overturned an idol "has his legend;" why should not Annæus Cornutus, who declared before Nero that his books were never equal to those of Chrysippus; Helvidius Priscus, who said to Vespasian, "It is thine to kill me; it is mine to die;" Demetrius the cynic, who told Nero, "You threaten me with death, and nature threatens thee," have their images among the popular heroes that all love and salute? Has any school of virtue the right to reject the aid of others, and maintain that it alone has the prerogative of being courageous, lofty and resigned?

After an interesting chapter on the "Religious Legislation of the Time," which tends to show that there was nothing in that legislation which was not on the whole favourable to the growth of the new religion, whilst its spread would surely be fatal to all political institutions, M. Rénan winds up his work with some brilliant speculations, which are the introduction to his coming epic of St. Paul—whom we shall doubtless find to have been the real founder of the world's Christianity. The great enterprise, M. Rénan thinks, was not, taking all things into account, a folly; nor was its success miraculous. The world was afflicted with deep distresses and necessities, to which the Christian religion "admirably responded." It craved a purer worship, higher morals, and sounder views of the rights of man. Credulity was rife, education very partial. If the right preachers were now to come, with a monotheistic doctrine; if poor and humble men of the people were to bring sound words, they would surely be heard. Their miraculous legends would not be too critically examined; they would be accepted miracles notwithstanding. M. Rénan, who could predict the resurrection of Christ when he looked at the enthusiasm of the disciples after their Master's death, can now, after studying the state of the world, predict a sure success to the first Christian missionaries. The old heathen religions were past reforma-

tion. The assurance of the prosperity of the new faith was based upon its being entirely new. "In such great creations as these," says M. *Rénan*, "the first hour decides all." The glory of all religions belongs absolutely to their founders. To believe, is everything in matters of religion. To believe, is a vulgar matter; to inspire faith is the masterpiece."

Although Jesus was only to a very slight degree the founder of His own universal religion, He saw with wonderful clearness the fact that the common people has in its own bosom that grand reservoir of devotion and resignation that could save the world. Hence He laid hold of the poor, and made His religion identical with poverty and its allied virtues. M. *Rénan* altogether fails to show the connection between the lowliness of the first disciples, and their victory over the world's faiths; at least he has no sympathy with the connection that we should trace between their faith in a spiritual world, and their triumph over a world of sense, and men without faith. But he does not fail to find in this, as in everything else connected with the mission of Christ, matter for the exercise of his oracular philosophy.

"The perfect Christian will love the abject state; he will have the virtues of the poor and lowly-minded. But he will have the defects of his virtues; he will declare frivolous and vain many things that are not so; he will minify the universe, he will be the enemy or the despiser of beauty. A system in which the Venus of Milo is only an idol, is a false or at least a partial system: for beauty is almost on a level with the good and the true. Decay in art is inevitable with such ideas. The Christian will not care to build, or carve, or draw: he is too entirely idealist. He will care but little for knowledge: curiosity appearing to him a vain thing. Confounding the grand pleasure of the soul, which is one of its methods of touching the infinite, with vulgar pleasure, he renounces enjoyment. He is too virtuous."—P. 373.

All this is pure declamation. The second dominant law of early Christianity—its total want of patriotism, and independence of country and state—gives scope for some very fine writing, the speciousness of which, however, will captivate none but the superficial. According to M. *Rénan*, Christianity spread in its Mediterranean home at a time when there was no longer a country for man's patriotism; and as there was no country, so Christianity by a wonderful coincidence had nothing in it that could suggest the need of one. The idealists who adhered to the cause of Jesus had abandoned this world; the entire planet was to them only a place of exile; and thus, Christianity, utterly dead to all

that begets and nourishes patriotism, dissolved that "marriage between man and the soil which constitutes a nation." It is singular to notice with what flexibility M. Rénan adapts his arguments, or theories, or speculations to every fact, and contrives to extract confirmation of his views from every circumstance, however seemingly adverse. Christianity according to his notion was, like Islamism, an enemy to all nationalities; it introduced an organisation of self-devotion which fundamentally warred against that organisation of egoism which constitutes the state. It proclaimed the kingdom of God among men; appealed to the eternal dream of something higher than the nation which can never be severed from the heart of man; and uttered its protest against what was too exclusive in patriotism. Hence one grand element in the success of Christianity—its sublime superiority to country and race—won for it an easy acceptance at a time when citizenship was an idea lost to the world. The old republics of Italy and Greece would have ejected it as mortal poison. All this is charming frivolity, especially as read in the luminous periods of the original. "We are men and sons of God, before being French or German." "The beautiful dream of the human heart" is here very beautifully rendered into the language of common life. But all might be re-written so as to draw the precisely opposite conclusions. Christianity never weakened the principle of patriotism. It from the beginning predicted and waited for a kingdom not of this world; but in the meantime it rendered unto Cæsar the things that belong to Cæsar. It has never enfeebled the spirit of true patriotism in any part of the world. Nor did it require many ages and many schisms, as M. Rénan asserts, before Christianity showed its power to mould, sanctify, and elevate a nation.

As the volume draws near its close the author strives hard to give an intelligible notion of his own estimate of Christianity as one phase, and the best, of the inexhaustible development of human enthusiasm. It is difficult to put into few words thoughts and speculations that run on, page after page, with such indeterminate profusion. M. Rénan thinks religion a necessity of the human race :

"One and the same divine breath penetrates all history and gives it admirable unity; but the variety of combinations which the human faculty is capable of producing is infinite. The apostles differ from us less than the founders of Buddhism, who were nevertheless nearer to us in language and probably in race. Our age has seen religious move-

ments, quite as extraordinary as those of ancient times ; movements which have excited quite as much enthusiasm ; which have already had, in proportion, more martyrs ; and the future of which is still uncertain."—P. 377.

We shall not comment upon the poor evidences, drawn from Persian sects, of this positive and positivist assertion, but rather strive to follow the thread of the author's profession of faith. Not faith, however ; for to M. *Rénan* there is no absolute faith. Nothing is sure, nothing without error, beyond the domain of the positive sciences. The full conviction of faith in religious matters is simply the result of an Oriental obstinate habit of mind, "with the fixed eye of a figure in mosaic." The great creations of religion are due to a state of society analogous to the Oriental. We who suppose we believe simply inherit what they transmitted. "A good servant of Lyons, Blandina, who died for her faith seventeen hundred years ago ; a brutal bandit chief, Clovis, who thought fit fourteen centuries since to embrace Catholicism, give us yet our law."

The question naturally arises, Will not religion gradually disappear before a more intelligent and un-Oriental exercise of the human faculties, like magic and sorcery ? Oh no, symbols will pass ; but perfect humanity must have religion. Then comes the final rhapsody :

"If we conceive of a planet inhabited by a humanity whose intellectual, moral, and physical power were double that of terrestrial humanity, that humanity would be at least double as religious as ours. I say 'at least : ' for it is probable that the augmentation of the religious faculties would take place in a more rapid progression than the augmentation of the intellectual capacity, and not according to direct proportion. Suppose a humanity ten times stronger than ours ; that humanity would be infinitely more religious. It is even probable that at such a pitch of sublimity, disengaged from every material care and from all egoism, endowed with a perfect tact and a taste divinely delicate, seeing the baseness and the nothingness of all that is not true, good, and beautiful, man would be absolutely and only religious, rolling from ecstasy to ecstasy, plunged in a perpetual adoration, born, living and dying in a torrent of pleasure. The egoism, in fact, which is the measure of a creature's inferiority, decreases in proportion as we secede from the animal. A perfect being would be no longer egoist : it would be all religious. Progress, therefore, will have the effect of heightening religion, and not of destroying or diminishing it. But it is time to return to our three missionaries, Paul, Barnabas, and John Mark, whom we left at the moment of their departure from Antioch, by the gate that leads to Seleucia. In my third book I shall essay to follow the tracks of these messengers of good tidings, by land and by sea, through calm and

through tempest, through good and through evil days. I am eager to tell over again this unrivalled *épopée*, to describe those infinite routes of Asia and Europe, along which they sowed the seed of the gospel, those waters which they traversed so often in situations so diverse. The great Christian Odyssey will begin. Already the apostolical bark has spread its sails: the wind rises, and has no other aspiration than to bear on its wings the words of Jesus."—P. 385.

While we write M. Rénan is sailing in company with these holy men. Would that we could hope from such near fellowship the quickening in his mind of nobler thoughts and feelings towards the faith which they lived to preach and died to maintain. But he who has spent so much time in the sanctuary of the Gospels without discerning the voice of the Son of God in the teaching of Jesus, will hardly be persuaded by all that Paul and Barnabas can say or do.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life and Times of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A., Rector of Epworth, and Father of the Revs. John and Charles Wesley. By L. Tyerman. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1866.

HERE is a large full volume, a volume of costly and toilsome research, a labour of love, on a most interesting subject, published at a price which would have been moderate for half the matter, and which must entail a considerable loss to the author unless there be a large sale.

We know of scarcely another subject so surrounded with fresh interest as the "Life and Times of the Rector of Epworth." There are few periods of English history so little understood, few, at the same time, so full of anomalies, social contradictions, and problems, of which the solution would throw light on much that is of importance, both in the times preceding and those following, as the period in which Samuel Wesley lived. The old style, the ancient nobleness, the high life of England in the great seventeenth century, were fading swiftly away. Here and there, among the scanty remnant of the great Puritans, or among the few remaining devotees of the saintly High Churchmanship of Jeremy Taylor's school, might yet be seen specimens of what had been the Christian dignity and grace of the age preceding the dark and evil day of Bartholomew. Here and there, but as yet unnoted, and operating instinctively and unconsciously, the laws and forces were already at work, which, chiefly in connection with the Methodistic revival, were to renew and replenish England with a fresh life of conviction and emotion, out of which floods of poetry and of power in every kind were to gush out over all the land. Meantime a profligate reaction from the overstrained formalism of the Commonwealth, a carnival of liberated aristocratic vice and riot, a foreign deluge of false manners and vile morals, had for the time occupied the places of fashion, and the channels of public life; had taken possession of all that was empty, restless, and selfish in the land. And yet in such an age the foundations were laid, under Providence, of all our modern liberties. The course of unprincipled despotism swept onward to its own overthrow. William succeeded James. Somers took the place of the unprincipled statesmen of the Stuarts. And, although the land seemed to be inundated with corruption, the beginnings were then made of the constitutional life and all-developing progress of our modern England.

In such a period Samuel Wesley lived. And he himself united in his position and his family connections an epitome of the great past and the greater future. By his ancestry, and through his wife's ancestry, he was allied with all that was purest and noblest in the Puritan cause. Personally he, as well as his wife, was attached to the High Church party: she, doubtless, with a much purer and rarer devotion than he. But, at the same time, he learnt partly from Tillotson, and partly from his own experience of what good and Christian Non-conformity meant, to abate the height of his Churchmanship, to regard "Dissenters" with kindness, and to approve the tolerant policy which dictated the legislation of William. Moreover, his views as to certain questions of pastoral duty and Christian fellowship were truly evangelical and free; were such as befitted the scion of a godly and gracious stock, and helped undoubtedly to prepare his sons for the position which they took in the Church of England, and in the Revival of the last century.

We must beware, however, of being seduced into writing an essay on the subject of this volume. All that we are able to do at present is to introduce Mr. Tyerman's work to the attention of our readers.

We should fail in our duty in so doing, if we did not say that Mr. Tyerman has brought very much new light to the subject of his researches. The errors which were current respecting the father of the Wesleys were numerous and remarkable. Some of these have, within two or three years past, been corrected in the pages of this journal, and others in Mr. Kirk's very interesting volume on Mrs. Wesley. But there were a number more which Mr. Tyerman's research has enabled him to rectify. In fact, there was scarcely a single statement in regard to the Rector resting on the authority of mere report which has not been proved to be at fault. Dr. Clarke's stories seem to have been historically all but worthless, and (what is more remarkable) even John Wesley's anecdotes about his father are by no means to be implicitly relied upon. His memory, as to what he had heard from or about his father, appears in his old age to have failed him. Facts are seriously confused or distorted, as was, perhaps, to be expected in regard to matters on which his memory had to look back through the mists of much more than half a century. The circumstances connected with Samuel Wesley's going to Oxford, his alleged differences with Mrs. Wesley, his ecclesiastical principles and relations, his character as a husband, father, and parish priest, all receive new light from Mr. Tyerman's discoveries; and the new light is all to the advantage of the Rector.

The history, also, of the Rector's controversy with his old friends, the Dissenters, is fully brought to light by Mr. Tyerman.

Like Carlyle, our author makes a hero of his subject. He has a higher opinion of the Rector than we have, or, so far as we know, than any one has had before. It is but just, however, to bear in mind that he undoubtedly knows far more about him than has ever been known before. He has spared no cost and no time in making himself

absolutely master of his subject. All that money could purchase, all that the treasures of the British Museum could furnish, in the shape of books, pamphlets, broadsheets, periodicals, and pasquils, bearing on the life and character of the father of the Wesleys, has been mustered by Mr. Tyerman. It is dreary to think of what he has waded through. The writings of Wesley himself, the works of Defoe, the publications of Dunton the bookseller, the missives of Palmer, the Dissenters' champion against Wesley, even the volumes of the "Athenian Oracle" itself, to say nothing of the voluminous general literature which belongs to the history of Puritan and Nonconformist, of High Church and Low Church, in the age of Samuel Wesley, have all been diligently studied. Nevertheless, there are some points on which Mr. Tyerman, with all his surpassing erudition on his theme, has failed to convince our judgment. We cannot agree that Wesley was anything better than a sorry poet, although it is likely that, with leisure and culture, he might have passed muster among the crowd of third-rate verse-writers. Nor can we agree with our author as to the political opinions of Wesley. Mr. Tyerman has, indeed, demonstrated that, during the reign of William and Mary, Wesley, like his patron, Archbishop Sharpe, was a Low Churchman; or, at any rate, was not a High Churchman. He has proved, furthermore, that at no period of his life was the Rector an intolérant or superstitious High Churchman. But he has not, as we venture to think, made any substantial reply to the evidence and argument by which we showed, a few years ago, in an article on *The Ancestry of the Wesleys*, that Samuel Wesley at Oxford retained a sycophantic subserviency to James II., up to the very hour of evidently impending ruin, and notwithstanding the tyrant's imposition of Popish Fellows in Magdalen College, and his proceedings in regard to the Seven Bishops. As for the late piece of mere hearsay, which is all that can be offered as evidence against our conclusion, it is contradicted by another tradition of equal authority, while Mr. Tyerman has proved again and again in this volume, that the most distinct traditions are valueless when opposed to distinct and contemporary documentary evidence. He has slain many legends; we shall hardly allow him, out of mere admiration for his hero, to shield this one. The cruel allusion to Monmouth's fate, moreover, in Samuel Wesley's verses on the birth of the Prince of Wales (the "old Pretender"), of which verses (1688) we are speaking, is but too conclusive evidence as to the political temper of the man that wrote them. Mr. Tyerman has not printed the verses on the evidence of which we rely.

What Mr. Tyerman has established, without, we think, being aware of it, is that Samuel Wesley was always of the politics of the reigning monarch. At Oxford he was a thorough supporter of James II. He left the University just as William took the throne. He was the first man to write a pamphlet in favour of the new dynasty; and he published several such afterwards. He dedicated a volume to Queen Mary, and highly eulogized both her and Tillotson her friend. Under Anne, Wesley became High Church, just as nearly all the clergy did,

and a large proportion of the people. High Churchism was then the popular country cry. His High Churchism again abated under George I. He dedicated another large volume to Queen Anne; and his last and most elaborate work, published posthumously, was dedicated to Queen Caroline.

It was his allegiance to William which so deeply grieved his noble wife, with whom High Churchism and Jacobitism were a romance and a passion.

In all this, however, Samuel Wesley was, in a sense, consistent. He held to the "divine right" at least of the reigning monarch. He himself said in his old age that all his sons had been brought up in the doctrine of "inviolable passive obedience." He was a poor, hard-working scholar and parson, not a high-flown and ethereal woman; he was masculine, ambitious, and sorely needy; driven to bay by debts, and laden with the responsibilities of a most numerous, and sometimes a half-starving, family. His only hope was in patronage and preferment. Who can wonder that in that age of flattery and of patrons, and of political inconsistency and uncertainty, the necessities of such a man should have biassed his judgment? This, at least, is certain, that no instance of political dishonesty or of ecclesiastical unprincipledness can be brought against his memory.

We do not write in this way because we do not respect the memory of Samuel Wesley. Far from it, as indeed we have heretofore shown in the pages of this journal. He was a brave worker, a noble heart, faithful to his wife and his children, true to his Church and his King. We rejoice in the additional honour which Mr. Tyerman has brought to his name; and in the success with which he has been enabled to clear the Rector's character from some blemishes. But he was not, in our judgment, a man without some inconsistencies, and a fair share of infirmities. He was a piquant, a living character, full of points and of energy; but he was no hero or paragon. Let us learn to love him as he was.

Of course "Old Jeffery" figures full large in this volume. Like others before him, Mr. Tyerman approached this subject a sceptic, expecting to find a solution, but leaves it convinced and confounded.

The Resources and Prospects of America. By Sir S. Morton Peto Bart., M.P. Strahan.

THE honourable member for Bristol is already favourably known to the literary world as a writer on finance by his able work on the principles of Taxation: the volume before us will, we think, establish his claims to consideration as a social and political economist. Sir Morton Peto's journey last year through the United States, was watched with interest by the public on both sides of the Atlantic: the princely magnificence of the hospitality shown to him, and the enthusiastic reception of his party at all points of their progress, formed matter of gossip for our newspapers; and great expectations were very generally

entertained of the international amity and mutual appreciation likely to be fostered by such visits. We believe that those expectations will not be disappointed; meanwhile we have in this work, a carefully compiled and well-digested summary of a vast mass of miscellaneous information about our American kinsmen; obtained during this tour from various sources, public and private, which appear to have been in many cases inaccessible to the ordinary traveller, and to have been singularly full in detail and of unquestionable authority and accuracy.

The Reports of the American Census Commissioners furnish the author with a sort of nucleus, around which he may attach his collected facts and observations, in each of the great divisions under which he has grouped the different branches of his subject. These divisions are eight in number; Population, Agriculture, Manufactures, Minerals, Commerce, Railroads, the South, Finance. The Reports, whilst they have formed the basis of most of the statistical calculations of the book, have not however been blindly followed: on the contrary, several important mistakes therein have been exposed. The method by which the total approximate wealth of the manufacturing interest in the States has been estimated by the Commissioners is shown by Sir Morton Peto to be a fallacious one: for instance in the woollen manufacture, the value of the raw material, put down once in the account as such, is again included in the estimate of the value of the same materials when manufactured into cloth; and a third time, for the cloth that is made up into garments, under the latter heading. Nor has our author given implicit credence to everything he has heard in Yankee-land; where possible, he has verified American descriptions by facts observed by himself. An amusing instance is connected with the pork trade of Chicago; the pigs there being killed by machinery, it was said that within twenty minutes of your hearing the first squeak, the pig had undergone all the processes of killing, cleaning, cutting-up, curing, packing, &c., and was actually on its way to Europe! The author gives us this description, but is careful to supplement it by an interesting account of the actual facts of the trade as witnessed by himself.

The points which are most prominently brought forward, and which indeed are the moral of the whole story, are—first, the immense and well-nigh inexhaustible natural resources of America; and secondly, the absolute necessity, if these resources are to be properly and profitably turned to account, of an enlightened and liberal policy on the part of the American Government, in matters of customs and finance generally. The extraordinary rapidity with which the population has increased (from nine millions in 1820 to thirty-one millions in 1860) is mainly owing of course to immigration; the wealth of the country, and the amount and value of its productions have however, increased in a still more rapid ratio. The plates that are given at the beginning of the book well illustrate these facts; we have a view of Chicago in 1831, when it was a picturesque creek with a few scattered houses on the banks; now it is the largest corn, provision, and timber market in the world, with a population of 190,000 souls. San

Francisco still more recently, in 1848, was a small village; now it has a busy population numbering 180,000. In the region of the recently-discovered oil springs, which has been called *Petrolia*, the statistics are almost incredible. Corry, four years ago a solitary farm, is now "a city which transacts business to the amount of £3,000,000 annually, and where the land sells almost as dear as in Cheapside."

The manufactures in the States are alive with that activity and progress which characterise everything else there; but the author strongly and consistently urges his conviction that it is to her agriculture, to her mines, to her oil springs, and to her other *natural* resources, that America must look for her future development. Whether this opinion will prove ultimately or even lastingly true, must be matter of conjecture: for may it not be possible that, as the coal-fields, the sources and life-springs of the manufacturing energy and wealth of the old world, become over-worked and begin to diminish (as we are told they must before long diminish) their present supply—may it not be possible that those vast tracts in Illinois, Ohio, Virginia, and elsewhere, which our author tells us are indisputably stored with the coal of the future, will attract to the new world the manufactures which have become powerless in the old? But this must be the work of years, and probably of centuries; for the present, Sir Morton Peto's arguments are unanswerable; and we must agree with him that it is little less than suicidal for the Government at Washington to retard the natural progress of the agricultural and productive element in America by a restrictive policy of protection, based on false notions of political economy, and designed only for the enrichment of the manufacturers of the north-east.

Labour is what is universally wanted in America; every one that can and will work is fully employed, and still there is the cry for more labourers. What strikes the visitor more than anything else in the general aspect of the people is the absolute non-existence of pauperism. Immigration and the natural increase of the population will gradually supply both skilled and unskilled labour; railway communication will be freely provided, as soon as it can thus be furnished, at a moderate cost; and with men to work and railways to carry their crops to a good market, there is scarcely anything that cannot be produced in the States in almost unlimited quantities and of the finest quality.

This is the sanguine view that Sir Morton Peto takes of the prospects of America; he has well and clearly stated his position, and backed his arguments by a most imposing array of facts and figures; and we are confident that his book will do much on this side of the Atlantic to generate a true appreciation of the real grandeur of the great American nation, underlying all that superficial bombast and self-assertion that has hitherto made us inclined occasionally to smile at the frequent repetition of their favourite phrase, "We are a great people."

Reason and Faith: With Other Essays. By Henry Rogers.
London: Longmans. 1866.

"REASON and Faith" has been printed before, first in the *Edinburgh Review*, and afterwards, greatly enlarged, in the collected Essays of the Author. It is now again revised, remodelled, and enlarged. The volume also contains a critique on Rénan's *Life of Jesus*, and the recent contributions of Mr. Rogers to *Good Words*. To praise Mr. Roger's writings, or to commend them to the attention of our readers, would be altogether a superfluous work. Let us only say that this is eminently a volume for the times. It contains much in little on pressing questions.

The Awakening of Italy and the Crisis of Rome. By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. The Religious Tract Society.

THE Public will be very much obliged, indeed, to the Religious Tract Society and to Dr. Wylie for this volume. The Society has done well to get it up handsomely and elegantly, for a more interesting, genuine, or timely volume has never been published by the Tract Society. It is admirably composed throughout. The matter, the arrangement, and the style, are all as good as they well could be. Whoever, in these stirring times, desires to understand Italy, in her various regions, and in regard to the diverse tendencies, characteristic of her different sections, which coalesce into a common enthusiasm of the Italians for Italy, must read this volume. Dr. Wylie, by his Prize Essay and other publications, has long been known as a learned and eloquent writer. But this volume must, we feel persuaded, add even to his high reputation. The only word which we would see altered is the reference in the preface to "the great interpreters of prophecy," and the era 1866-7.

An Exposition of the First Epistle of John. By James Morgan, D.D., Belfast, Author of the Scripture Testimony to the Holy Spirit. Edinburgh: Clark, 1865.

THE book is what the writer calls it. It is not a commentary, critical or otherwise. It is a theological and practical exposition of the contents of the great Johnine Letter. We do not pledge ourselves to an absolute approval of all that is advanced by Dr. Morgan. Where the ground is so often debateable, it would be surprising if any one mind could command the unqualified suffrage of any other mind. The author, however, has done his work well. Contenting himself with the endeavour to exhibit in course the doctrine and ethics of the Apostle, he has produced a plain, sensible, and very useful book, to which preachers may turn with advantage in making their pulpit-preparations, and where devout students of Holy Writ will meet with much to instruct and profit them.

Christian Companionship for Retired Hours. London: A. Strahan. 1866.

THIS neatly got-up little book consists of twelve meditations upon passages of Scripture, all, except the last, taken from the Gospels. The subjects are well chosen, *e.g.*, The Intimacy of Jesus with the Family at Bethany, the Childlike Simplicity of the Christian Character, the Persevering Faith of the Syro-Phœnician Woman. The handling of the different topics is natural and such as to awaken profitable thought. Here and there an analogy pressed too far will offend the taste of some readers, and the titles are not always aptly chosen. But it is a book that will interest and profit Christians who occasionally spend "retired hours" in meditation on the Word of God.

Memoir of George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E., Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, and Director of the Industrial Museum of Scotland. By his Sister. A New Condensed Edition. Macmillan and Co. 1866.

GEORGE WILSON was a man of rare gifts, blending in an unusual degree the literary and the scientific faculty. His numerous publications on scientific subjects, his varied accomplishments, and especially his eminence as a lecturer, pointed him out as the most suitable occupant of the new chair of technology, or "Science in its application to the Useful Arts," instituted in the University of Edinburgh in 1855. His life, clouded with much sickness, and closing at the age of forty-one, was diligently employed. This biography is the beautiful memorial of a beautiful character. It is rich in letters, in which those who might not trust a sister's portrait of her brother, may see for themselves what manner of man he was. Full of humour, full of kindness, with a boyish exuberance of spirits which even sickness could not long repress, and with a delicate feeling for others which only a sensitive organization could display, we do not wonder to find how dearly he was loved by all who were honoured with his friendship.

The most touching portion of the book is the record of a painful and protracted affliction, which eventually rendered necessary the amputation of one of his feet. It was an affliction bravely borne; and it was afterwards regarded by himself as well as others as the crisis of his religious history. In his own style, both quaint and beautiful, he wrote long afterwards to Dr. Cairns in reference to it, "If, like Jacob, I halt as I walk, I trust that like him I came out of that awful wrestling with a blessing I never received before; and you know that if I were to preach my own funeral sermon I should prefer to all texts, 'It is better to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched.'"

The early removal of such a man as George Wilson must be regarded as a national loss. We are glad to see this interesting biography in a new and condensed form, and we confidently hope it may attain a very wide circulation.

Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden. By Margaret Howitt. Two vols. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1866.

MARGARET is the daughter, we suppose, of Mary Howitt, who writes the preface these volumes. She spent twelve months in 1863-64 with the late Miss Bremer. Here is the record which lets us into the home life of the gifted and benevolent Swedish lady. To very many this book, redolent of a fresh, simple life, at once honest and courteous, homely and refined, will be very welcome. One cannot, at the same time, but regret the want of definite Christian faith on the part of Miss Bremer and her friends.

The Legends and Theories of the Buddhists compared with History and Science. With Introductory Notices of the Life and System of Gotama Buddha. By R. Spence Hardy, Author of *Eastern Monachism*, "A Manual of Buddhism," &c. Williams and Norgate. London: 1866.

HERE is a book of moderate size and moderate price which ought to be precious not only to every divine, but to every literary man, and especially to every student of philosophy. Its author is, doubtless, the highest English authority on the subject on which he writes; a Ceylon missionary of many years' experience, and an indefatigable student, he has had every opportunity for mastering the literature of Buddhism, and has used his opportunities to the utmost. The volume is *multum in parvo* without being superficial. It supplies all in relation to its subject which the ordinary student can require.

Anti-Colenso: an Essay toward Biblical Interpretation. A Handbook for Thinkers. By Johannes Laicus. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 8vo., pp. 356.

THE author is evidently a vigorous thinker, but his style is execrable, stilted, long-winded, and pompous.

"ANTI COLENZO" is divided into two parts. The first entitled "*Objective*, regarding revelation," contains chapters upon Genealogy, Symbolism, Providence, Organization, Parenthesis, Literality, &c. The second entitled "*Subjective*, regarding Inspiration," takes up the main points of the controversy, *ex. gr.*, the Pentateuchal Authorship, the Noachic Deluge, the Names Elohim and Jehovah, and Alleged Anachronisms. In a chapter called "Postscripta" we have an able defence of the Mosaic institutions concerning bondmen. And we can almost forgive the grandiloquence of the book for the sake of the part of the first division in which "Laicus" dwells with much power upon the fact that Sinai remains untouched by the profane hand of the unbelieving "Colonial."

The Fatherhood of God considered in its General and Special Aspects, and particularly in Relation to the Atonement. With Reviews of Recent Speculations on the Subject. By Thomas J. Crawford, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Blackwood. 1866.

THIS is a comprehensive work in small compass. Dr. Candlish's heterodoxy and Mr. Maurice's heresy are both here refuted. The subject of the volume is one which touches all modern error, respecting men's salvation and Christ's nature and work. We have received it too late for us to do more than "notice" it; but we have great satisfaction in recommending to the particular attention of students in theology a book so candid and so orthodox, so judicious and so seasonable.

English History from the Earliest Period to the Present Time : Expressly Designed for Students for Examination. By W. M. Lupton. Longmans.

THIS is a very useful compilation, and one that supplies an undoubted want. In nearly all those Public Examinations which are such a prominent feature in the educational movements of the present day, the study of English History has now obtained its due recognition and encouragement; but hitherto the student has laboured under considerable disadvantages in the choice of a text-book suited to his special requirements. What the "competition-wallahs" want is a synopsis of the facts of history, rather than a history proper: they want a history, that is to say, wherein the events, personages, dates, laws, &c., about which they are likely to be asked, are presented in a form calculated to strike the mind and to impress themselves on the memory; whilst they require little, if any, critical discussion. Such a book is the one before us: whereof the appendices will be found the most useful and valuable part. They consist of Chronological Tables of Battles, Sieges, and Treaties; a short Biographical Dictionary; a List of British Colonies and Dependencies, with a history of how acquired; and a Table of Contemporary Sovereigns.

All these tabular forms are well arranged both for casual reference and for regular didactic purposes. The "things to be remembered" strike the eye immediately; and the same idea has been attempted in the text itself, by means of printing in thick black type the names of all the important events, persons, and places as they occur in the narrative. Mr. Lupton has also contrived to incorporate in his work another great *desideratum*, an elementary History of the Constitution, by placing at the end of every chapter a summary of Parliamentary proceedings, and by inserting in its proper order an epitome of each of the principal constitutional changes. To the general student this book will prove valuable in more points than one; to candidates for competitive examinations it will undoubtedly be a great boon.

Footsteps of a Prodigal ; or Friendly Advice to Young Men.
By William G. Pascoe. London : Elliot Stock, 1866.

This is not a mere book of religious common-place. It is an earnest and real book ; one very likely to be useful.

The Home Life ; in the Light of its Divine Idea. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A. London : Smith, Elder, and Co., 1866.

Mr. Brown's style improves ; it grows simpler and less strained. This is one of his best books. It contains many things both beautiful and true ; many wise and good thoughts. But, like all that Mr. Brown has written, it must be read with caution. Mr. Brown believes in Mr. Maurice first, and in St. Paul next. He interprets the Gospels by the light of modern Platonism. The book is dedicated to the memory of the late Professor A. J. Scott, of Manchester.

Christianity and Recent Speculations. Six Lectures by Ministers of the Free Church. With a Preface. By Robert S. Candlish, D.D., Principal of the New College, Edinburgh. John Maclaren. 1866.

THE subjects are "The Bible not Inconsistent with Science," by the Rev. Thomas Smith ; "The Place and Ends of Miracles" by Dr. Rainy, "Spiritual Christianity in Relation to Secular Progress" by Dr. Blaikie, "The Purpose and Form of Holy Scripture" by the Rev. A. Crichton, "Prayer and Natural Law," by Dr. Duns, "The Sabbath" by Dr. Candlish. In these lectures Christian truth is set forth, for the most part, with superior ability and a clear appreciation of the points to be aimed at by the lecturers. Dr. Rainy's is a very able lecture ; so is Dr. Dun's on a cognate subject. We may not deny the general ability of Mr. Smith's lecture, but we cannot congratulate any apologist for Scripture on successfully dealing with real or supposed scientific difficulties, who talks about the solution of the earth on its axis being, in the case of the "sun standing still," brought to a stay *somewhat gradually*," so as to avoid "any concussion on the earth's surface." Mr. Crichton's lecture is intelligent and enlightened, but we fear that he raises many more doubts and questions than he settles. Such a subject cannot be dealt with to purpose in a short lecture ; and we are sorry for the man, however gifted, who has such a task imposed upon him. Dr. Candlish's irregular lucubration on the Sabbath question is suggestive, but merely fragmentary. That, again, is a subject which requires comprehensive treatment and ample time for the expositor to unfold his views. On the whole, perhaps, Dr. Blaikie's excellent and suggestive lecture on a subject with which he has been long familiar is the freshest and, in relation to its subject, the most satisfactory in the volume.

The Sixth Work; or the Charity of Moral Effort. By S. Meredith. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1866.

THE sixth work is visiting the prisoner. Mrs. Meredith, however, seems to forget, in her ingenious and striking title and her motto, that the judge's commendation is given to those who had visited *Him*, that is, His saints, in prison. Apart from this misappropriateness of title and allusion, we can heartily commend this interesting and charmingly written volume; it is one of that class of modern books, of which the "Missing Link" is another, which the Christian benevolence of the age has called forth, and which, with the works which they commemorate and to which they unite, stand amid much that is perplexing and disheartening, as one of the most encouraging marks of the present time.

Richard Cobden. By John McGilchrist. London: Lockwood and Co.

The price is two shillings. The life is authentic and fairly compiled. It ought to be sold at a shilling.

Science and Christian Thought. By John Duns, D.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Natural Science, New College, Edinburgh. London: Religious Tract Society.

PROFESSOR DUNS has written this book to show "the present relations of Science to Christian thought." In the earlier chapters he sets forth the evidence of the creating, controlling, and governing presence of God in nature, in opposition to theories which deny that presence, or remove it as far back as possible. He proceeds to show that the established results of scientific research do in no case contradict or discredit the teachings of Revelation. Here are discussed, *inter alia*, the facts and conclusions of Geology, the origin and antiquity of man, the unity of the human race. A more sparing use of scientific and technical terms, and the entire avoidance of such words as "transom" and "homologated," would have enhanced the value to general readers of this interesting and seasonable work.

A Commentary on St. Matthew's Gospel. Designed for Teachers, Preachers, and Educated English Readers generally. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1866.

It is a pleasure to see such books as this. It is a conscientious and thorough work, by a competent scholar and a loving student of the Gospels. It is very cheap and very good.

The Judgment Books. By Alexander Macleod, D.D., of Birkenhead. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 1865.

Very forcible and eloquent sermons; whatever may be thought of the apocalyptic interpretations on which they are made incidentally to rest. The subject of the book is retribution as wrought in and upon the sinner's own soul in this world and the next. The office of memory in retribution is largely insisted upon.

Palestine for the Young. By the Rev. A. Bonar.
Alypius of Tagaste. A Tale of the Early Church. By Mrs. Webb. The Religious Tract Society.

THE former of these volumes is a valuable book for the young; the latter is a pleasant and readable story of Alexandria and Rome, Africa, and Italy, in the times of Augustine.

The Biblical Antiquity of Man; or Man not Older than the Adamic Creation. By the Rev. S. Lucas, F.G.S. London: Whitaker and Co. 1866.

Mr. Lucas is a real geologist, and a man of ability. His book merits the attention of candid enquirers. He is one of those intelligent and practical geologists who have a firm faith in the Old Testament revelation, the Deluge included.

The Age of Man Geologically considered in its bearing on the Truths of the Bible. By John Kirk, Professor of Practical Theology in the Evangelical Union Academy. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1866.

THIS is a close and able examination of Sir Charles Lyell's larger work on the Antiquity of Man. It is a remarkably cheap volume.

END OF VOL. LII.

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